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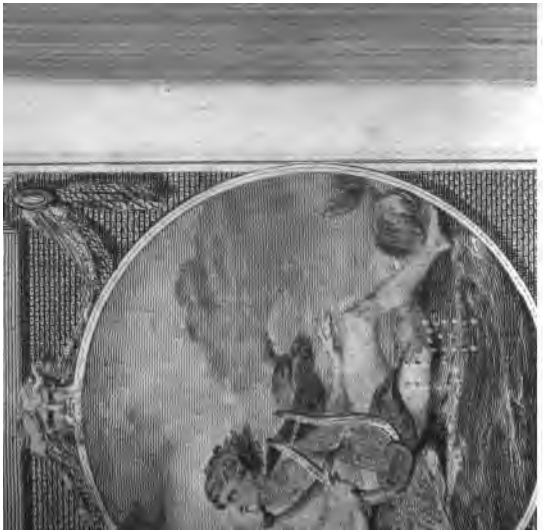

THE

POETICAL WO

OF

DR. WILLIAM K

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTH

I ſing the various chances of the world,
Thro' which men are by Fate or Fortune hurl'd
'Tis by no ſcheme or method that I go,
But paint in verſe my notions as they flow;
With heat the wanton images purſue,
Fond of the old, yet ſtill creating new;
Fancy myſelf in ſome ſecure retreat,
Reſolve to be content, and ſo be great.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE M
Anno 1781.

THE

POETICAL WOR

OF

DR. WILLIAM K

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

ART OF COOKERY,
IN IMITATION OF
HORACE'S ART OF
POETRY,

ART OF L
IMITAT
OVID'S
LOVE,

&c. &c. &c.

Read here in ſofteſt ſounds the ſweeteſt ſatire;
A pen dipt deep in gall, a heart good nature.
An Engliſh Ovid, from his birth he ſeems
Inſpir'd alike with ſtrong poetick dreams:
The Roman rants of heroes, gods, and Jove;
The Briton purely paints The Art of Love.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE M
Anno 1781.

A his ingenious and humorous poet was son of Ezekiel King of London, in which city he was born about the year 1663. He was bred with the ſtricteſt care from his infancy, and as ſoon as he became fit for it was put under the care of Dr. Buſby at Weſtminſter ſchool, where being choſen King's Scholar, his natural good talents received all thoſe improvements from cultivation that might be expected from ſo admirable a maſter. He was afterwards elected to Chriſt-church College in Oxford, and admitted a ſtudent there on Michaelmas term 1681, at the age of eighteen years. With this ſituation he was particularly pleaſed, and made uſe of the advantages it gave him. He had a ſtrong propenſity to letters, and of thoſe valuable treaſures he daily increaſed his ſtock; but being well deſcended, and becoming early poſſeſſed of an eaſy fortune*, he indulged his genius and

the choice method of his ſtudies, ran-
d at large through the pleaſant fields of
re; and being raviſhed with the ſweet
ſecuted it with incredible diligence and

from his looſe papers, termed by him
hat before he was eight years ſtanding
ſity he had read over and made Reflec-
y-two thouſand and odd hundred books
ots, a few of which we ſhall give below†

ency have been wrote. "It is a pity, continues
few are found. Whether there is not a life wrote
ther La Motte: he was a merchant of note."
his fortune, we are informed in the Account of
enjoyed a pretty paternal eſtate in Middleſex
and our Author himſelf occaſionally mentions
rthampton and Leiceſterſhire. The paſſage is
rſions on Lord Moleſworth's Account of Den-
ecauſe it will furniſh no unfit ſpecimen of the
r of that piece, we ſhall preſent our readers
s. In anſwer to ſome of his Lordſhip's remarks
in Denmark he writes thus: "Their peaſants
ully as in other countries; they have good
ſiſh, white meats, roots, &c.; but what ſigni-
ccording to our Author, p. 11.) ſince neceſſa
wanting? I could heartily condole their co
tenants in Northampton and Leiceſterſh
ke exception; for if they found me once ſ
e peaſants of another nation, they would
a double barrel of Colcheſter oyſters
and without a cod's head, ſmelts, or
go to plough myſelf for Hodge and Sa
aertius, book I. "Thales being aſk

this specimen, in order to let the reader into the humour and taste of our Author.

" man might moſt eaſily brook misfortunes? anſwered, " If he " ſaw his enemies in a worſe condition." It is not agreed con- " cerning the Wiſe Men, or whether indeed they were Seven. " Solon ordained that the guardians of orphans ſhould not " cohabit with their mothers, and that no perſon ſhould be a " guardian to thoſe whoſe eſtate deſcended upon them at the " orphan's deceaſe; that no ſealgraver ſhould keep the ſeal " of a ring that was ſold; that if any man put out the eye of " him who had but one he ſhould loſe both his own; that " where a man never planted it ſhould be death to take " away; that it ſhould be death for a man to be taken in " drink. Solon's letters, at the end of his life in Laertius, give " us a truer idea of the man than all he has written before, " and are indeed very fine. Solon's to Croeſus are very gen- " teel; and Pittacus's, on the other ſide, as rude and philoſo- " phical: however, both ſhew Croeſus to have been a very " great man.—Anacharſis has an epiſtle to Croeſus to thank " him for his invitation; and Periander one to all the Wiſe " Men to invite them to Corinth to him after their return from " Lydia.—Epimenides has an epiſtle to Solon to invite him " to Crete under the tyranny of Piſiſtratus. Epimenides often " pretended that he roſe from death to life.—Socrates is ſaid " to have aſſiſted Euripides in his tragedies. He was a great " champion of democracy, and extols pleaſure as the beſt " thing a man could enjoy, as Xenophon witneſſes in his Sym- " poſium.—Xenophon was modeſt to exceſs, and the moſt " lovely perſon living.—Bion uſed to ſay it was more eaſy to " determine differences between enemies than friends; for " that of two friends one would become an enemy, but of " two enemies one would become a friend.—Ariſtippus was " a man of a ſoft temper, and could comply with all perſons, " places, and ſeaſons. He could enjoy and ſcorn pleaſure if " too expenſive to his way of living. He ſaid pleaſure was no " crime, but it was a crime for a man to be a ſlave to his " pleaſure. We can have no true character of him from his

He took his first degree in arts 1685, and thence proceeded regularly

" life in Laertius, for it is certain he was an e
" the rest of the philosophers, the Grecian
" averse to him because he could endure to
" of Dionysius, whereas they were all for a
" could not endure to see a Greek complain
" being a thing, as they thought, below t
" birth. Pleasure was the thing he fought a
" gellacks, his followers, tell us there was no
" sant or unpleasant by nature; but that
" novelty, and satiety, some things were
" distasteful; that wealth and poverty had n
" sure, for that the pleasures of the rich an
" the poor were still the same. They were o
" transgressions of men were to be pardoned
" committed a voluntary sin but by the imp
" tural passion or other; that a man ought t
" self, as his chiefest end, to live a life freest
" pain, which happens to them who are not
" chase and pursuit of pleasure. See in the
" the notion of the Cyrenlacks about friendsh
" show the pleasure that is in it.—Theodor
" nied friendship, as neither appearing re
" wise men; for in the first as soon as the t
" friendship dies; and wise men trust so m
" abilities that they stand in need of non
" made verses on most of the philosopher
" dull.—The Phrygians profuse in their ten
" mus, when a stupid fellow talked imper
" said, " Hast thou any lands?" The fellow
" several farms." " Go, then," said he,
" them, left thou lose thy wealth, and come t
" Timon, an inveterate enemy to the Academ
" has written a satire upon them all.—The
" ode of Aristotle's in Diogenes Laertius cor

July 6th in the year of the Revolution, and the year commenced author. He had the happineſs eing endued with a religious turn of mind †,

ndſhip which wants to be tranſlated from the Greek.— genes's ſayings are moſt of them puns. He ſaid oppo- n was the ſtudy of his whole life.—Hypparchia, a wo- n of a good birth and fortune, fell in love with Crates naſty Cynick, and would needs marry him, and live after faſhion. Crates made her brother become his auditor by ing a ſ—. Theſe Cynicks were naſty brutes.--The logick he Stoicks ſeems to me, as far as I can make any thing .aertius, to be nothing but words. They held ſelfpre- ration to be the firſt of all deſires infuſed into all crea- es.—Erillus maintained there were things indifferent ween virtue and vice."—From theſe Obſervations on ius the reader will be able to form a judgment of others. eed not take notice that this method of making remarks the authors he read is very far from being peculiar to the r; it is the general way of every ſtudent; but nothing ers the taſte and temper of his genius more than the and nature of his Adverſaria: it is theſe that ſhew how the Doctor ranged in the fields of polite learning, as is what ſort of flowers pleaſed his fancy moſt. None of umorous kind ſeem to have eſcaped his notice, eſpecially ſſed up in verſe, of which the following may ſerve for a nen:

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor ſobriety ſad,
For of that they are ſeldom in danger:
At Paris, at Rome,
At the Hague, they 're at home:
The good fellow is no where a ſtranger.

This was ſo much his diſpoſition, that he would never upon any buſineſs of the day till he had performed his ions, and read ſeveral portions of Scripture out of the s, the Prophets, and the New Teſtament, on which he d often make his remarks, taking a freſh piece of paper

which being joined to the warmeſt regard for the honour of his country†, prompted him to reſcue the

every morning in his hands, on which he always begun with Σὺν Θεῷ, *By God's permiſſion*; and this paper he kept at hand all day, to write down whatever occurred to his mind or pleaſed his fancy; theſe he called Hints, which he could refer to at pleaſure: accordingly we find ſeveral of theſe upon the ſubject of religion and the church, as well as virtue and morality. Such, for inſtance, are theſe: "The ſecond of "Eſdras ſeems to me full of tautologies and childiſh inſtances of God's power and explanation of his ſecret deſigns. "Chryſoſtome ſpeaks expreſsly of Jeſus Chriſt.—See Bartolus "Agricola de Advocato. Having taught the advocate to be "a good man, he proceeds to make him a good Chriſtian.— "There is ſuch an air of piety runs through all Hackluit's "diſcoveries that makes it ſeem as if that alone made them "ſucceſsful. What ſignified all the Buccaneers' proſperity "without virtue? to what authority did all their wars and "conqueſts bring them but to make one another rich and vi"cious?"

† In this ſpirit, at the head of a very large number of his Adverſaria we find "Criticiſms and remarks in poetry, &c. "as might tend to the honour of the Britiſh name and litera"ture." To encourage a collection of this kind our Author recommends a prodigious number of obſervations on books, manuſcripts, and what elſe he had met with to promote the ſaid work. Theſe obſervations fill up above twenty pages in octavo, and are moſt of them exceeding curious. The great number of the valuable ſmaller poetical pieces referred to and mentioned in them are a conſpicuous proof of our Author's judgment as well as diligence. Among other rare pieces he mentions the Polemo Middiano, a Macaronick poem by Drummond of Hawthornden, which, as he intimates, was publiſhed by Dr. Gibſon, late Biſhop of London. He takes notice alſo of the Biſhop of Litchfield's Technical verſes for Chronology as a ſtupendous work, comprehending that learning through many

chitecter and name of Wicliffe, our firſt reformer, from the calumnies of Monſ. Varillas: the thing had been publickly requeſted alſo as a proper undertaking for ſuch as were at leiſure and would take the trouble. Mr. King therefore deeming himſelf to be thus called forth to the charge, readily entered the liſts, and with a proper mixture of wit and learning handſomely expoſed the blunders of that French

ages ſo theſe, that nothing can be a greater inſtance *memoriam in artem paſſe ruiſſe*. In the ſame view having afterwards mentioned the technical verſes uſually found in the little manuals of logick, he ſignifi were to be wiſhed that the memorial verſes in all ſciences were collected together and printed; and his judgment in this particular has been confirmed, and the deſign now lately actually put into execution by the learned Dr. Richard Grey, in his Memoria Technica, or Art of Memory. Our Poet is particularly inquiſitive after many pieces of the author of Hudibras. "If that author," ſays he, "has "left any Latin behind him it would be the beſt in that kind: "his thoughts are ſo juſt, his images ſo lively, ſuch a deep in- "ſight into the nature of mankind, and the humour of thoſe "times, that no true hiſtory could be wrote without ſtudy- "ing that author. It is pity," continues he, "that the fineſt "of our Engliſh poets, eſpecially the divine Shakeſpeare, had "not communicated their beauties to the world ſo as to be "underſtood in Latin, whereby foreigners have ſuſtained ſo "great a loſs to this day, when all of them were inexcuſable "but the moſt inimitable Shakeſpeare. I am ſo far from be- "ing envious and deſirous to keep thoſe treaſures to our- "ſelves, that I could wiſh all our moſt excellent poets tranſ- "lated into Latin that are not ſo already." Accordingly this hint of the Doctor's was not loſt; among other things we have ſince ſeen not only a Latin tranſlation of Prior's Solomon, but even of Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, excellently performed in verſe by Mr. Dobſon, Fellow of New College, Oxford.

author in a piece entitled Reflections upon Mr. Varillas his History of Heresy, book I. tome I. as far as relates to English Matters, more especially those of Wicliffe, London 1688†.

† Mr. Varillas had entitled his book *Histoire des Revolutions arrivees en Europe en Matiere de Religion*, Paris, 6 volumes 4to, 1686, and again in 1687, 12mo. It begins with the year 1374, and ends in 1650. Dr. King made use of the Amsterdam edition, not being able to procure that of Paris. At the head of the first volume Varillas had put the following advertisement: "In composing this work I have taken my materials indifferently from Catholick and Protestant writers, citing these last in their own words, as often as I found them ingenuous enough not to suppress or disguise the most important truths; and it is through their own fault that I have been obliged to have recourse to the Catholicks." In like manner Mr. King prefixed an advertisement, wherein he declares "that he was willing to contribute his share in exposing Mr. Varillas's mistakes concerning Wicliffe, having formerly laid together some observations conducing to such a design. Mr. Larroque had, it is true, gone before him in the attempt, but that ingenious gentleman was not well advised to meddle in a strange country, till time had instructed him more fully in the constitutions and language of it. That he (Mr. King) has given Mr. Varillas all the law imaginable, having made no advantage of mistakes which with any reason could be charged upon the printer, and has contradicted nothing without express proof on his side, and in things highly improbable, which seem to have no foundation in history: unless he can confront them with positive and authentick testimonies he lets the author alone, and suffers the boldness of the assertion to be its own security." In the Reflections he observes that "the enemies of the Reformation, as they seem resolved never to leave off writing controversies, and being confuted by our divines, so they are not wanting upon occasion to turn their style, and furnish out matter of triumph

About this time having fixed on the Civil Law for his profeſſion, he entered upon that line in the

" to our hiſtorians, Saunders and Cauſſin heretofore, and of " late Mr. Maimbourg and Monſ. Varillas, have thought them- " ſelves qualified for this employment. Among the reſt," continues he, " Mr. Varillas has uſed his pen with ſuch a partial " extravagance, and with ſo little regard to modeſty and " truth, that he has not only provoked the learned of the re- " formed profeſſion to chaſtiſe his impudence in their publick " writings, but has alſo drawn upon him the ſcorn and indig- " nation of ſeveral gentlemen of his own communion, who, " in a ſenſe of honour and common ingenuity, have taken " ſome pains to lay open the ſmooth impoſture. Mr. Hoſier, " Genealogiſt to the King of France, in his Epiſtle declares " himſelf to have diſcovered in him above four thouſand er- " rours. Pere Bohours in a diſcourſe of his makes it his buſi- " neſs to expoſe him. Even his old friend Mr. Dryden ſeems " to have forſaken him, and gone over to his adverſary Bo- " hours, from whoſe original he is now tranſlating the life of " St. Xavier. To be free, there is almoſt as many faults in " every ſingle page of Mr. Varillas as in a printer's table of " Errata: and if the Archbiſhop of Paris would do his duty, " he would find himſelf bound to put a holy cenſure upon " his penſioner; and as he was lately very forward to compel " thoſe of the reformed religion to a recantation of their " faith, ſo he ought here to oblige Mr. Varillas to an abjura- " tion of his hiſtory." We muſt not omit, in juſtice however to Varillas, to obſerve, that as to the matter of this penſion he abſolutely denied it. It is true Le Long tells us that he was offered ſuch by ſeveral French noblemen as well as foreigners, which he always refuſed; and particularly the States of Holland offered him one in 1669, to engage him to write their hiſtory; but he alſo refuſed this by the advice of Mr. Pompone: he accepted that only of the clergy of France, which Mr. de Harlai, Archbiſhop of Paris, had procured for him. But

univerſity, and at the regular time took his Doctor's degree therein, which qualifying him to plead in the courts of the Civil and Eccleſiaſtical law, he was admitted an Advocate, and reſiding at Doctors Commons ſoon grew into conſiderable repute, and had great practice as a Civilian. In the interim Lord Moleſworth publiſhing his Account of Denmark in 1692, our Author took up his pen once more in his country's cauſe, the honour of which was thought to be blemiſhed by that Account. Animated with this ſpirit he drew up a cenſure of it, which he printed under the title of Animadverſions upon the pretended Account of Denmark†. This was publiſhed in 1694,

Varillas contradicts this, and in his Anſwer to Biſhop Burnet ſays that he "never accepted the penſion which Mr. Harlai "had obtained for him from the clergy of France in 1670, nor "yet that which he procured of the King for him, charged "upon the Abbey of La Victoire, in 1672; and that all that "he received by the Archbiſhop's means was a preſent from "the aſſembly of the clergy in 1670, and a gratuity from the "King of two thouſand livres in 1685." However that be, our Author having obſerved that theſe Reflections on Varillas's Account of Wicliffe contain ſome memoirs of that great man, who was as it were the morning ſtar of the Reformation, proceeds thus: "It were to be wiſhed," ſays he, "that "from the many volumes of his works ſtill remaining a hi-"ſtory of Religion of that time were compoſed, which would "give great light into the affairs of England."

† Our Author acquaints us that theſe Animadverſions were wrote at the requeſt of the Rev. Mr. Brink, Miniſter of the Daniſh church in London, a perſon whoſe merit, travels, and

and was so much approved by Prince George, consort to the Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne, that the

knowledge of the world, had deservedly gained him the favour of the then present King of Denmark, upon whom he was an attendant at Venice; that from him, assisted by his Excellency Mr. Scheel, who resided here as Envoy Extraordinary, he had the memoirs which composed those papers, which had the honour not to be unacceptable to his Royal Highness Prince George; and when sent to Denmark were by the late king's order turned into French, and read to him as fast as they could be translated; that he had seen two editions of them, one in Holland and another in Germany; that he should be ungrateful if he did not acknowledge the great honour which the university of Copenhagen did him in a letter under the seal of that learned and flourishing body; that he took it as one of his greatest happinesses that by the means of his acquaintance with Mr. Brink he had accompanied him to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Bishop of London, with letters from the Bishop of Copenhagen, testifying the respect he had for their Lordships, and his just regard and veneration for the church of England. "As "to the matters of fact laid down in these papers," says he, "I am no farther accountable, but believe none of them can "be contradicted." The book has a great many curious remarks upon the Danish constitution both in church and state, one of which we shall mention as follows: "It is a general "mistake," he observes, "in England, to call the notion of "the Lutheran Protestants concerning the sacrament Consubs"tantiation, for no such word is used amongst them. Their "notion amounts to this, that they believe stedfastly a real "and true presence of the body and blood of Christ in the sa"crament in a manner ineffable, which our Saviour himself "is best able both to know and do; whereas Consubstantia"tion would imply something more natural and material."

Doctor was appointed Secretary to her Royal Highneſs the ſame year.

In 1697 attacked by Dr. Bentley, he took a ſhare with his fellow collegians at Chriſt-church in the diſpute againſt that learned Doctor about the genuineneſs of Phalaris's Greek Epiſtles. His zeal for the honour of his college glows with a ſingular warmth in this controverſy†.

† We have two letters of our Author which ſhew how he came to enter into this diſpute: they are addreſſed to the Hon. Charles Boyle, Eſq. who had applied to him for an account of what paſſed between Mr. Bennet the bookſeller and Dr. Bentley concerning the MS. of Phalaris's Epiſtles; in anſwer to which he ſays, that among other things the Doctor declared "that if the MS. was collated it would be worth "nothing for the future; and that his whole diſcourſe was "managed with much inſolence." This letter is dated Doctors Commons, October 13th 1697, and was written in Dr. Bentley's Diſſertation on the Epiſtles of Phalaris and the Fables of Æſop, then juſt published: in which piece our Author finding himſelf treated with ſome contempt addreſſed another letter to Mr. Boyle in the following terms: "Give me leave, Sir, to "tell you a ſecret, that I have ſpent a whole day upon Dr. "Bentley's late volume of ſcandal and criticiſm, for every one "mayn't judge it for his credit to be ſo employed. He thinks "meanly I find of my reading; as meanly I think of his "ſenſe, his modeſty, or his manners: and yet for all that I "dare ſay I have read more than any man in England beſides "him and me; for I have read his book all over.—If you have "looked into it, Sir, you have found that a perſon under the "pretence of criticiſm may take what freedom he pleaſes "with the reputation and credit of any gentleman, and that "he need not have any regard to another man's character

The following year came out his humorous piece entitled A Journey to London in the Year 1698, af-

" who has once reſolved to expoſe his own. It was my miſ-
" fortune once in my life to be in the ſame place with Dr.
" Bentley, and a witneſs to a great deal of his rude and ſcur-
" rilous language, which he was ſo liberal of as to throw out
" at random in a publick ſhop, and is ſo ſilly now as to call it
" eaveſdropping in me, becauſe he was ſo noiſy and I was
" ſo near that I could not help hearing him.—You deſired
" me at ſome years diſtance to recollect what paſſed at that
" meeting, and I obeyed your commands. Shall I reckon it an
" advantage that Dr. Bentley, who diſputes the other teſti-
" monies, falls in entirely with mine? I would, if I were not
" apprehenſive, on that very account, it might be one ſtep
" farther from being credited. However, ſuch is his ſpite to
" me that he confirms the truth of all I told you; for the only
" particular I could call to mind he grants with ſome ſlight
" difference in the expreſſion; and as to the general account
" I gave of his rudeneſs and inſolence he denies it indeed, but
" in ſo rude and inſolent a manner that there is no occaſion
" for me to juſtify myſelf on that head. I had declared, it
" ſeems, that he ſaid "The MS. of Phalaris would be worth
" nothing if it were collated." He ſets me right, and avers
" the expreſſion was, that " after the various lections were
" once taken and printed the MS. would be like a ſqueezed
" orange, and little worth for the future." The ſimilitude of
" a ſqueezed orange is indeed a conſiderable circumſtance
" which I had forgot, as I doubtleſs did ſeveral others: but
" for all that I remember the general drift and manner of his
" diſcourſe as well as if all the particular expreſſions were
" preſent to me; juſt as I know his laſt book to be a diſinge-
" nuous, vain, confuſed, unmannerly, performance, though to
" my happineſs hardly any of his awkward jeſts or impertinent
" quotations ſtick by me.—I had owned it to be my opinion
" that " a MS. was worth nothing unleſs it were collated."

, champignons, and morognos; of the rain

[illegible] cunningly diſtinguiſhes upon me, and ſays [illegible] nothing indeed to the reſt of the world, but i[illegible] for the world if a price were to be ſet upon it." I [illegible] for my miſtake; I thought we were talkin[illegible] the way of ſcholars, whereas he anſwers me li[illegible] [illegible]er, and as if he dealt in MS. inſtead of reading th[illegible] [illegible] part, I meaſure the value of theſe kind of thi[illegible] [illegible] advantage the publick may receive from th[illegible] [illegible] from the profit they are likely to bring to a priv[illegible] [illegible]; and therefore I have the ſame opinion of the Al[illegible] [illegible] MS. (which he ſays he keeps in his lodgings) [illegible] [illegible]uld I ave had before the editors of the Engliſh Po[illegible] [illegible]ubliſhed the collation of it, though it may not [illegible] [illegible]ear up to the ſame price in St. Paul's Churchyard [illegible]tion: but I hope if it be ſafely kept it need never co[illegible] [illegible]e experiment.—As to the particular reflections he [illegible] [illegible]pon me it is no more than I expected; I could neit[illegible] [illegible]nor wiſh for better treatment from one that had u[illegible] [illegible]ll. It is reputable both to men and books to be ill ſpo[illegible] [illegible] him, and a favourable preſumption on their ſide t[illegible] [illegible] is ſomething in both which may chance to rec[illegible]

of two millions and two hundred thouſand pounds in a few hours is preferable to any coins of Zenobia, Odenatus, and Vabaluthus. This was a ſpecimen of that particular humour in which he excelled, and the charms of which proved irreſiſtible; whence giving way to that *fuga negotii* ſo incident to the poetical race, he paſſed his days in the purſuit of the ſame raviſhing images, which being aptly moulded came abroad in manuſcript in the form of pleaſant tales, and other pieces in verſe, at various times as they happened to be finiſhed †.

Thus captivated with theſe beauties he neglected his buſineſs, and even grew by degrees, as uſual in

But our Author did not reſt the matter here; in the courſe of this famous diſpute he publiſhed Dialogues of the Dead relating to the preſent Controverſy concerning the Epiſtles of Phalaris. He tells us "theſe were written in ſelfdefence; and I "preſume," continues he, "with modeſty." And nothing ſhews he had it at heart more than the various memorandums relating to that ſubject found ſcattered up and down in his Adverſaria.

† He collected theſe afterwards, and publiſhed them, together with ſome other pieces, in his Miſcellanies, prefixing this remark in the preface concerning them: "The remaining "poems which are here muſt ſeek their fate: they were "abroad in manuſcript, and I hope will not have harder for-"tune now they are in print than they had in the opinion "of ſome friends before they were ſo." That entitled Little Mouths had been univerſally admired. The reader will find it, with Dr. King's whole other poems, in this edition of his Poetical Works in two volumes.

ſuch tempers, to dread and abhor it. Heedleſs of thoſe uſeful ſupplies which it brought to his finances, and which were in a few years ſo much impaired by this neglect, and by the gay courſe of life he led in the company of ſome of the beſt wits and principal gentry and nobility of the age, he gladly accepted a ſeaſonable offer made to him in 1707 by the Lord Pembroke, appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to attend his Lordſhip to that kingdom, where he was made Judge Advocate, ſole Commiſſioner of the Prizes, and Keeper of the Records; and the Lord Primate alſo conſtituted him his Vicargeneral.

With theſe honours he was well received and countenanced by perſons of the higheſt rank, and might have made his fortune if the change of climate could have wrought a change in his diſpoſition; but ſo far was he from forming any deſign to heap up riches, or of treaſuring up any of that money which was now thrown into his lap, that he returned to England with no other treaſure than a few merry poems and humorous eſſays; and retiring to his ſtudent's place at Chriſt-church, he employed himſelf in finiſhing his Art of Love, in imitation of Ovid de Arte Amandi, to which he prefixed an excellent account of that poet†.

† This is ſuch an imitation of Ovid as that wherein the imitator and his author ſtand much upon the ſame terms as

We have obſerved that our Author while in Ireland neglected the beſt opportunity of increaſing his fortune, and the circumſtance which occaſioned it we find to be this: he had contracted an intimacy, which ſoon grew into friendſhip, with Judge Upton, a man of the ſame temper with himſelf, who delighted in retirement and poetical amuſement. The Judge had a country villa called Mountown near Dublin, where he and Dr. King uſed to retire and ſpend moſt of their time without any regard to their publick offices; and by theſe means neglecting to pay court to the Lord Lieutenant, they fell under his diſpleaſure. Theſe two poetical companions indulged no other thoughts but thoſe of living and dying in their rural retreat. Upon this occaſion Dr. King wrote a paſtoral poem called Mully of Mountown. Mully was the name of a red cow which gave him milk, and was the ſubject of his poem. As our Author was known

Ben does with his father in the comedy; "What tho'ſ he be "my father? I an't bound 'prentice to 'en." The Doctor's virtuous diſpoſition is no where more remarkably diſtinguiſhed than in this piece, wherein both the ſubject and the example ſo naturally and almoſt unavoidably lead into ſome leſs chaſte images, ſome looſer love, which ſtands in need of a remedy. But there is no occaſion for any remedy to be preſcribed for the love here treated of beſides the ſpeedy obtaining of what it deſires, ſince it is all prudent, honourable, and virtuous. It is divided into fourteen parts, moſt of which end with ſome remarkable fable that carries with it ſome real moral.

: with the party for the church, the criticks
g the oppoſite party would have impoſed Mully
the world for a political allegory, the remoteſt
the Doctor's deſign of any thing they could
leviſed; and he would hardly think of attempt-
undeceive them: on the contrary, we may
ſe he was not ill pleaſed to ſee himſelf in ſuch
company as that of Mr. Pope, whoſe Rape of
ock was about the ſame time allegorized in the
manner by a critick, who aſſuming this poſtu-
, that the Lock ſignified the Barrier Treaty,
all the reſt of the allegory out very clearly and
eptionably. But to return from this digreſſion.

. King had not been long at the college after
turn from Ireland when an incident fell out
ad power enough to draw him from his beloved
ments. An action at law had been brought
ſt the Earl of Angleſey for ſeveral cruelties uſed
lady †, wherein ſhe was backed by her mother
ounteſs of Dorcheſter. Upon this occaſion his
hip ſolicited Dr. King to come to Town and un-
ke his cauſe, which was then before the Houſe
rds. Here the force of friendſhip prevailed over

† She was a natural daughter of James II. and having o
a divorce on this occaſion from the Earl of Angleſ
terwards married to John Sheffield Duke of Buckin
ire.

all his averſion to the wrangling taſk of an advocate: he complied with the requeſt, took abundant pains for his old friend, more than ever he was known to do, and made ſuch a figure in the Earl's defence as ſhewed him to have abilities in his profeſſion equal to any occaſion that might call for them; ſo that he gained the reputation of an able Civilian as well as of a humorous poet.

The Doctor's warm zeal for the church carried him in 1709 on the ſide of Dr. Sacheverell, and he had a hand in ſome of the political kites which flew about at that time. In this indeed he did no more than concur with thoſe whoſe friendſhip he had always cultivated; and when theſe friends came into favour at court, and were taken ſoon after into the miniſtry, the Doctor was not wanting in his friendly offices to them, and gave a helping hand towards the ſupport of the new meaſures they entered into. He printed ſeveral papers in this view, and among others one which he called The Britiſh Palladium, or Welcome of Mr. St. John, (then Secretary of State, and afterwards Lord Bolingbroke) from France.

Shortly after this the Gazetteer's place was offered to him in a way ſo agreeable to his temper that he could not refuſe it†. Accordingly he entered upon

† This was done in the following manner. Dr. Swift, Dr. Freind, and Mr. Prior, together with ſome of theirs and Bo-

January 1st 1711; but the extraordinary
met with in the discharge of it proved to
han he could endure long. Besides, he be-
cline in his health, and this, joined to his
disposition to the fatigue of any kind of
furnished a sufficient pretence for quitting
y, which he held only till about midsum-
†, when he retired to a gentleman's house

friends, came to pay a visit to our Author, and
ng with them the key of the Gazetteer's Office, to-
another key for the use of the Paper Office, which
was made the repository for the Pope, the Pre-
the Devil, together with the effigies of Dr. Sache-
ome other high priests, who were seized in a grand
a the mob, called then the Low-church Mob, were
long in great triumph to burn them at Whitehall
ross. The day following this friendly visit, being
-day 1711, the Doctor took possession, and entered
fice, and in two or three days after dined with the
nd thanked him for his kind remembrance of him
hen he had almost forgot himself. The author of
ife tells us, that about half a year after Dr. Sacheve-
r. King was applied to by Dr. Swift, Dr. Freind, and
s, to write The Examiner, and accordingly under-
began that paper about October 10th 1710, which
ed by the assistance of those gentlemen, and many
afterwards favoured him with their correspond-
the Doctor's ill state of health obliged him to qui
an employ in about four months, when it fell in
s.

appear to have been more reasons than one for
itting this employment. The author of his L
y Curl, has related an instance of inhumanity

P

... he was able; but as the autumn
season advanced he drooped gradually, and then
neither cared to see or be seen by any one; and win-
ter drawing on, he shut himself up entirely from his
nearest friends, and would not so much as see his noble
relation, till his Lordship, hearing of his weak con-
dition, sent his sister to fetch him in a chair to a
lodging he had provided for him opposite to Somer-
set-house in the Strand, where next day about noon
being Christmasday 1712, he yielded up his breath
with all the patience and resignation of a philosopher
and with the true devotion of a Christian hero. Lord

Alderman Barber towards Dr. King. This magistrate was then
printer of The Gazette, and was so cruel as to oblige the Doc-
tor to sit up till three or four o'clock in the morning, upon
those days The Gazette was published, to correct the errours of
the press, which was not the business of our Author, but a cor-
rector who is kept for that purpose in every printing-office of
any consequence. This slavery the Doctor ...
and therefore quitted ...

Clarendon took care of his funeral†, and had him decently interred in the cloiſters of Weſtminſter-abbey, where he lies next to his maſter Dr. Knipe, to whom a little before he had dedicated his Hiſtorical Account of the Heathen Gods.

In 1732 there came out in octavo Remains of the late learned and ingenious Dr. William King, ſome time Advocate of Doctors Commons, Vicargeneral to the Archbiſhop of Armagh, and Record-keeper of Ireland, containing Miſcellaneous Pieces in Verſe and Proſe, &c. &c. In this publication we have the following particulars relating to Dr. King's character. That in his morals he was religious and virtuous; modeſt and chaſte to that degree, that he was never known to ſpeak an immodeſt word or write a lewd one; that though he could not endure his buſineſs as an Advocate, yet he made an excellent Judge in the Court of Delegates, as often as he was called to that

† He had the greateſt eſteem poſſible for Lord Clarendon, and could not be perſuaded to go to reſt the night before his death, or lie down, till he had made ſuch a will as he thought was agreeable to his Lordſhip's inclinations, whereby he conſtituted Elizabeth King, his ſiſter, his ſole executrix, and reſiduary legatee of all his eſtate or eſtates real or perſonal, in poſſeſſion or reverſion. But the writer of his Life intimates he had ſpent his paternal eſtates, and that after his return from Ireland his ſtudent's place at Chriſt-church was all he had left: this he retained to his death, and the profits thereof, together with the buſineſs of his profeſſion, and the friendſhip of his acquaintance, which was very large, and that of the greateſt quality, were his chief ſubſiſtence.

ich; that, however, his chiefeſt pleaſure conſiſted trifles, and he was never happier than when he ught he was hid from the world; yet that he loved npany, provided they were ſuch as tallied with his nour, (for few people pleaſed him in converſation) l it was a true ſign that he liked them if he could tolerably agreeable, at which times his diſcourſe ; cheerful, and his wit pleaſant and entertaining; t he was a great diſſembler of his natural temper, ich was moroſe and peeviſh where he durſt ſhew but he was of a timorous diſpoſition, and the leaſt ht or neglect would throw him into a melancholy e of deſpondency; that he would ſay a great many atured things, but never do one; that he was made of tenderneſs and pity, and tears would fall from n on the ſmalleſt occaſion; that he was a Civilian uiſitely well read, a ſkilful Judge, and among the rned an univerſal ſcholar, a critick, and an adept, ll ſciences and languages expert, and our Engliſh id among the poets; and that as an Author his racter may be ſummed up in the following lines:

Read here in ſofteſt ſounds the ſweeteſt ſatire;
A pen dipt deep in gall, a heart good nature.
An Engliſh Ovid, from his birth he ſeems
Inſpir'd alike with ſtrong poetick dreams:
The Roman rants of heroes, gods, and Jove;
The Briton purely paints The Art of Love.

Thus he is repreſented by the writer of his Life, who

profeſſes a particular love and eſteem for him
if the picture bears a juſt reſemblance of the ori
Dr. King muſt have been a true humouriſt. I
he has drawn his own character excellently in t
lowing verſes found in his pocket at his death,
juſt freſh written with a lead pencil:

I ſing the various chances of the world,
Thro' which men are by Fate or Fortune hurl'd.
'Tis by no ſcheme or method that I go,
But paint in verſe my notions as they flow;
With heat the wanton images purſue,
Fond of the old, yet ſtill creating new;
Fancy myſelf in ſome ſecure retreat,
Reſolve to be content, and ſo be great.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

It is now-a-days the hard fate of such as pretend to be authors that they are not permitted to be masters of their own works; for if such papers (however imperfect) as may be called a Copy of them, either by a servant or any other means, come to the hands of a bookseller, he never considers whether it be for the person's reputation to come into the world, whether it is agreeable to his sentiments, whether to his style or correctness, or whether he has for some time looked over it; nor doth he care what name or character he puts to it so he imagines he may get by it.

It was the fate of the following Poem to be so used, and printed with as much imperfection and as many mistakes as a bookseller that has common sense could imagine should pass upon the Town, especially in an age so polite and critical as the present.

These following Letters and Poem were at the press some time before the other paper pretending to the same title was crept out; and they had else, as the learned say, groaned under the press till such time as the sheets had, one by one, been perused and corrected not only by the Author but his friends, whose judgment as he is sensible he wants, so is he proud to own that they sometimes condescend to afford him.

For many faults that at first seem small yet create unpardonable errours. The number of the verse turns

upon the harſhneſs of a ſyllable, and the laying a ſtreſs upon improper words will make the moſt correct piece ridiculous. Falſe concord, tenſes, and grammar, nonſenſe, impropriety, and confuſion, may go down with ſome perſo[illegible]t be in the power of a bookſeller [illegible]hor, and tell him "You did write a[illegible]t it; and you ſhall "ſtand to the ſco[illegible]ave the benefit:" yet this is the pre[illegible]ſtanding there are above threeſcore [illegible]ire; verſes tranſpoſed, ſome adde[illegible]d, or rather that ſhould have been altered, and near forty omitted. The Author does not value himſelf upon the whole; but if he ſhews his eſteem for Horace, and can by any means provoke perſons to read ſo uſeful a treatiſe; if he ſhews his averſion to the introduction of luxury, which may tend to the corruption of manners, and declares his love to the old Britiſh hoſpitality, charity, and valour, when the arms of the family, the old pikes, muſkets, and halberts, hung up in the hall over the long table, and the marrowbones lay on the floor, and Chevy Chaſe and The Old Courtier of the Queen' were placed over the carved mantlepiece, and [illegible] beef and brown bread were carried every day to poor, he deſires little farther than that the r would for the future give all ſuch bookſellers a before ſpoken of no manner of encouragement.

LETTERS

TO DR. LISTER AND OTHERS.

LETTER I. TO MR. ——

DEAR SIR,

THE happineſs of hearing now and then from you extremely delights me; for I muſt confeſs moſt of my other friends are ſo much taken up with politicks or ſpeculations, that either their hopes or fears give them little leiſure to peruſe ſuch parts of learning as lie remote, and are ſtrictly for the cloſets of the curious. How bleſt are you at London, where you have new books of all ſorts! whilſt we at a greater diſtance, being deſtitute of ſuch improvements, muſt content ourſelves with the old ſtore, and thumb the Claſſicks, as if we were never to get higher than our Tully or our Virgil.

You tantalize me only when you tell me of the edition of a book by the ingenious Dr. Liſter, which you ſay is a treatiſe *De Condimentis et Opſoniis Veterum*, "Of the Sauces and Soups of the Ancients," as I take it. Give me leave to uſe an expreſſion which though vulgar, yet upon this occaſion is juſt and proper; you have made my mouth water, but have not ſent me wherewithal to ſatisfy my appetite.

I have raiſed a thouſand notions to myſelf only from the title. Where could ſuch a treaſure lie hid? what manuſcripts have been collated? under what

emperour was it written? might it not ha
the reign of Heliogabalus, who though vic
in ſome things fantaſtical, yet was not inc
the grand affair of eating?

Conſider, dear Sir! in what uncertainties
remain at preſent. You know my neighbc
Greatrix is a learned antiquary. I ſhewed hi
letter, which threw him into ſuch a dubiouſn
indeed perplexity, of mind, that the next day h
not put any catſup in his fiſh ſauce, nor have l
loved pepper, oil, and lemon, with his partridg
before he had ſeen Dr. Liſter's book he might t
greſs in uſing ſomething not common to the Anc

Diſpatch it therefore to us with all ſpeed,
expect wonders from it. Let me tell you I hop
the firſt place it will in ſome meaſure remove
barbarity of our preſent education; for what h
can there be of any progreſs in learning whilſt
gentlemen ſuffer their ſons at Weſtminſter, Ea
and Wincheſter, to eat nothing but ſalt with t
mutton, and vinegar with their roaſt beef, upon h
days? What extenſiveneſs can there be in their ſc
eſpecially when, upon their going thence to the
verſity, their knowledge in culinary matters is ſel
nlarged, and their diet continues very much the ſa
nd as to ſauces they are in profound ignorance?

It were to be wiſhed therefore that every fa
d a French tutor; for beſides his being groom,

dener, butler, and valet, you would see that he is endued with greater accomplishments; for, according to our ancient author, *Quot Galli, tot Coqui*, "As "many Frenchmen as you have, so many Cooks you "may depend upon;" which is very useful where there is a numerous issue. Add I doubt not but with such tutors, and good housekeepers to provide cake and sweetmeats, together with the tender care of an indulgent mother to see that the children eat and drink every thing that they call for; I doubt not, I say, but we may have a warlike and frugal gentry, a temperate and austere clergy, and such persons of quality in all stations as may best undergo the fatigues of our state and station.

Pardon me, Sir, if I break off abruptly, for I am going to Mons. D'Avenz, a person famous for easing the toothach by avulsion. He has promised to shew me how to strike a lancet into the jugular of a carp, so as the blood may issue thence with the greatest effusion, and then will instantly perform the operation of stewing it in its own blood in the presence of myself and several more virtuosi. But let him use what claret he will in the performance, I will secure enough to drink your health and the rest of your friends.

I remain, Sir, &c.

LETTER II. TO MR. ———.

SIR,

I SHALL m im your promiſe in yo
laſt obligin n the happineſs of my co
reſpondenc er, and to that end ha
ſent you th e communicated to him
you think co

LET. III. STER, PRESEN

SIR,

I AM a plain man, and therefore never uſe comp
ments; but I muſt tell you that I have a great am
tion to hold a correſpondence with you, eſpecial
that I may beg you to communicate your rema
from the Ancients concerning dentiſcalps, vulga
called Toothpicks. I take the uſe of them to have be
of great antiquity, and the original to come from t
inſtinct of Nature, which is the beſt miſtreſs upon
occaſions. The Egyptians were a people excellent
their philoſophical and mathematical obſervatio
they ſearched into all the ſprings of action: and th
I muſt condemn their ſuperſtition I cannot but a
plaud their invention. This people had a vaſt diſtr
that worſhipped the crocodile, which is an anim
whoſe jaws, being very oblong, give him the oppo

tunity of having a great many teeth; and his habitation and buſineſs lying moſt in the water he, like our modern Dutch whitſters* in Southwark, had a very good ſtomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain that he had the water of Nile always ready, and conſequently the opportunity of waſhing his mouth after meals; yet he had farther occaſion for other inſtruments to cleanſe his teeth, which are ſerrate, or like a ſaw. To this end Nature has provided an animal, called the Ichneumon, which performs this office, and is ſo maintained by the product of its own labour. The Egyptians ſeeing ſuch an uſeful ſagacity in the crocodile, which they ſo much reverenced, ſoon began to imitate it, great examples eaſily drawing the multitude; ſo that it became their conſtant cuſtom to pick their teeth and waſh their mouths after eating. I cannot find in Marſham's Dynaſties, nor in the Fragments of Manethon, what year of the moon (for I hold the Egyptian years to have been lunar, that is, but of a month's continuance) ſo venerable an uſage firſt began; for it is the fault of great philologers to omit ſuch things as are moſt material. Whether Seſoſtris in his large conqueſts might extend the uſe of them is as uncertain; for the glorious actions of thoſe ages lie very much in the dark. It is very probable that the publick uſe of them came in about the ſame time that the Egyptians made uſe of juries. I find, in

* Whoſe tentergrounds are now almoſt all built upon.

the Preface to the Third Part of Modern Rep
that " the Chaldees had a great eſteem for the n
" ber Twelve, becauſe there were ſo many ſigns o
" zodiack; from them this number came to th
" gyptians, and ſo to Greece, where Mars himſelf
" tried for a murder, and was acquitted." No
does not appear upon record, nor any ſtone that I
ſeen, whether the jury clubbed, or whether M
treated them at dinner, though it is moſt likely tha
did; for he was a quarrelſome ſort of a perſon,
probably though acquitted might be as guilty as Ce
Koningſmark. Now the cuſtom of juries dining a
eatinghouſe, and having glaſſes of water brou
them, with toothpicks tinged with vermilion ſw
ming at the top, being ſtill continued, why may we
imagine that the toothpicks were as ancient as the
ner, the dinner as the juries, and the juries at leaſt as
grandchildren of Mitzraim? Homer makes his
roes feed ſo groſsly, that they ſeem to have had n
occaſion for ſkewers than gooſequills. He is very
dious in deſcribing a ſmith's forge and an an
whereas he might have been more polite in ſet
out the toothpick caſe or painted ſnuff box of Ac
les, if that age had not been ſo barbarous as to w
them. And here I cannot but conſider that Ath
in the time of Pericles, when it flouriſhed moſ
ſumptuous buildings, and Rome in its height of
pire from Auguſtus down to Adrian, had noth

that equalled the Royal or New Exchange, or Pope's-Head-Alley, for curiosities and toyshops; neither had their Senate any thing to alleviate their debates concerning the affairs of the universe like raffling sometimes at Colonel Parsons's. Although the Egyptians often extended their conquests into Africa and Ethiopia, and though the Cafre blacks have very fine teeth, yet I cannot find that they made use of any such instrument; nor does Ludolphus, though very exact as to the Abyssinian empire, give any account of a matter so important; for which he is to blame, as I shall shew in my treatise of Forks and Napkins, of which I shall send you an essay with all expedition. I shall in that treatise fully illustrate or confute this passage of Dr. Heylin, in the third book of his Cosmography, where he says of the Chinese "that they eat their "meat with two sticks of ivory, ebony, or the like, "not touching it with their hands at all, and there-"fore no great foulers of linen. The use of silver forks "with us, by some of our spruce gallants taken up of "late, came from hence into Italy, and from thence "into England." I cannot agree with this learned Doctor in many of these particulars; for, first, the use of these sticks is not so much to save linen as out of pure necessity, which arises from the length of their nails, which persons of great quality in those countries wear at a prodigious length, to prevent all possibility of working or being serviceable to them-

ſelves or others; and therefore if they would th
could not eaſily feed themſelves with thoſe clav
and I have very good authority that in the Eaſt, a
eſpecially in Japan, the princes have the meat put
to their m attendants. Beſides, th
ſticks are o their ſort of meat, wh
being pilau to rags. But what wo
thoſe ſticks e a turkeycock or a chin
beef? there re of quite different ſha
the ſteel one and the ſilver are gene
ly reſemblin hich makes me think th
to be as ancient as the ſaturnian race, where the f
mer is appropriated to Pluto and the latter to N
tune. It is certain that Pedro Della Valle, that
mous Italian traveller, carried his knife and fork i
the Eaſt Indies; and he gives a large account how
the court of an Indian prince he was admired for
neatneſs in that particular, and his care in wip
that and his knife before he returned them to their
ſpective repoſitories. I could wiſh Dr. Wotton, in
next edition of his Modern Learning, would ſhew
how much we are improved ſince Dr. Heylin's ti
and tell us the original of ivory knives, with wh
young heirs are ſuffered to mangle their own p
ding, as likewiſe of ſilver and gold knives, brou
in with the deſſert for carving of jellies and ora
butter, and the indiſpenſable neceſſity of a ſi
knife at the ſideboard to mingle ſallads with, a

[illegible] made out in a treatise called Ace-
[illegible] dressing of sallads: a noble work!
[illegible]—

[illegible] pardon me, good Doctor! I had almost
[illegible] that I would not have done for the
[illegible] so remarkable. I think I may be positive
his verse of Juvenal, where he speaks of the
ans,

[illegible] et cepe nefas violare, et frangere morsu,

was sacrilege to chop a leek or bite an onion:
believe that it amounts to a demonstration
haraoh Necho could have no true lenten por-
nor any carriers' sauce to his mutton; the true
: of making which sauce I have from an ancient
maining at the Bull-inn in Bishopsgate-street,
runs thus:

ake seven spoonfuls of spring-water, slice two
ns of moderate size into a large saucer, and put
s much salt as you can hold at thrice betwixt
r forefinger and thumb, if large, and serve it
' *Probatum est.*

HOBSON, *Carrier to the University of Cambridge.*

e effigies of that worthy person remains still at
nn; and I dare say not only Hobson but old
, and many others of that musical and delight-
ofession, would rather have been labourers at
yramids with that regale, than to have reigned

at Memphis and have been debarred of it. I break off abruptly. Believe me an admirer of your worth, and a follower of your methods towards the increaſe of learning, and more eſpecially your, &c.

LETTER IV. TO MR.——

SIR,

I AM now very ſeriouſly employed in a work that I hope may be uſeful to the publick, which is a poem of The Art of Cookery, in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry, inſcribed to Dr. Liſter, as hoping it may be in time read as a preliminary to his works; but I have not vanity enough to think it will live ſo long. I have in the meantime ſent you an Imitation of Horace's invitation of Torquatus to ſupper, which is the fifth epiſtle of his firſt book. Perhaps you will find ſo many faults in this that you may ſave me the trouble of my other propoſal; but, however, take it as it is:

If Bellvill can his gen'rous ſoul confine
To a ſmall room, few diſhes, and ſome wine,
I ſhall expect my happineſs at nine.
'Two bottles of ſmooth Palm or Anjou white
Shall give a welcome and prepare delight:
Then for the Bourdeaux you may freely aſk,
But the Champaigne is to each man his flaſk.
I tell you with what force I keep the field,
And if you can exceed it ſpeak; I 'll yield.
The ſnow-white damaſk enſigns are diſplay'd,
And glitt'ring ſalvers on the ſideboard laid.

Thus we 'll diſperſe all buſy thoughts and cares,
The gen'ral's counſels and the flatteſman's fears:
Nor ſhall Sleep reign in that precedent night
Whoſe joyful hours lead on the glorious light
Sacred to Britiſh worth in Blenheim's fight.
The bleſſings of good fortune ſeem refus'd
Unleſs ſometimes with gen'rous freedom us'd.
'Tis madneſs not frugality prepares
A vaſt exceſs of wealth for ſquand'ring heirs.
Muſt I of neither wine nor mirth partake
Leſt the cenſorious world ſhould call me rake?
Who unacquainted with the gen'rous wine
E'er ſpoke bold truths or fram'd a great deſign?
That makes us fancy ev'ry face has charms;
That gives us courage, and then finds us arms;
Sees care diſburthen'd, and each tongue employ'd,
The poor grown rich, and ev'ry wiſh enjoy'd.
This I 'll perform, and promiſe you ſhall ſee
A cleanlineſs from affectation free:
No noiſe, no hurry, when the meat 's ſet on,
Or when the diſh is chang'd the ſervants gone:
For all things ready, nothing more to fetch;
Whate'er you want is in the maſter's reach.
Then for the company I 'll ſee it choſe;
Their emblematick ſignal is the Roſe.
If you of Freeman's rallery approve,
Of Cotton's laugh, and Winner's tales of love,
And Bellair's charming voice may be allow'd,
What can you hope for better from a crowd?
But I ſhall not preſcribe. Conſult your eaſe;
Write back your men and number as you pleaſe;
Try your back-ſtairs, and let the lobby wait:
A ſtratagem in war is no deceit.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

LETTER V. TO MR. ——

I Here ſend you what I promiſed, A Diſcourſe of Cookery, after the method which Horace has taken in his Art of Poetry, which I have all along kept in my view; for Horace certainly is an author to be imitated in the delivery of precepts for any art or ſcience. He is indeed ſevere upon our ſort of learning in ſome of his Satires; but even there he inſtructs, as in the fourth ſatire of the ſecond book, ver. 13.

> Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento;
> Ut fucci melioris, et ut magis alba rotundis,
> Ponere: namque marem cohibent calloſa vitellum.
>
> Chuſe eggs oblong; remember they 'll be found
> Of ſweeter taſte and whiter than the round.
> The firmneſs of that ſhell includes the male.

I am much of his opinion, and could only wiſh that the world was thoroughly informed of two other truths concerning eggs. One is, how incomparably better roaſted eggs are than boiled; the other, never to eat any butter with eggs in the ſhell. You cannot imagine how much more you will have of their flavour, and how much eaſier they will ſit upon your ſtomach. The worthy perſon who recommended it to me made many proſelytes; and I have the vanity to think that I have not been altogether unſucceſsful.

I have in this Poem uſed a plain, eaſy, familiar, ſtyle, as moſt fit for precept: neither have I been too exact

an imitator of Horace, as he himſelf directs. I have not conſulted any of his tranſlators; neither Mr. Oldham, whoſe copiouſneſs runs into paraphraſe, nor Ben Johnſon, who is admirable for his cloſe following of the original; nor yet the Lord Roſcommon, ſo excellent for the beauty of his language, and his penetration into the very deſign and ſoul of that author. I conſidered that I went upon a new undertaking, and though I do not value myſelf upon it ſo much as Lucretius did, yet I dare ſay it is more innocent and inoffenſive.

Sometimes when Horace's rules come too thick and ſententious I have ſo far taken liberty as to paſs over ſome of them; for I conſider the nature and temper of Cooks, who are not of the moſt patient diſpoſition, as their underſervants too often experience. I wiſh I might prevail with them to moderate their paſſions, which will be the greater conqueſt ſeeing a continual heat is added to their native fire.

Amidſt the variety of directions that Horace gives us in his Art of Poetry, which is one of the moſt accurate pieces that he or any other author has written, there is a ſecret connexion in reality, though he doth not expreſs it too plainly, and therefore this Imitation of it has many breaks in it. If ſuch as ſhall condeſcend to read this Poem would at the ſame time conſult Horace's original Latin, or ſome of the aforementioned tranſlators, they would find at leaſt this benefit, that they would recollect thoſe excellent inſtructions which he delivers to us in ſuch elegant language.

I could wish the Master and Wardens of the Co
Company would order this Poem to be read with
consideration; for it is not lightly to be run over,
ing it contains many useful instructions for human
It is true that some of their rules may seem more p
cipally to respect the steward, clerk of the kitch
caterer, or perhaps the butler; but the Cook b
the principal person, without whom all the rest
be little regarded; they are directed to him, and
work being designed for the universal good, it
accomplish some part of its intent if those for
people will improve by it.

It may happen in this as in all works of art,
there may be some terms not obvious to comm
readers; but they are not many. The reader may
have a just idea of a swoled mutton, which is a sh
roasted in its wool, to save the labour of flaying.
con and filbert-tarts are something unusual; but t
sprout-tarts and Pistachio-tarts are much the s
thing, and to be seen in Dr. Salmon's Family D
tionary, those persons who have a desire for th
may easily find the way to make them. As for gr
is an old Danish dish; and it is claimed as an hon
to the ancient family of Leigh to carry a dish of it
to the coronation. A dwarf-pie was prepared for K
James I. when Jeffery his dwarf rose out of one are
with a sword and buckler, and is so recorded in
history that there are few but know it. Though m

fish, hippocraes, and ambigues, are known to
at deal in Cookery, yet terrenes are not so usual,
a silver vessel filled with the most costly dain-
fter the manner of an oglio. A surprise is like-
dish not so very common, which, promising little
its first appearance, when open abounds with all
of variety, which I cannot better resemble than
fifth act of one of our modern comedies. Left
eth, Vinegar, Talieſſin, and Boſſu, ſhould be
for diſhes of rarities, it may be known that
eth was a gentleman with a ſcalloped coat; that
ar keeps the ring at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; Ta-
was one of the moſt ancient bards amongſt the
s; and Boſſu one of the moſt certain inſtructers
icism that this latter age has produced.
ope it will not be taken ill by the wits that I call
ooks by the title of Ingenious; for I cannot
ne why Cooks may not be as well read as any
perſons: I am ſure their apprentices of late
have had very good opportunities of improve-
; and men of the firſt pretences to literature have
very liberal, and ſent in their contributions very
y. They have been very ſerviceable both to ſpit
ven; and for theſe twelve months paſt whilſt
otton with his Modern Learning was defend-
ie. cruſt from ſcorching, his dear friend Dr.
y with his Phalaris has been ſinging of ca-
Not that this was occaſioned by any ſuperfluity

or tediouſneſs of their writings, or mutual commendations; but it was found out by ſome worthy patriots, to make the labours of the two Doctors as far as poſſible to become uſeful to the publick.

Indeed Cookery has an influence upon men's actions even in the higheſt ſtations of human life. The great philoſopher Pythagoras, in his Golden Verſes, ſhews himſelf to be extremely nice in eating when he makes it one of his chief principles of morality to abſtain from beans. The nobleſt foundations of honour, juſtice, and integrity, were found to lie hid in turnips, as appears in that great Dictator Cincinnatus, who went from the plough to the command of the Roman army, and having brought home victory retired to his cottage: for when the Samnite ambaſſadors came thither to him with a large bribe, and found him dreſſing turnips for his repaſt, they immediately returned with this ſentence, "That it was impoſſible "to prevail upon him that could be contented with "ſuch a ſupper." In ſhort, there are no honorary appellations but what may be made uſe of to Cooks; for I find throughout the whole race of Charlemagne that the Great Cook of the palace was one of the prime miniſters of ſtate, and conductor of armies. So true is that maxim of Paulus Æmilius, after his glorious expedition into Greece, when he was to entertain the Roman people, "that there was equal ſkill "required to bring an army into the field and to ſet

th a magnificent entertainment, ſince the one was
ar as poſſible to annoy your enemy, and the other
leaſure your friend." In ſhort, as for all perſons
ave not a due regard for the learned, induſtrious,
l, upright, and warlike, profeſſion of Cookery,
hey live as the ancient inhabitants of Puerte Ven-
one of the Canary Iſlands, where they being ſo
rous as to make the moſt contemptible perſon to
eir butcher, they had likewiſe their meat ſerved
w, becauſe they had no fire to dreſs it; and I take
o be a condition bad enough of all conſcience!
this ſmall Eſſay finds acceptance I ſhall be en-
ged to purſue a great deſign I have in hand of
ſhing a *Bibliotheca Culinaria*, or The Cook's Com-
Library, which ſhall begin with a tranſlation,
leaſt an epitome, of Athenæus, who treats of all
s belonging to a Grecian feaſt. He ſhall be pu-
ed with all his comments, uſeful gloſſes, and in-
, of a vaſt copiouſneſs, with cuts of the baſting-
s, drippingpans, and drudgingboxes, &c. late-
g up at Rome out of an old ſubterranean ſkul-
I deſign to have all authors in all languages up-
at ſubject, therefore pray conſult what oriental
uſcripts you have. I remember Erpenius, in his
s upon Lockman's Fables, (whom I take to be the
perſon with Æſop) gives us an admirable re-
for making the four milk, that is, the bonny-
er, of the Arabians. I ſhould be glad to know

how Mahomet uſed to have his ſhoulder of
dreſſed: I have heard he was a great lover
joint; and that a maid of an inn poiſoned h
one, ſaying, "If he is a prophet he will diſco
"he is an impoſtor no matter what becomes
I ſhall have occaſion for the aſſiſtance of all m
in this great work. I ſome poſts ago deſired
to enquire what manuſcripts Sol Harding, a
Cook, may have left behind him at Oxford.
he finds among his executors ſeveral admira
of fare for Ariſtotle ſuppers, and entertain
country ſtrangers, with certain prices, acco
their ſeveral ſeaſons. He ſays ſome pages ha
black croſſes drawn over them, but for the
part the books are fair and legible.

Sir, I would beg you to ſearch Cook's H
manuſcripts they may have in their archiev
what in Guildhall; what account of cuſtare
Swordbearer's office, how many tun he, a
crier, or a common hunt, may eat in their
But I tranſgreſs the bounds of a letter, and ha
ed from my ſubject, which ſhould have bee
you to read the following lines when you are
to be moſt favourable to your friend, for e
will never be able to endure your juſt cenſur
upon your good nature, and I am

Your moſt oblig

LETTER VI. TO MR. ——

DEAR SIR,

I have reflected upon the diſcourſe I had with you the other day, and upon ſerious conſideration find that the true underſtanding of the whole Art of Cookery will be uſeful to all perſons that pretend to the *belles lettres*, and eſpecially to poets.

I do not find it proceeds from any enmity of the Cooks, but 'tis rather the fault of their maſters, that poets are not ſo well acquainted with good eating as otherwiſe they might be if oftener invited. However, once in Mr. D'Urfey's preſence this I would be bound to ſay, that a good dinner is brother to a good poem; only it is ſomething more ſubſtantial, and between two and three o'clock more agreeable.

I have known a ſupper make the moſt diverting part of a comedy. Mr Betterton in The Libertine * has ſat very gravely with the leg of a chicken; but I have ſeen Jacomo very merry, and eat very heartily of peaſe and buttered eggs under the table. The Hoſt in The Villain †, who carries tables, ſtools, furniture, and proviſions, all about him, gives great content to the ſpectators when from the crown of his hat he produces his cold capon: ſo Armarillis (or rather Par-

* A tragedy by Thomas Shadwell, acted 1676.

† A tragedy by Thomas Porter, acted 1663.

thenope, as I take it) in The Rehearſal, with her wine in her ſpear and her pie in her helmet, and the Cook that ſlobbers his beard with ſackpoſſet in The Man's The Maſter †, have in my opinion made the moſt diverting part of the action. Theſe embelliſhments we have received from our imitation of the ancient poets. Horace in his Satires makes Mæcenas very merry with the recollection of the unuſual entertainments and diſhes given him by Naſidienus, and with his raillery upon garlick in his third epode. The ſupper of Petronius, with all its machines and contrivances, gives us the moſt lively deſcription of Nero's luxury. Juvenal ſpends a whole ſatire about the price and dreſſing of a ſingle fiſh, with the judgment of the Roman Senate concerning it. Thus whether ſerious or jocoſe good eating is made the ſubject and ingredient of poetical entertainments.

I think all poets agree that epiſodes are to be interwoven in their poems with the greateſt nicety of art; and ſo it is the ſame thing at a good table: and yet I have ſeen a very good epiſode (give me leave to call it ſo) made by ſending out the leg of a gooſe or the gizzard of a turkey to be broiled; though I know that criticks with a good ſtomach have been offended that the unity of action ſhould be ſo far broken. And yet as in our plays ſo at our common tables many epiſodes are allowed, as ſlicing of cucumbers, dreſſing of

† A comedy by Sir William Davenant, acted 1669.

ſallads, ſeaſoning the inſide of a ſirloin of beef, breaking lobſters' claws, ſtewing wild ducks, toaſting of cheeſe, legs of larks, and ſeveral others.

A poet who by proper expreſſions and pleaſing images is to lead us into the knowledge of neceſſary truth may delude his audience extremely, and indeed barbarouſly, unleſs he has ſome knowledge of this Art of Cookery, and the progreſs of it. Would it not ſound ridiculous to hear Alexander The Great command his cannon to be mounted, and to throw redhot bullets out of his mortarpieces? or to have Statira talk of tapeſtry hangings, which all the learned know were many years after her death firſt hung up in the hall of King Attalus? Should Sir John Falſtaff complain of having dirtied his ſilk ſtockings, or Anne of Boleyn call for her coach, would an audience ndure it, when all the world knows that Queen Eliabeth was the firſt that had her coach or wore ſilk ockings? Neither can a poet put hops in an Engliſhan's drink before hereſy came in; nor can he ſerve n with a diſh of carp before that time: he might well give King James I. a diſh of aſparagus upon firſt coming to London, which were not brought England till many years after; or make Owen or preſent Queen Catharine with a ſugarloaf; eas he might as eaſily have given her a diamond ge, ſeeing the iceing of cakes at Wood ſtreet r, and the refining of ſugar, was but an inven-

tion of two hundred years ſtanding; an
time our anceſtors ſweetened and garniſ
honey, of which there are ſome remains
bowls, baron bracks, and large ſimnels, f
ſents from Litchfield.

But now, on the contrary, it would ſhe
ing if the poet put a hen turkey upon a
tragedy, and therefore I would adviſe it
inſtead of their painted trifles; and I believ
give more ſatisfaction to the actors. For
Siculus reports how the ſiſters of Meleage
medes, mourning for their brother, were tu
hen turkeys; from whence proceeds their ſl
of gate, reſervedneſs in converſation, and me
in the tone of their voice and all their actio
this would be the moſt improper meat in th
for a comedy; for melancholy and diſtreſs re
different ſort of diet as well as language: and
heard of a fair lady that was pleaſed to ſay, "
"ſhe were upon a ſtrange road, and driven to
"neceſſity, ſhe believed ſhe might for once be a
"ſup upon a ſackpoſſet and a fat capon."

I am ſure poets as well as Cooks are for havi
words nicely choſen and properly adapted; and t
fore I believe they would ſhew the ſame regret
I do to hear perſons of ſome rank and quality
"Pray cut up that gooſe; help me to ſome of
"chicken, hen, or capon, or half that plover;"

conſidering how indiſcreetly they talk before men of art, whoſe proper terms are, "Break that gooſe;"—"fruſt that chicken;"—"ſpoil that hen;"—"ſauce "that capon;"—"mince that plover."—If they are ſo much out in common things, how much more will they be with bitterns, herns, cranes, and peacocks? But it is vain for us to complain of the faults and errours of the world unleſs we lend our helping hand to retrieve them.

To conclude, our greateſt author of dramatick poetry, Mr Dryden, has made uſe of the myſteries of this art in the prologues to two of his plays, one a tragedy, the other a comedy, in which he has ſhewn his greateſt art, and proved moſt ſucceſsful. I had not ſeen the play for ſome years before I hit upon almoſt the ſame words that he has in the following prologue to All for Love:

"Fops may have leave to level all they can,
"As Pigmies would be glad to top a man.
"Half-wits are fleas, ſo little and ſo light,
"We ſcarce could know they live but that they bite.
"But as the rich, when tir'd with daily feaſts,
"For change become their next poor tenant's gueſts,
"Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,
"And match the homely rather from the coals;
"So you, retiring from much better cheer,
"For once may venture to do penance here:
"And ſince that plenteous autumn now is paſt,
"Whoſe grapes and peaches have indulg'd your taſte,
"Take in good part from our poor poet's board
"Such ſhriveil'd fruit as winter can afford."

How fops and fleas ſhould come together I can eaſily account for; but I doubt not but his ale, raſh grapes, peaches, and ſhrivelled apples, might pit, b and gallery it well enough. His prologue to Sir M tin Marall is ſuch an exquiſite poem, taken from ſame art, that I could wiſh it tranſlated into La to be prefixed to Dr. Liſter's work. The whole i follows:

PROLOGUE.

" Fools which each man meets in his diſh each day
" Are yet the great regalia of a play;
" In which to poets you but juſt appear,
" To prize that higheſt which coſt them ſo dear.
" Fops in the Town more eaſily will paſs;
" One ſtory makes a ſtatutable aſs:
" But ſuch in plays muſt be much thicker ſown
" Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
" Obſerving poets all their walks invade,
" As men watch woodcocks gliding thro' a glade,
" And when they have enough for comedy
" They ſtow their ſeveral bodies in a pie:
" The poet 's but the Cook to faſhion it;
" For, Gallants! you yourſelves have found the wit.
" To bid you welcome would your bounty wrong:
" None welcome thoſe who bring their cheer † along

The image (which is the great perfection of a po is ſo extremely lively and well painted, that methir I ſee the whole audience with a diſh of buttered eg in one hand and a woodcock pie in the other. hope I may be excuſed after ſo great an examp for I declare I have no deſign but to encourage lea

† Some critieks read it *chair*. K

ing, and am very far from any deſigns againſt it: and therefore I hope the worthy gentleman who ſaid that the Journey to London ought to be burnt by the common hangman, as a book that if received would diſcourage ingenuity, would be pleaſed not to make his bonefire at the upper end of Ludgate ſtreet, for fear of endangering the bookſellers' ſhops and the cathedral.

I have abundance more to ſay upon theſe ſubjects; but I am afraid my firſt courſe is ſo tedious that you will excuſe me both the ſecond courſe and the deſſert, and call for pipes and a candle. But conſider the papers come from an old friend, and ſpare them out of compaſſion to, Sir, &c.

LETTER VII. TO MR. ——

SIR,

I Am no great lover of writing more than I am forced to, and therefore have not troubled you with my letters to congratulate your good fortune in London, or to bemoan our unhappineſs in the loſs of you here. The occaſion of this is to deſire your aſſiſtance in a matter that I am fallen into by the advice of ſome friends; but unleſs they help me it will be impoſſible for me to get out of it. I have had the miſfortune to —write; but what is worſe, I have never conſidered whether any one would read. Nay, I have been ſo

very bad as to design to print; but then
thought came across me with "Who will
if I tell you the title you will be of my m
the very name will destroy it; "The Art of
"in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry;
"familiar Letters to Dr. Lister and others,
"principally by the Title of a Book publis
"Doctor concerning the Soups and Sau
"Ancients." To this a beau will cry "
"what have I to do with kitchenstuff?" T
answer, "Buy it, and give it to your serv
I hope to live to see the day when every mi
family, and every steward, shall call up thei
and servants with "Come, Miss Betty, h
"have you got of your Art of Cookery? V
"you leave off, Miss Isabel?"—"Miss
"you no farther than King Henry and the
"—Yes, Madam, I am come to

——His name shall be enroll'd
In Estcourt's book, whose gridiron 's fram'd

"Pray, mother, is that our Master Estcourt
"child, if you mind this you shall not be p
"Assembly Catechism next Saturday." Wh
ous sight it will be, and how becoming a gre
to see the butler outlearning the steward,
painful scullerymaid exerting her memor
yond the mumping housekeeper! I am tol
book is any thing useful the printers have

pirating on one another, and printing other perſons' copies, which is very barbarous; and then ſhall I be forced to come out with "The true Art of Cookery "is only to be had at Mr. Pindar's, a Pattenmaker's "under St. Dunſtan's-church, with the Author's Seal "at the Titlepage, being Three Saucepans in a Bend "Proper, on a Cook's Apron, Argent. Beware of "Counterfeits." And be forced to put out advertiſements with "Straps for razors, and the beſt ſpectacles, "are to be had only at the Archimedes, &c."

I deſign propoſals, which I muſt get delivered to the Cooks' Company, for the making an order that every apprentice ſhall have The Art of Cookery when he is bound, which he ſhall ſay by heart before he is made free; and then he ſhall have Dr. Liſter's book of Soups and Sauces delivered to him for his future practice. But you know better what I am to do than I. For the kindneſs you may ſhew me I ſhall always endeavour to make what returns lie in my power. I am your's, &c.

LETTER VIII. TO MR. ——

DEAR SIR,

I Cannot but recommend to your peruſal a late exquiſite comedy called The Lawyer's Fortune, or Love in a Hollow Tree, which piece has its peculiar embelliſhments, and is a poem carefully framed ac-

cording to the niceſt rules of The Art of Cookery; for the play opens with a ſcene of good houſewifery, where Favourite the houſekeeper makes this complaint to Lady Bonona;

" Fav. The laſt mutton killed was lean, Madam. " Should not ſome fat ſheep be bought in?

" Bon. What ſay you, Letacre, to it?

" Let. This is the worſt time of the year for ſheep: " the freſh graſs makes them fall away, and they " begin to taſte of the wool: they muſt be ſpared a " while, and Favourite muſt caſt to ſpend ſome ſalt- " meat and fiſh. I hope we ſhall have ſome fat calves " ſhortly."

What can be more agreeable than this to The Art of Cookery, where our Author ſays,

> But tho' my edge be not too nicely ſet,
> Yet I another's appetite may whet;
> May teach him when to buy; when ſeaſon paſt
> What 's ſtale, what 's choice, what 's plentiful, what 's waſte,
> And lead him thro' the various maze of taſte.

In the ſecond act Valentine, Mrs. Bonona's ſon, the conſummate character of the play, having in the firſt act loſt his hawk, and conſequently his way, benighted and loſt, and ſeeing a light in a diſtant houſe, comes to the thrifty widow Furioſa's, (which is exactly according to the rule, " A Prince who in a fo- " reſt rides aſtray!") where he finds the old gentle-

woman carding, the fair Florida her daughter working on a parchment, whilſt the maid is ſpinning Peg reaches a chair; ſack is called for; and in the meantime the good old gentlewoman complains ſo of rogues that ſhe can ſcarce keep a gooſe or turkey in ſafety for them. Then Florida enters with a little white bottle about a pint, and an oldfaſhioned glaſs, fills, and gives her mother; ſhe drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, ſhe to him again, he to Furioſa, who ſets it down on the table. After a ſmall time the old lady cries, "Well, it is my bedtime; but my daugh-"ter will ſhew you the way to your's, for I know you "would willingly be in it." This was extremely kind! Now upon her retirement, (ſee the great judgment of the poet!) ſhe being an old gentlewoman that went to bed, he ſuits the following regale according to the age of the perſon. Had boys been put to bed it had been proper to have "laid the gooſe to the fire;" but here it is otherwiſe; for after ſome intermediate diſcourſe he is invited to a repaſt, when he modeſtly excuſes himſelf with "Truly, Madam, I have no "ſtomach to any meat but to comply with you. You "have, Madam, entertained me with all that is de-"ſirable already." The lady tells him "Cold ſup-"per is better than none;" ſo he ſits at the table, offers to eat, but cannot. I am ſure Horace could not have prepared himſelf more exactly; for (according to the rule, "A widow has cold pie") though Va-

lentine being lovefick could not eat, yet
fault and not the poet's. But when Valen
return the civility, and to invite Madam Fl
Madam Florida, with other good compar
mother, the hoſpitable Lady Bonona's, (wh
by had called for two bottles of wine for La
attorney) then affluence and dainties are to
(according to this verſe "Mangoes, potarg
"pignons, caveare,") and Mrs. Favourite t
keeper makes theſe moſt important enquire

"FAV. Miſtreſs, ſhall I put any muſhroo
"goes, or bamboons, into the fallad?

"BON. Yes, I pr'ythee, the beſt thou haſ

"FAV. Shall I uſe catſup or anchovies in th

"BON. What you will."

But however magnificent the dinner migh
Mrs. Bonona, as the manner of ſome perſons
her excuſe for it with "Well, Gentlemen
"ſpare a little time to take a ſhort dinner?
"you it ſhall not be long." It is very probabl
the author does not make any of the gueſts
lation of it, that Valentine, being a great ſp
might furniſh the table with game and
There was at leaſt one pheaſant in the hou
Valentine told his mother of the morning
"Madam, I had a good flight of a phea
"that after my hawk ſeized made head

"would have fought; but my hawk plumed him "preſently." Now it is not reaſonable to ſuppoſe that Vally lying abroad that night, the old gentlewoman under that concern would have any ſtomach to it for her own ſupper. However, to ſee the fate of things! there is nothing permanent: for one Mrs. Candia making (though innocently) a preſent of an hawk to Valentine, Florida his miſtreſs grows jealous, and reſolves to leave him, and run away with an odd ſort of fellow, one Major Sly. Valentine to appeaſe her ſends a meſſage to her by a boy, who tells her "His maſter, to ſhew the trouble he took by her miſ-"apprehenſion, had ſent her ſome viſible tokens, the "hawk torn to pieces with his own hands;" and then pulls out of the baſket the wings and legs of a fowl: ſo we ſee the poor bird demoliſhed, and all hopes of wildfowl deſtroyed for the future: and happy were it if misfortunes would ſtop here! But the cruel beauty refuſing to be appeaſed, Valentine takes a fatal reſolution, which he communicates to Letacre the ſteward, to bruſh off and quit his habitation. However it was, whether Letacre did not think his young maſter real, and Valentine having threatened the houſe-keeper to kick her immediately before for being too fond of him, and his boy being raw and unexperienced in travelling, ſeems they made but ſlender proviſion for their expedition; for there is but one ſcene interpoſed before we find diſtreſſed Valentine in the

most miserable condition that the joint art
and Cookery are able to represent him.
scene of the greatest horrour, and most
compassion, of any thing that I have seen a
Moderns: "Talks of no pyramids of fo
"of fish" is nothing to it: for here we s
cent person, unless punished for his mo
housekeeper's extravagance, as was said
their mushrooms, mangoes, bamboons, o
anchovies: reduced to the extremity of
cheese without bread, and having no other
water. For he and his boy, with two sad
back and wallet, came into a walk of conf
where an owl hollows, a bear and leopard v
the desert at a distance, and yet they v
where Valentine accosts his boy with a
which would draw tears from any thing
marble:

Hang up thy wallet on that tree,
And creep thou in this hollow place with me:
Let 's here repose our weary'd limbs till they mor
BOY. There is nothing left in the wallet bu
of cheese. What shall we do for bread?
VAL. When we have slept we will seek out
Some roots that shall supply that doubt.
BOY. But no drink, Master?
VAL. Under that rock a spring I see
Which shall refresh my thirst and thee.

So the act closes; and it is dismal for th
to consider how Valentine and the poor bo

ſeems had a coming ſtomach, ſhould continue there all the time the muſick was playing and longer. But to eaſe them of their pain, by an invention which the poets call Cataſtrophe, Valentine, though with a long beard, and very weak with faſting, is reconciled to Florida, who embracing him ſays, "I doubt I have "offended him too much; but I will attend him "home, cheriſh him with cordials, make him broths," (poor good-natured creature! I wiſh ſhe had Dr. Liſter's book to help her!) "anoint his limbs, and "be a nurſe, a tender nurſe! to him." Nor do bleſſings come alone; for the good mother having refreſhed him with warm baths, and kept him tenderly in the houſe, orders Favourite, with repeated injunctions, "to get the beſt entertainment ſhe ever yet pro-"vided, to conſider what ſhe has and what ſhe wants, "and to get all ready in few hours:" and ſo this moſt regular work is concluded with a dance and a wedding-dinner. I cannot believe there was any thing ever more of a piece than the comedy. Some perſons may admire your meagre tragedies; but give me a play where there is a proſpect of good meat or good wine ſtirring in every act of it.

Though I am confident the author had written this play and printed it long before The Art of Cookery was thought of, and I had never read it till the other poem was very nearly perfected, yet it is admirable to ſee how a true rule will be adapted to a good work,

or a good work to a true rule. I should
glad, for the sake of the publick, if our poet
ture would make use of so good an exampl
not but whenever you or I write comedy
serve it.

I have just now met with a surprising h
friend that has seen two of Dr. Lister's
De Fuccinis Fluviatilibus et Marinis Sicarum
ercitation of Sea and River Shell-fish, i
says some of the chiefest rarities are the pi
matick vessels of a shail delineated by a
the omentum or caul of its throat, its fallo
and its subcrocean testicle, which are th
pocrates, Galen, Celsus, Farnelius, and He
never masters of; the other curiosity is
rable piece of Cælius Apicius *De Opsoniis et C*
live Arte Coquinaria, Libri decem, being te
Soups and Sauces, and The Art of Cooke
excellently printed for the Doctor, who in
portant affair is not sufficiently communic
friend says he has a promise of leave to rea
remarks he makes I shall not be envious o
part to him I love as well as his

Most humble serv

LETTER IX. TO MR. ——

DEAR SIR,

JUST communicate my happineſs to you, becauſe are ſo much my friend as to rejoice at it. I ſome s ago met with an old acquaintance, a curious per- of whom I enquired if he had ſeen the book con- ing Soups and Sauces? He told me he had, but he had but a very ſlight view of it, the perſon was maſter of it not being willing to part with ſo able a rarity out of his cloſet. I deſired him to give what account he could of it. He ſays that it is a handſome octavo, for ever ſince the days of Ogil- good paper, and good print, and fine cuts, make a k become ingenious, and brighten up an author ugely; that there is a copious index, and at the a catalogue of all the Doctor's works concerning ies, Engliſh beetles, ſnails, ſpiders that get up in- he air and throw us down cobwebs, a monſter vo- ed up by a baker, and ſuch like, which if careful- eruſed would wonderfully improve us. There is eems no manuſcript of it in England, nor any er country that can be heard of; ſo that this im- ſion is from one of Humelbergius, who as my nd ſays he does not believe contrived it himſelf, auſe the things are ſo very much out of the way

that it is not probable any learned man wou
ſelf ſeriouſly to work to invent them. He
this ingenious remark made by the edito
" whatever manuſcripts there might have
" muſt have been extremely vicious and c
" being written out by the Cooks themſelv
" of their friends or ſervants, who are not
" moſt accurate." And then as my friend
if the Cook had uſed it much it might be f
Cook perhaps not always licking his finger
had occaſion for it. I ſhould think it no im
matter for the ſtate to order a ſelect ſriven
ſcribe receipts, leſt ignorant women and h
ers ſhould impoſe upon future ages by ill-
uncorrect receipts for potting of lobſters o
of turkeys. Cælius Apicius it ſeems paſſ
author of this treatiſe, whoſe ſcience, learn
diſcipline, were extremely contemned, and
horred, by Seneca and the Stoicks, as introc
xury, and infecting the manners of the Ro
ſo lay neglected till the inferiour ages, but
introduced as being a help to phyſick, to
learned author, called Donatus, ſays that "t
" is a handmaid." I remember in our day
we cannot in every reſpect come up to the
that by a very good author an old gentlema
duced as making uſe of three doctors, Dr.
Quiet, and Dr. Merryman. They are repo

excellent phyſicians, and if kept at a conſtant penſion their fees will not be very coſtly.

It ſeems, as my friend has learnt, there were two perſons that bore the name of Apicius, one under the republick, the other in the time of Tiberius, who is recorded by Pliny "to have had a great deal of wit "and judgment in all affairs that related to eating," and conſequently has his name affixed to many ſorts of amulets and pancakes. Nor were emperours leſs contributors to ſo great an undertaking, as Vitellius, Commodus, Didius Julianus, and Varius Heliogabalus, whoſe imperial names are prefixed to manifold receipts; the laſt of which emperours had the peculiar glory of firſt making ſauſages of ſhrimps, crabs, oyſters, prawns, and lobſters; and theſe ſauſages being mentioned by the author which the editor publiſhes, from that and many other arguments the learned Doctor irrefragably maintains that the book, as now printed, could not be tranſcribed till after the time of Heliogabalus, who gloried in the titles of Apicius and Vitellius more than Antoninus, who had gained his reputation by a temperate, auſtere, and ſolid virtue. And it ſeems under his adminiſtration a perſon that found out a new ſoup might have as great a reward as Drake or Dampier might expect for finding a new continent. My friend ſays the editor tells us of unheard-of dainties! how "Æſopus had a ſupper "of the tongues of birds that could ſpeak;" and that

"his daughter regaled on pearls," though he does not tell us how she dressed them; how "Hortensius left "ten thousand pipes of wine in his cellar for his heir's "drinking;" how "Vedius Pollio fed his fishponds "with man's flesh;" and how "Cæsar bought six "thousand weight of lampreys for his triumphal sup-"per." He says the editor proves equally to a demonstration, by the proportions and quantities set down, and the nauseousness of the ingredients, that the dinners of the emperours were ordered by their physicians, and that the recipe was taken by the Cook, as the collegiate Doctors would do their bills, to a modern apothecary; and that this custom was taken from the Egyptians; and that this method continued till the Goths and Vandals overran the Western Empire; and that they, by use, exercise, and necessity of abstinence, introduced the eating of cheese and venison without those additional sauces which the physicians of old found out to restore the depraved appetites of such great men as had lost their stomachs by an excess of luxury. Out of the ruins of Erasistratus's book of Endive, Glaucus Lorrensis of Cowheel, Mithæcus of Hotpots, Dionysius of Sugarsops, Agis of Pickled Broombuds, Epinetus of Sackposset, Enthedemus of Appledumplings, Hegesippus of Blackpudding, Crito of Sowced Mackarel, Stephanus of Lemon Cream, Architas of Hog's-harslet, Acestius of Quince-marmalade, Hicesius of Potted Pigeons,

[illegible] of Sweetbreads, and Philistion of Oat-[illegible], and several other such authors, the great Hu-[illegible] compiled his Annotations upon Apicius, whose receipts, when part of Tully, Livy, and Ta-[illegible], have been neglected and lost, were preserved in the [illegible] parts of Transylvania for the peculiar palate of the ingenious editor. Latinus Latinius finds fault with several dishes of Apicius, and is pleased to say they are nauseous; but our editor defends that great person by shewing the difference of our customs; how Plutarch says, "The Ancients used no "pepper," whereas all or at least five or six hundred of Apicius's delicates were seasoned with it: for we may as well admire that some West Indians should [illegible] from salt, as that we should be able to bear the bitterness of hops in our common drink; and therefore we should not be averse to rue, cummin, parsley-seed, marsh-mallows, or nettles, with our common meat; or to have pepper, honey, salt, vinegar, raisins, mustard and oil, rue, mastick, and cardamums, strown promiscuously over our dinner when it comes to table. My friend tells me of some short observations he made out of the Annotations which he owes to his memory, and therefore begs pardon if in some things he may mistake, because it is not wilfully: "as "that Papirius Petrus was the great patron of custard; "that the tetrapharmacon, a dish much admired by "the Emperours Adrian and Alexander Severus, was

boiling them, which Pliny commends: but
ſent receipt is to let the water boil well, t
ſalt and a bit of butter, and ſo not only ſpi
ſpinage will be green. There is a moſt extra
obſervation of the editor's to which I cannot b
that it is a vulgar errour that walnuttrees, lik
wives, thrive the better for being beaten;
long poles and ſtones are uſed by boys and
get the fruit down, the walnuttree being ſo v
they could not otherwiſe reach it, rather out
neſs to themſelves than any regard to the
bears it. As for aſparagus, there is an exce
mark that, according to Pliny, they were t
care of the ancient gardeners, and that at
three weighed a pound; but that in Englan
thought a rarity when a hundred of them
thirty; that cucumbers are apt to riſe in the
unleſs pared, or boiled with oil, vinegar, an
that the Egyptians would drink hard withou
ſturbance, becauſe it was a rule for them to
ways boiled cabbage for their firſt diſh at ſupp
the beſt way to roaſt onions is in colewort le
fear of burning them; that beets are good fo
becauſe they, working at the fire, are gener
ſtye; that Petronius has recorded a little old
who ſold the agreſte olus of the Ancients
honour I take to be as much due to thoſe wh

ays cry nettletops, elderbuds, and cliver, in sp
me very wholesome.

The fourth book contains the universal Ar
ookery. As Matthæus Sylvaticus composed
andects of Physick, and Justinian those of Law,
picius has done the Pandects of his Art in this boo
hich bears that inscription. The first chapter contai
e admirable receipt of a salacacaby of Apicius. Bruis
a mortar parsley-seed, dried pennyroyal, dried
int, ginger, green coriander, raisins stoned, honey,
inegar, oil, and wine, put them into a cacabulum,
hree crusts of Pycentine bread, the flesh of a pullet,
oat stones, vestine cheese, pine kernels, cucumbers,
ried onions minced small; pour a soup over it, gar-
ish it with snow, and send it up in the cacabulum.
his cacabulum being an unusual vessel, my friend
ut to his Dictionary, where finding an odd inter-
tation of it, he was easily persuaded, from the
nsicalness of the composition, and the fantastical-
of snow for its garniture, that the properest vessel
physician to prescribe to send to table upon that
on might be a bedpan. There are some admi-
remarks in the annotations to the second chap-
cerning the Dialogue of Asellius Sabinus, who
ces a combat between mushrooms, chats, or
es, oysters, and redwings, a work that ought
lished; for the same annotator observes that
l is not destitute of redwings, though coming

to us only in the hardest weather, and th
dom brought fat to our tables; that the
to us in April and breed, and about aut
to Africk; that experience shews us they m
in cages, fed with beef or wether mutton, f
and minced filberds, being dainties not un
care of such as would preserve our British
first delighting in hodgepodge, gallimaufr
meats, jussels, and salmagundies; the latt
ribs, sirloins, chines and barons; and t
terms of art both as to dressing and carvi
very different; for they lying upon a for
could not have carved those dishes which o
when they sat upon forms used to do: bu
use of cushions and elbowchairs, and the
good books and authors, it may be hoped
may come up to them: for indeed hither
been something to blame; and I believe
have seen a dish of capon-stones at table, (lar
acknowledged by the learned annotator th
for the art of making capons has long bee
oblivion. Varro, the great Roman antiqu
how to do it by burning off their spurs, whic
ing their sterility makes them capons in eff
those parts thereby become more large ar

The fifth book is of Peaseporridge: u

rrather Greek name is *asprios;* but my friend was
ed to entitle it *Pantagruel*, a name used by Rabe-
an eminent physician. There are some very re-
table things in it; as, the Emperour Julianus had
m any thing but spoonmeat at supper; that the
fenugreek, with pickles, oil, and wine, was a
ian dainty; upon which the annotator observes
it is not used in our kitchens for a certain un-
eful bitterness that it has; and that it is plainly a
ical diet that will give a stool; and that mixed
oats it is the best purge for horses: an excellent
ution for frugality that nothing might be lost! for
t the lord did not eat he might send to his stable.
he sixth book treats of Wildfowl, how to dress
dges, (the biggest, grossest, and most difficult of
stion, of any bird) phenicopters, parrots, &c.
he seventh book treats of things sumptuous and
y, and therefore chiefly concerning Hog-meat;
hich the Romans came to that excess, that the
forbad the usage of hogs-harslet, sweetbread,
ks, &c. at their publick suppers; and Cato, who
for, fought to restrain the extravagant use of
en by several of his orations. So much regard
had then to The Art of Cookery, that we find it
place in the thoughts of the wisest men, and bor-
art in their most important councils. But alas!
degeneracy of our present age is such, that I be-
few besides the annotator know the excellency

of a virgin ſow, eſpecially of the black k
from China, and how to make the moſt
lights, brains, and pettitoes, and to vary
fifty diſhes which Pliny ſays were uſually
delicious creature. Beſides, Galen tells
excellencies; "That fellow that eats b
"or three days before he is to box or w
"much ſtronger than if he ſhould eat t
"beef or bagpudding in the pariſh."

The eighth book treats of ſuch dai
footed beaſts afford us; as, 1. The Wild
they uſed to boil with all its briſtles on.
dreſſed with broth made with pepper, v
oil, and ſtewed damſons, &c. 3. The W
which there are "innumerable in the
"Yorkſhire and Weſtmorland that wil
"handle them;" but if they are caught t
ſent up with an "elegant ſauce, preſcribe
"ſical manner, in form of an electuary,
"per, rue, parſley-ſeed, juniper, thyme
"pennyroyal, honey, &c." with which
cary in that country can furniſh you.
onion ſauce, and commended by Celſus, b
approved by Hippocrates, becauſe the G
knew how to make oxen, and powderin
in very few families; for phyſicians hav
peculiar in their diet in all ages; othe
would ſcarce have found out that young
ſeaſon in autumn. 5. The Sucking Pig boi

6. The Hare, the chief of the Roman dainties, its [illegible] being the sweetest of any animal, its natural [illegible] contributing to that excellence. Though the Emperours and nobility had parks to fatten them in, yet in the time of Didianus Julianus if any one had sent him one, or a pig, he would make it last him three days; whereas Alexander Severus had one every meal, which must have been a great expense, and is very remarkable. But the most exquisite animal was reserved for the last chapter; and that was the Dormouse, a harmless creature, whose innocence might at least have defended it both from Cooks and physicians. But Apicius found out an odd sort of fate for those poor creatures; some to be boned, and others to be put whole, with odd ingredients, into hogs-guts, and so boiled for sausages. In ancient times people made it their business to fatten them; Aristotle rightly observes that sleep fattened them; and Martial from thence too poetically tells us that sleep was their only nourishment. But the annotator has cleared that point; he, good man! has tenderly observed one of them for many years, and finds that it does not sleep all the winter as falsely reported, but wakes at meals, and after its repast then rolls itself up in a ball to sleep. This dormouse according to the author did not drink in three years time; but whether other dormice do so I cannot tell, because Bambouselbergius's treatise of Fattening Dormice is lost: though very costly they

became a common diſh at great entertainm
tronius delivers us an odd receipt for dreſſi
and ſerving them up with poppies and hone
muſt be a very ſoporiferous dainty, and as
owl-pie to ſuch as want a nap after dinn
fondneſs of the Romans came to be ſo exc
wards them that, as Pliny ſays, "the Cenſo
"and Marcus Scaurus in his conſulſhip got t
"hibited from publick entertainments." B
Commodus, and Heliogabalus, would not
liberty, and indeed property, of their ſub
ſo reaſonable an enjoyment; and therefore
them long after brought to table in the
Ammianus Marcellinus, who tells us like
"ſcales were brought to table in thoſe ages
"curious fiſhes, birds, and dormice," to ſee
they were at the ſtandard of excellence and
tion, and ſometimes I ſuppoſe to vie with ot
tenders to magnificence. The annotator take
this occaſion to ſhew "of how great uſe ſcal
"be at the tables of our nobility," eſpecial
the bringing up of a diſh of wildfowl; "for i
"larks (ſays he) ſhould weigh below twelve
"they would be very lean, and ſcarce tole
"twelve and down-weight they would be ve
"but if thirteen they would be fat to perf
"upon how nice and exact a balance t
"of eating depends!

I could ſcarce forbear ſmiling, not to ſay worſe, at ſuch exactneſs and ſuch dainties, and told my friend that thoſe ſcales would be of extraordinary uſe at Dunſtable; and that if the annotator had not proſcribed his dormouſe I ſhould upon the firſt occaſion be glad to viſit it, if I knew its viſiting days and hours, ſo as not to diſturb it.

My friend ſaid there remained but two books more, one of Sea and the other of River Fiſh, in the account of which he would not be long, ſeeing his memory began to fail him almoſt as much as my patience:

> 'Tis true in a long work ſoft ſlumbers creep,
> And gently ſink the artiſt into ſleep *;

eſpecially when treating of dormice.

The ninth book is concerning Seafiſh, where amongſt other learned annotations is recorded that famous voyage of Apicius, who having ſpent many millions, and being retired into Campania, heard that there were lobſters of a vaſt and unuſual bigneſs in Africa, and thereupon impatiently got on ſhipboard the ſame day, and having ſuffered much at ſea came at laſt to the coaſt. But the fame of ſo great a man's coming had landed before him, and all the fiſhermen ſailed out to meet him, and preſented him with their faireſt

* Art of Cookery, ver. 449.

lobsters. He asked if they had no larger? they i
swered, "Their sea produced nothing more [illegible]
"than what they had brought." This honest [illegible]
dom of theirs, with his disappointment, so disgu
him that he took pet, and bad the master [illegible]
home again immediately; and so it seems Africa [illegible]
the breed of one monster more than it had before
There are many receipts in the book to dress cra
fish, that numb the hands of those that touch the
the cuttle-fish, whose blood is like ink; the pourcr
trel, or many feet; the sea-urchin, or hedge-[illegible]
with several others, whose sauces are agreeable to th
natures. But to the comfort of us Moderns the A
cients often ate their oysters alive, and spread h
eggs minced over their sprats, as we do now over
salt fish. There is one thing very curious concerni
herrings; it seems the Ancients were very fantasti
in making one thing pass for another; so at Pet
nius's supper the Cook sent up a fat goose, fish,
wildfowl of all sorts to appearance, but still all w
made out of the several parts of one single por
The great Nicomedes King of Bithynia had a v
delightful deception of this nature put upon him
his Cook: the king was extremely affected with [illegible]

* Lord Lyttelton's nineteenth Dialogue of the Dead (
haps the most humorous in that admirable collection) [illegible]
to have been entirely founded on the hints suggested by
King.

herrings, (as indeed who is not?) but being far up in Aſia from the ſeacoſt, his whole wealth could not have purchaſed one; but his Cook contrived ſome ſort of meat which, put into a frame, ſo reſembled a herring that it was extremely ſatisfactory both to this prince's eyes and guſto. My friend told me that to the honour of the city of London he had ſeen a thing of this nature there, that is, a herring, or rather a ſalmagundi, with the head and tail ſo neatly laid that it ſurpriſed him. He ſays many of the ſpecies may be found at the Sugarloaf in Bell Yard, as giving an excellent reliſh to Burton ale, and not coſting above ſixpence; an inconſiderable price for ſo imperial a dainty!

The tenth book, as my friend tells me, is concerning Fiſh Sauces, which conſiſt of variety of ingredients, amongſt which is generally a kind of frumenty: but it is not to be forgotten by any perſon who would boil fiſh exactly, that they threw them alive into the water, which at preſent is ſaid to be a Dutch receipt, but was derived from the Romans. It ſeems Seneca the philoſopher, (a man from whoſe moroſe temper little good in The Art of Cookery could be expected) in his third book of Natural Queſtions, correcting the luxury of the times, ſays the Romans were come to that daintineſs that they would not eat a fiſh unleſs upon the ſame day it was taken, that it might taſte of

the sea, as they expressed it, and therefore h
brought by persons who rode post, and made
outcry, whereupon all other people were ob
give them the road. It was an usual expressi
Roman to say, "In other matters I may co
"you; but in a thing of this weight it is no
"fleat with my gravity and prudence. I will t
"thing but my own eyes. Bring the fish hithe
"see him breathe his last!" And when the p
was brought to table swimming and gasping
cry out, "Nothing is more beautiful than
"mullet!" My friend says the annotator [loo
these "as jests made by the Stoicks, and spoken
"and beyond nature;" though the annotato
same time tells us that it was a law at Athens
fishermen should not wash their fish, but brin
as they came out of the sea. Happy were th
Islands in good laws, and the Romans in great ex
but I believe our Britons need wish their fi
longer life than till they see London served w
herring and gasping mackarel. It is true we
quite so barbarous but that we throw our cra
into scalding water, and tie our lobsters to th
have them squeak when they are roasted: our
the same peristaltick motion upon the gridiro
their skin is off and their guts are out, as they
fore; and our gudgeons, taking opportunity

r they are flowered, give occaſion to the ad-
remark of ſome perſons' folly, when to avoid
ger of the fryingpan they leap into the fire.
end ſaid that the mention of eels put him in
f the concluding remark of the annotator,
they who amongſt the Sybarites would fiſh
els or ſell them ſhould be free from all taxes."
lad to hear of the word Conclude, and told him
could be more acceptable to me than the men-
the Sybarites, of whom I ſhortly intend a hi-
hewing how they deſervedly baniſhed cocks
ing them in a morning, and ſmiths for being
how one cried out becauſe one of the roſe-
e lay on was rumpled; how they taught their
o dance; and ſo their enemies coming againſt
ith guitars and harpſicords ſet them ſo upon
und O's and minuets, that the form of their
was broken, and three hundred thouſand of
ain, as Gouldman, Lyttelton, and ſeveral other
uthors, affirm. I told my friend I had much
yed my hour; but if at any time he would
ck Hunelbergius, Caſpar Barthius, and ano-
end, with himſelf, I would invite him to din-
a few but choice diſhes to cover the table at
which except they would think of any thing
ſhould be a ſalacacaby, a diſh of fenugreek, a
eep's head and appurtenance, with a ſuitable

electuary, a ragout of capons'-ſtones, and ſome do
mice ſauſages.

If, as friends do with one another at a veniſon-paſt
you ſhould ſend for a plate, you know you may co
mand it; for what is mine is your's, as being entire
your, &c.

THE ART OF COOKERY,

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

IN SOME LETTERS TO DR. LISTER AND OTHERS,

occasioned principally by the Title of a Book published by the Doctor, being the Works of Apicius Cælius concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients; with an Extract of the greatest Curiosities contained in that Book *.

Humbly inscribed

TO THE HON. BEEF-STEAK CLUB.

First printed in 1708.

TO DR. LISTER.

ILLUSTRIOUS Lister! were a picture drawn
With Cynthia's face but with a neck like Brawn,
With wings of turkey and with feet of calf,
Though' drawn by Kneller it would make you laugh.
Such is, good Sir! the figure of a feast
Of some rich farmer's wife and sister dreſt,

* Of Dr. Lister's book only 120 copies were printed in 1705. was reprinted at Amsterdam in 1709 by Theod. Janſ. Alkmoveen, under the title of Apicii Cælii de Opſoniis et Condentis, ſive Arte Coquinaria, Libri Decem. Cum Annotationibus Martini Liſter, e Medicis Domeſticis Sereniſſimæ Majeſtatis Reginæ Annæ, et Notis ſelectioribus, variiſque Lectionibus integris, Humelbergii, Barthii, Reineſii, A Van Der Linden, et allorum, ut et variarum Lectionum Libello. Editio ſecunda. Dr. Aſkew had a copy of each edition.

Which were it not for plenty and for ſteam
Might be reſembled to a ſick man's dream,
Where all ideas huddling run ſo faſt,
That ſyllabubs come firſt and ſoups the laſt.
Not but that Cooks and poets ſtill were free
To uſe their pow'r in nice variety;
Hence mack'rel ſeem delightful to the eyes
Tho' dreſs'd with incoherent gooſeberries:
Crabs, ſalmon, lobſters, are with fennel ſpread,
Who never touch'd that herb till they were dea
Yet no man lards ſalt pork with orangepeel,
Or garniſhes his lamb with ſpitchcock'd eel.

A Cook perhaps has mighty things profeſt,
Then ſent up but two diſhes nicely dreſt:
What ſignify Scotcht-collops to a feaſt?
Or you can make whipp'd cream; pray what re
Will that be to a ſailor who wants beef,
Who lately ſhipwreck'd never can have eaſe
Till reeſtabliſh'd in his pork and peaſe?
When once begun, let induſtry ne'er ceaſe
Till it has render'd all things of one piece:
At your deſſert bright pewter comes too late
When your firſt courſe was all ſerv'd up in plate

Moſt knowing Sir! the greateſt part of Cook
Searching for truth are cozen'd by its looks.
One would have all things little, hence has try'd
Turkey-poults freſh from the egg in butter fry'd
Others to ſhew the largeneſs of their ſoul
Prepare you muttons ſwol'd and oxen whole.

ſame things ſome think is art:
f hogs-feet, and bacon-tart,
ow to that perfection brought
hen wanting ſkill creates the fault.
Garden did a tailor dwell
deſerve a place in his own hell:
ingle coat to make he 'd do 't;
eeches ſingly; but the brute
contrive all three to make a ſuit!
frame a ſupper like ſuch clothes
eyes and teeth without my noſe.
from pliant paſte would fabricks raiſe,
ience to gain immortal praiſe,
les try, and let your ſinews know
to knead and give the form to dough:
materials right, your ſeas'ning fix,
ur fruit reſplendent ſugar mix;
: of courſe the figure will ariſe,
e adorn the ſurface of your pies.
m order ſprings: the judging eye
i if one ſingle plate is awry:
uſt ſtill regard the preſent time;
it 's juſt in ſeaſon is a crime:
peaſe t' aſparagus prefer,
e ſupper you may beſt defer.
is how you change old bills of fare;
ons ſhould at leaſt be rare;
the artiſt will accrue
n things ſtill makes th' appearance new.

Freſh dainties are by Britain's traffick known,
And now by conſtant uſe familiar grown.
What lord of old would bid his Cook prepare
Mangoes, potargo, champignons, caveare?
Or would our thrum-capp'd anceſtors find fault
For want of ſugartongs or ſpoons for ſalt?
New things produce new words, and thus Monteth
Has by one veſſel ſav'd his name from death.
The ſeaſons change us all. By autumn's froſt
The ſhady leaves of trees and fruit are loſt;
But then the ſpring breaks forth with freſh ſupplies,
And from the teeming earth new buds ariſe.
So ſtubble-geeſe at Michaelmas are ſeen
Upon the ſpit; next May produces green.
The fate of things lies always in the dark;
What Cavalier would know St. James's Park *?
For Locket's ſtands where gardens once did ſpring,
And wild ducks quack where graſshoppers did ſing:

* In the time of King Henry VIII. the Park was a wild wet field; but that prince, on building St. James's palace, enclo-ſed it, laid it out in walks, and collecting the waters together gave to the new-encloſed ground and new-raiſed building the name of St. James's. It was much enlarged by Charles II. who added to it ſeveral fields, planted it with rows of limetrees, laid out the Mall, formed the canal with a decoy and other ponds for waterfowl. The limetrees or tilia, whoſe bloſſoms are incomparably fragrant, were probably planted in conſe-quence of a ſuggeſtion of Mr. Evelyn in his Fumifugium, pu-bliſhed in 1661.—The improvements lately made ſeem in ſome meaſure to have brought it into the ſtate it was in before the Reſtoration; at leaſt the wild ducks have in their turn gi-ven way to the graſshoppers.

A princely palace on that ſpace does riſe
Where Sedley's noble Muſe found mulberries *.
Since places alter thus, what conſtant thought
Of filling various diſhes can be taught?
For he pretends too much, or is a fool,
Who 'd fix thoſe things where faſhion is a rule.
King Hardicnute midſt Danes and Saxons ſtout
Carous'd on nutbrown ale and din'd on grout,
Which diſh its priſtine honour ſtill retains,
And when each prince is crown'd in ſplendour reigns.
By Northern cuſtom duty was expreſt
To friends departed by their fun'ral feaſt.
Tho' I 've conſulted Holinſhed and Stow
I find it very difficult to know
Who, to refreſh th' attendants to a grave
Burnt claret firſt or Naples-biſcuit gave.
Trotter from quince and apples firſt did frame
A pie which ſtill retains his proper name:
Tho' common grown, yet with white ſugar ſtrow'd,
And butter'd right, its goodneſs is allow'd.
As wealth flow'd in, and plenty ſprang from peace
Good humour reign'd, and pleaſure found increaſe.
'Twas uſual then the banquet to prolong
By muſick's charms and ſome delightful ſong,
Where ev'ry youth in pleaſing accents ſtrove
To tell the ſtratagems and care of love;

* A comedy called The Mulberry Garden.

How ſome ſucceſsful were, how others croſt;
Then to the ſparkling glaſs would give his toaſt,
Whoſe bloom did moſt in his opinion ſhine,
To reliſh both the muſick and the wine.
Why am I ſtyl'd a Cook if I 'm ſo loth
To marinate my fiſh or ſeaſon broth,
Or ſend up what I roaſt with pleaſing froth,
If I my maſter's guſto won't diſcern,
But thro' my baſhful folly ſcorn to learn?
When among friends good humour takes its birth
'Tis not a tedious feaſt prolongs the mirth;
But it 's not reaſon therefore you ſhould ſpare
When as their future Burgeſs you prepare
For a fat corporation and their mayor.
All things ſhould find their room in proper place,
And what adorns this treat would that diſgrace.
Sometimes the vulgar will of mirth partake,
And have exceſſive doings at their wake:
Ev'n tailors at their yearly feaſts look great,
And all their cucumbers are turn'd to meat.
A prince who in a foreſt rides aſtray,
And weary to ſome cottage finds the way,
Talks of no pyramids of fowl or biſks of fiſh,
But hungry ſups his cream ſerv'd up in earthen diſh;
Quenches his thirſt with ale in nutbrown bowls,
And takes the haſty raſher from the coals,
Pleas'd as King Henry with the Miller free,
Who thought himſelf as good a man as he.

Unleſs ſome ſweetneſs at the bottom lie
Who cares for all the crinkling of the pie?
If you would have me merry with your cheer
Be ſo yourſelf, or ſo at leaſt appear.
The things we eat by various juice control
The narrowneſs or largeneſs of our ſoul.
Onions will make ev'n heirs or widows weep;
The tender lettuce brings on ſofter ſleep;
Eat beef or piecruſt if you 'd ſerious be;
Your ſhellfiſh raiſes Venus from the ſea:
For Nature that inclines to ill or good
Still nouriſhes our paſſions by our food.
Happy the man that has each fortune try'd,
To whom ſhe much has given and much deny'd;
With abſtinence all delicates he ſees,
And can regale himſelf with toaſt and cheeſe.
Your betters will deſpiſe you if they ſee
Things that are far ſurpaſſing your degree;
Therefore beyond your ſubſtance never treat:
'Tis plenty in ſmall fortune to be neat.
'Tis certain that a ſteward cann't afford
An entertainment equal with his lord.
Old age is frugal, gay youth will abound
With heat, and ſee the flowing cup go round.
A widow has cold pie; nurſe gives you cake;
From gen'rous merchants ham or ſturgeon take:
The farmer has brown bread as freſh as day,
And butter fragrant as the dew of May:

Cornwall ſquabpie, and Devon whitepot bri
And Lei'ſter beans and bacon, food of kings

At Chriſtmas time be careful of your fam
See the old tenants' table be the ſame;
Then if you would ſend up the brawner's he
Sweet roſemary and bays around it ſpread;
His foaming tuſks let ſome large pippin gra
Or midſt thoſe thund'ring ſpears an orange
Sauce like himſelf, offenſive to its foes,
The roguiſh muſtard, dang'rous to the noſe
Sack and the well-ſpic'd Hippocras the win
Waiſſail the bowl with ancient ribands fine,
Porridge with plumbs, and turkeys with the
If you perhaps would try ſome diſh unknow
Which more peculiárly you 'd make your o
Like ancient ſailors ſtill regard the coaſt;
By vent'ring out too far you may be loſt.
By roaſting that which your forefathers boil
And boiling what they roaſted, much is ſpoi
That Cook to Britiſh palates is complete
Whoſe fav'ry hand gives turns to common n

Tho' Cooks are often men of pregnant wi
Thro' niceneſs of their ſubject few have wri
In what an awkward ſound that ballad ran
Which with this bluſt'ring paragraph began

" There was a prince of Lubberland,
" A potentate of high command,
" Ten thouſand bakers did attend him,
" Ten thouſand brewers did befriend hi

brought him kiſſing-cruſts, and thoſe
ht him ſmall beer, before he roſe."
ithor raiſes mountains ſeeming full,
ie cry produces little wool:
Tue a beggar for a houſe,
e a verdict, what d' ye gain? a louſe!
more modeſt, if we ſearch his books,
w us that his heroes all were Cooks;
'd Patroclus with Achilles joins
ter out the ox and ſpit the loins.
l that poet live! could he rehearſe
rney, Liſter! in immortal verſe!
! ſing the man that did to Paris go
might taſte their ſoups and muſhrooms know!
ow would Homer praiſe their dancing dogs,
nking cheeſe and fricaſee of frogs!
iſe no fables, ſing no flagrant lie,
with cuſtard chok'd at Newberry;
whole courſes you 'd entirely ſee
their parts from firſt to laſt agree.
all ſorts of perſons would engage
l your eatables to every age.
av'rite child that juſt begins to prattle,
ows away his ſilver bells and rattle,
umourſome, and makes great clutter
las windows on his bread and butter;
epeated ſupper-meat will cry,
't tell mammy what he 'd have or why.

The ſmoothfac'd youth, that has new guardia
From playhouſe ſteps to ſupper at The Roſe, [che
Where he a main or two at random throws:
Squandering of wealth, impatient of advice,
His eating muſt be little, coſtly, nice.

Maturer Age, to this delight grown ſtrange,
Each night frequents his club behind the 'Chan
Expecting there frugality and health,
And honour, riſing from a Sheriff's wealth:
Unleſs he ſome inſurance dinner lacks
'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontack's.
But then old age by ſtill intruding years
Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears:
Moroſe, perverſe in humour, diffident,
The more he ſtill abounds the leſs content;
His larder and his kitchen too obſerves,
And now leſt he ſhould want hereafter ſtarves;
Thinks ſcorn of all the preſent age can give,
And none theſe threeſcore years knew how to l
But now the Cook muſt paſs thro' all degrees, a
And by his art diſcordant tempers pleaſe,
And miniſter to health and to diſeaſe.

Far from the parlour have your kitchen plac'
Dainties may in their working be diſgrac'd.
In private draw your poultry, clean your tripe
And from your eels their ſlimy ſubſtance wipe
Let cruel offices be done by night;
For they who like the thing abhor the ſight.

xt let diſcretion moderate your coſt,
when you treat three courſes be the mo
ever freſh machines your paſtry try
ſs grandees or magiſtrates are by;
you may put a dwarf into a pie:
you 'd fright an alderman and mayor,
in a paſty lodge a living hare;
midſt their graveſt furs ſhall mirth ariſe,
all the Guild purſue with joyful cries.
owd not your table; let your numbers be
nore than ſev'n, and never leſs than three.
is the deſſert that graces all the feaſt,
n ill end diſparages the reſt:
ouſand things well done, and one forgot,
es obligation by that blot.
your tranſparent ſweetmeats truly nice
Indian ſugar and Arabian ſpice;
t your various creams encircled be
velling fruit juſt raviſh'd from the tree.
es and diſhes be from China brought,
ly paint and earth tranſparent wrought.
now done, diſcourſes are renew'd,
arguments with mirth purſu'd.
ful maſter midſt his jovial friends
To their beſt wiſhes" recommends.
up follows "To his ſov'reign's health,"
untry "Plenty, peace, and wealth:"
hen the piety of grace
t pleaſes reaſſumes his place;

While at his gate from such abundant store
He show'rs his godlike blessings on the poor.
In days of old our fathers went to war
Expecting sturdy blows and hardy fare:
Their beef they often in their murrions stew'd,
And in their basket-hilts their bev'rage brew'd.
Some officer perhaps might give consent
To a large cover'd pipkin in his tent,
Where every thing that every soldier got,
Fowl, bacon, cabbage, mutton, and what not,
Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot.
But when our conquests were extensive grown,
And thro' the world our British worth was kno
Wealth on commanders then flow'd in apace,
Their Champaigne sparkled equal with their la
Quails, becaficoes, ortolans, were sent
To grace the levee of a gen'ral's tent;
In their gilt plate all delicates were seen,
And what was earth before became a rich terre
When the young players once get to Islingto
They fondly think that all the world 's their ow
'Prentices, parish-clerks, and Hectors, meet;
He that is drunk or bully'd pays the treat.
Their talk is loose; and o'er the bouncing ale
At constables and justices they rail;
Not thinking custard such a serious thing
That common councilmen 't will thither bring,
Where many a man at variance with his wife
With soft'ning mead and cheesecake ends the str

Ey'n sigrises come there, and with their mean discourse
Redder the kitchen which they sit in worse.
Midwives demure, and chambermaids most gay,
Foremen that pick the box and come to play,
Here find their entertainment at the height,
In cream and codlings rev'lling with delight:
What these approve the great men will dislike;
But here is the art, if you the palate strike
By management of common things so well
That what was thought the meanest shall excel,
While others strive in vain all persons own
Such dishes could be dress'd by you alone.
When straiten'd in your time, and servants few,
You 'll rightly then compose an ambigue,
Where first and second course, and your dessert,
All in one single table have their part.
From such a vast confusion it is delight
To find the jarring elements unite
And raise a structure grateful to the sight.
Be not too far by old example led;
With caution now we in their footsteps tread.
The French our relish help, and well supply
The want of things too gross by decency.
Our fathers most admir'd their sauces sweet,
And often ask'd for sugar with their meat;
They butter'd currants on fat veal bestow'd,
And rumps of beef with virgin-honey strow'd.

Or would perhaps some hasty supper give,
To shew the splendid state in which you live?
Pursuant to that int'rest you propose
Must all your wine and all your meat be chose:
Let men and manners ev'ry dish adapt;
Who 'd force his pepper where his guests are clapt?
A cauldron of fat beef and sloop of ale
On the huzzaing mob shall more prevail
Than if you give them with the nicest art
Ragouts of peacocks' brains or filbert tart.
The French by soups and hautgouts glory raise,
And their desires all terminate in praise.
The thrifty maxim of the wary Dutch
Is to save all the money they can touch.
"Hans," cries the father, "see a pin lies there;
"A pin a-day will fetch a groat a-year.
"To your five farthings join three farthings more,
"And they if added make your halfpence four!"
Thus may your stock by management increase;
Your wars shall gain you more than Britain's peace.
Where love of wealth and rusty coin prevail
What hopes of sugar'd cakes or butter'd ale?
Cooks garnish out some tables, some they fill,
Or in a prudent mixture shew their skill.
Clog not your constant meals, for dishes few
Increase the appetite when choice and new.
Ev'n they who will extravagance profess
Have still an inward hatred for excess.

c'd too much untouch'd at table lies;
for carving trifles in disguise,
antastick dish some call Surprise.
easures to the eye and palate meet
ok has render'd his great work complete;
y far, like Sirloins knighthood, flies,
l made as Kitcat by his pies.
nature must some failings overlook,
ulness but errours of the Cook.
won't always give the sound design'd
usician's touch and heav'nly mind;
an arrow from the Parthian bow
ie destin'd point directly go.
no salt is thrown about the dish,
'd parsley scatter'd on the fish:
passion from my dinner fly,
es of pardon to my Cook deny,
gs which carelessness might oversee,
nankind commit as well as he?
mpassion once may overlook
r sent to table by my Cook;
k not therefore tamely I 'll permit
should daily the same fault commit,
the rascal send me up the spit!
Roger Fowler had a gen'rous mind,
ld submit to have his hand confin'd,
d at all, yet never could excel
ing but stuffing of his veal:

Nor when that dish was in perfection seen,
And that alone, would it not move your spleen?
'Tis true in a long work soft slumbers creep,
And gently sink the artist into sleep.
Ev'n Lamb himself at the most solemn feast
Might have some chargers not cruelly drest.

Tables should be like pictures to the sight,
Some dishes cast in shade, some spread in light;
Some at a distance brighten, some near hand,
Where eater may all their delicate command:
Some should be mov'd when broken; others last
Thro' the whole treat, incentive to the taste.

Locker, by many labours feeble grown,
Up from the kitchen call'd his eldest son.
"Tho' wife thyself," says he, "tho' taught by m
"Yet fix this sentence in thy memory;
"There are some certain things that do n't excel
"And yet we say are tolerably well:
"There 's many worthy men a lawyer prize
"Whom they distinguish as of middle size
"For pleading well at bar or turning books;
"But this is not, my Son! the fate of Cooks,
"From whose mysterious art true pleasure spring
"To staff of garter and to throne of kings.
"A simple scene, a distobliging song,
"Which no way to the main design belong,
"Or were they absent never would be miss'd,
"Have made a well-wrought comedy be hiss'd:

aſt no intermediate fault
llow'd, but if not beſt it is naught." 475
of feeble nerves and joints complains
ins, coits, and from trapball, abſtains,
oids, and ſhuns the wreſtling place,
ar reſound his loud diſgrace:
ne to Cookery pretends; 480
ior miſtreſs e'er conſult their friends.
you would roaſt a pig, be free;
vith Brawn, with Locket, or with me?
vhen 't is enough when both eyes out,
its the nice concluding bout; 485
s too long the crackling 's pall'd,
drudgingbox to be recall'd.
ibrian fathers, ſparing in their food,
d their hunted goats on bars of wood:
er was their ſeaſ'ning, or they took 490
iſſu'd from the native rock:
ding was never far to ſeek,
int watergraſs or ſav'ry leek,
ritiſh bards adorn'd this iſle,
t them how to roaſt and how to boil; 495
ſſin roſe, and ſweetly ſtrung
harp, inſtructing whilſt he ſung;
m that honeſty they ſtill poſſeſs,
, their open heart, their modeſt dreſs,
dred, conſtancy to friends, 500
d worth, which always recommends;

Contempt of wealth and pleaſure, to appear
To all mankind with hoſpitable cheer.
In afterages Arthur taught his Knights
At his Round Table to record their fights,
Cities eraz'd, encampments forc'd in field,
Monſters ſubdu'd, and hideous tyrants quell'd
Inſpir'd that Cambrian ſoul which ne'er can yi
Then Guy, the pride of Warwick! truly great
To future heroes due example ſet;
By his capacious cauldron made appear
From whence the ſpirits riſe and ſtrength of wa
The preſent age, to gallantry inclin'd,
Is pleas'd with vaſt improvements of the mind.
He that of honour, wit, and mirth, partakes,
May be a fit companion o'er beef-ſteaks;
His name may be to future times enroll'd
In Eſtcourt's book *, whoſe gridiron 's fram'd of gol
Scorn not theſe lines, deſign'd to let you know
Profits that from a wellplac'd table flow.

* That is, be admitted a member of The Beef-Steak Club.
—Richard Eſtcourt, who was a player and dramatick writer,
is celebrated in The Spectator as poſſeſſed of a ſprightly wit
and an eaſy and natural politeneſs. His company was much
covered by the great, on account of his qualifications as a
boon companion. When the famous Beef-Steak Club was firſt
inſtituted he had the office of Providore aſſigned him; and
as a mark of diſtinction uſed to wear a ſmall gridiron of gold
hung about his neck with a green ſilk riband. He died in the
year 1713.

'Tis a ſage queſtion if the Art of Cooks
s lodg'd by Nature or attain'd by books?
'hat man will never frame a noble treat
Vhoſe whole dependance lies in ſome receipt:
'hen by pure Nature ev'ry thing is ſpoil'd;
he knows no more than ſtew'd, bak'd, roaſt, and
Vhen Art and Nature join, th' effect will be [boil'd.
ome nice ragout or charming fricaſſee.
'The lad that would his genius ſo advance
'hat on the rope he might ſecurely dance,
rom tender years enures himſelf to pains,
'o ſummer's parching heat and winter's rains,
.nd from the fire of wine and love abſtains.
ſo artiſt can his hautboy's ſtops command
nleſs ſome ſkilful maſter form his hand;
ut gentry take their Cooks tho' never try'd;
: ſeems no more to them than up and ride.
'referments granted thus ſhew him a fool
'hat dreads a parent's check or rods at ſchool.
Oxcheek when hot, and wardens bak'd, ſome cry,
ut it is with an intention men ſhould buy:
thers abound with ſuch a plenteous ſtore,
'hat if you 'll let them treat they 'll aſk no more;
.nd it is the vaſt ambition of their ſoul
'o ſee their Port admir'd and table full:
ut then amidſt that cringing fawning crowd
Vho talk ſo very much and laugh ſo loud,
Vho with ſuch grace his Honour's actions praiſe,
low well he fences, dances, ſings, and plays!

Tell him his livery 's rich, his [illegible] 's fine,
How choice his meat and delicate his wine!
Surrounded thus, how should the youth deſcry
The happineſs of friendſhip from a lie?
Friends act with cautious temper when ſincere,
But flatt'ring impudence is void of care:
So at an friſh funeral appears
A train of drabs with mercenary tears,
Who wringing oft' their hands, with hideous noun,
Know not his name for whom they ſeem to groan;
While real Grief with ſilent ſteps proceeds,
And love unſeign'd with inward paſſion bleeds.
Hard fate of wealth! Were lords as butchers wiſe
They from their meat would baniſh all the flies.
The Perſian kings with wine and maſſy bowl
Search'd to the dark receſſes of the ſoul,
That ſo laid open no one might pretend
Unleſs a man of worth to be their friend;
But now the gueſts their patrons undermine,
And ſlander them for giving them their wine.
Great men have dearly thus companions bought:
Unleſs by theſe inſtructions they 'll be taught
They ſpread the net and will themſelves be caught.

Were Horace, that great maſter, now alive,
A feaſt with wit and judgment he 'd contrive;
As thus.—Suppoſing that you would rehearſe
A labour'd work, and ev'ry diſh a verſe,
He 'd ſay, "Mend this, and t' other line, and this."
If after trial it were ſtill amiſs,

d bid you give it a new turn of face,
et ſome diſh more curious in its place.
u perfiſt, he would not ſtrive to move
ſſion ſo delightful as ſelflove.
'e ſhould ſubmit our treats to criticks' view,
ev'ry prudent Cook ſhould read Boſſu.
ment provides the meat in ſeaſon fit,
ch by the genius dreſt its ſauce is wit.
d beef for men, pudding for youth and age,
e up to the decorum of the ſtage.
critick ſtrikes out all that is not juſt,
it is ev'n ſo the butler chips his cruſt.
s and paſtry-Cooks will be the ſame,
: both of them their images muſt frame:
neras from the poet's fancies flow,
Cook contrives his ſhapes in real dough.
hen Truth commands there is no man can offend
: with a modeſt love corrects his friend,
' it is in toaſting bread or buttering peaſe,
e reproof has temper, kindneſs, eaſe.
Why ſhould we reprove when faults are ſmall?
uſe it is better to have none at all.
e is often weight in things that ſeem the leaſt,
our moſt trifling follies raiſe the jeſt.
is by his cleanlineſs a Cook muſt pleaſe;
chen will admit of no diſeaſe.
fowler and the huntſman both may run
lſt that dirt which he muſt nicely ſhun.

Empedocles, a ſage of old, would raiſe
A name immortal by unuſual ways:
At laſt his fancies grew ſo very odd
He thought by roaſting to be made a god.
Tho' fat, he leapt with his unwieldy ſtuff
In Ætna's flames, ſo to have fire enough.
Were my Cook fat, and I a ſtander-by,
I 'd rather than himſelf his fiſh ſhould fry.
There are ſome perſons ſo exceſſive rude
That to your private table they 'll intrude.
In vain you fly, in vain pretend to faſt;
Turn like a fox they 'll catch you at the laſt.
You muſt, ſince bars and doors are no defence,
Ev'n quit your houſe as in a peſtilence.
Be quick, nay very quick, or he 'll approach,
And as you 're ſcamp'ring ſtop you in your coach
Then think of all your ſins, and you will ſee
How right your guilt and puniſhment agree:
Perhaps no tender pity could prevail,
But you would throw ſome debtor into jail:
Now mark th' effect of this prevailing curſe,
You are detain'd by ſomething that is worſe.
Were it in my election, I ſhould chuſe
To meet a rav'nous wolf or bear got looſe.
He 'll eat and talk, and talking ſtill will eat:
Not quarter from the parafite you 'll get;
But like a leech well fix'd he 'll ſuck what 's good,
And never part till ſatisfy'd with blood.

THE ART OF LOVE:

IN FOURTEEN PARTS.

IN IMITATION OF

OVID DE ARTE AMANDI.

TO THE LORD HERBERT *,

Eldeſt Son of his Excellency the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Baron Herbert of Caerdiff, Ref. of Kendal, Parr, Fitz-Hugh Marmion, St. Quintin, and Herbert of Shutland, Knight of the Garter, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

THE following lines are written on a ſubject that will naturally be protected by the goodneſs and temper of your Lordſhip; for as the advantages of your mind and perſon muſt kindle the flames of love in the coldeſt breaſt, ſo you are of an age moſt ſuſceptible of them in your own. You have acquired all thoſe accompliſhments at home which others are forced to ſeek abroad, and have given the world aſſurance, by ſuch beginnings, that you will ſoon be qualified to fill the higheſt offices of the crown with the ſame univerſal applauſe that has conſtantly attended your illuſtrious father in the diſcharge of them. For the good of your poſterity may you ever be happy in the choice of

* Henry Lord Herbert ſucceeded to his father's title in 1732, and died in 1749.

what you love! and though these Rules
use to you that can frame much better
beg leave that by dedicating them to y
may have the honour of telling the wor
obliged to your Lordship, and that I am

Your Lordship's

most faithful humble

WILL

PREFACE.

It is endeavoured in the following Poems to give the readers of both sexes some ideas of The Art of Love; such a love as is innocent and virtuous, and whose desires terminate in present happiness and that of posterity. It would be in vain to think of doing it without help from the Ancients, amongst whom none has touched that passion more tenderly and justly than Ovid. He knew that he bore the mastership in that art; and therefore in the fourth book *De Tristibus*, when he would give some account of himself to future ages, he calls himself *Tenerorum Lusor Amorum*, as if he gloried principally in the descriptions he had made of that passion.

The present Imitation of him is at least such a one as Mr. Dryden mentions "to be an endeavour of a "later poet to write like one who has written before "him on the same subject; that is, not to translate "his words, or be confined to his sense, but only to "set him as a pattern, and to write as he supposes "that author would have done had he lived in our "age and in our country. But he dares not say that "Sir John Denham's or Mr. Cowley have carried "this libertine way, as the latter calls it, so far as

[1] Mr. Dryden alludes to The Destruction of Troy, &c.

"this definition reaches." But, alas! the p
tator has come up to it, if not perhaps e
Sir John Denham had Virgil, and Mr. C
Pindar, to deal with, who both wrote u
foundations; but the present subject bein
would be unreasonable to think of too grea
ment to be laid on it. And though the
grounds of it will continue the same thro'
there will be many little modes, fashions,
ways of complaisance and address, entertai
diversions, which time will vary. Since
will expect new things, and persons will
the Ancients have so great a fund of learni
can the Moderns take better to copy than
nals? it is most likely they may not come u
but it is a thousand to one but their imita
ter than any clumsy invention of their own,
undertakes this way of writing has as muc
understand the true scope, genius, and forc
pressions of his author as a literal tran
after all he lies under this misfortune, tha
are all his own; and if there is any thing
seem pardonable, the Latin at the botto
whom he is engaged for it *. An imitat

* In the first editions of The Art of Cookery
Art of Love Dr. King printed the original unde
tive pages of his translations.

r ſtand much upon the ſame terms as Ben does
is father in the comedy * :

t thof' he be my father? I an't bound 'prentice to 'en.

were many reaſons why the imitator tranſpoſed
l verſes of Ovid, and has divided the whole in-
rteen Parts rather than keep it in three books.
may be too tedious to be recited; but, among
ſt, ſome were, that matters of the ſame ſubject
t lie more compact; that too large a heap of pre-
together might appear too burthenſome; and
fore (if ſmall matters may allude to greater) as
l in his Georgicks, ſo here moſt of the parts end
ſome remarkable fable, which carries with it
moral: yet if any perſons pleaſe to take the ſix
arts as the firſt book, and divide the eight laſt,
may make three books of them again. There
by chance ſome twenty lines crept into the Poem
f The Remedy of Love, which (as inanimate
s are generally the moſt wayward and provo-
) ſince they would ſtay have been ſuffered to ſtand
. But as for the Love here mentioned, it being
udent, honourable, and virtuous, there is no need
y remedy to be preſcribed for it but the ſpeedy
ning of what it deſires. Should the imitator's
ſeem not to be ſufficiently reſtrained, ſhould he

* Congreve's Love for Love.

not have afforded pains for review or cor
it be considered that perhaps even in that
to imitate his author, and would not pe
left in fame of Ovid's works were, so these
committed to the flames: but he leaves t
reader to do, if he please, what he has bou

E ART OF LOVE.

PART I.

nows not what it is to love,
ead theſe verſes and improve.
: rul'd by art, and oars, and ſails;
ir chariots; wit o'er love prevails.
ith reins let looſe could fly;
Argo's ſhip cut waves and ſky.
I 'm charioteer of Truth,
ot to incautious youth.
nruly, eager to enjoy;
ider he is but a boy.
leaſing harp Achilles tam'd,
manners with ſoft muſick fram'd:
counſel ſtorm, in battle rage,
et reverence for age.
mand with ſtrict obedience ties
m by which brave Hector dies.
aſk, but fiercer Love is mine:
boys, and ſprung from race divine.
d bull does to the yoke ſubmit,
fiery courſer champs the bit:
yield. I own I 've been his ſlave,
where my enemy was brave;
larts his flames without a wound,
iſſling arrows die in ſound.

Nor will I raiſe my fame by hidden art;
In what I teach ſound reaſon ſhall have part:
For Nature's paſſion cannot be deſtroy'd,
But moves in virtue's path when well employ'd.
Yet ſtill it will be convenient to remove
The tyranny and plagues of vulgar love.
May infant Chaſtity, grave matrons' pride,
A parent's wiſh, and bluſhes of a bride,
Protect this Work! ſo guard it, that no rhyme
In ſyllable or thought may vent a crime!
The ſoldier that Love's armour would defy
Will find his greateſt courage is to fly.
When Beauty's am'rous glances parley beat
The only conqueſt then is to retreat;
But if the treach'rous fair pretend to yield,
'Tis preſent death unleſs you quit the field.
Whilſt youth and vanity would make you range
Think on ſome beauty may prevent your chang
But ſuch by falling ſkies are never caught:
No happineſs is found but what is ſought.
The huntſman learns where does trip o'er the l
And where the foaming boar ſecures his brawn:
The fowler's lowbell robs the lark of ſleep;
And they who hope for fiſh muſt ſearch the dee
And he that fuel ſeeks for chaſte deſire
Muſt ſearch where virtue may that flame inſpire
To foreign parts there is no need to roam;
The bleſſing may be met with nearer home.

a ſome, others from neighb'ring France,
ny ſkins and puppets that can dance.
f Britiſh empire does contain
hat o'er the conquer'd globe will reign.
l fields with plenty bleſs the ſight,
e Milky Way adorns the night,
es with thoſe graceful nymphs abound,
velike ſoftneſs is with roſes crown'd.
d'reſt blooms inviting ſoftneſs ſpread,
their ſmalleſt twine the captive 's led;
ith advanc'd in majeſty does ſhine,
mother to a race divine.
matrons, no decay, appears;
ace only there you gueſs at years.
mes you 'll ſee theſe beauties ſeek the ſhade
ces in royal gardens made;
James's, where a noble care
l things pleaſing like himſelf appear;
gton, ſweet air and bleſt retreat
at owns a ſov'reign, tho' moſt great *!
mes in wilder groves, by chariots drawn,
w the noble ſtag and tripping fawn.

e Prince of Denmark, conſort to the Queen, greatly
eſe fine gardens.—They were purchaſed by King
m Lord Chancellor Finch, were enlarged by Queen
improved by Queen Anne, who was ſo pleaſed with
hat ſhe frequently ſupped during the ſummer in the
s. Queen Caroline extended the gardens to their
, three miles and a half in compaſs.

On Hyde-park's circles if you chance to gaze
The lights revolving ſtrike you with amaze.
To Bath and Tunbridge they ſometimes retreat
With waters to diſpel the parching heat:
But youth with reaſon there may oft' admire
That which may raiſe in him a nobler fire,
Till the kind fair relieves what he endures,
Caus'd at that water which all others cures.

Sometimes at marriage rites you may eſpy
Their charms protected by a mother's eye,
Where to bleſt muſick they in dances move,
With innocence and grace commanding Love.
But yearly when that ſolemn night returns
When grateful incenſe on the altar burns,
For cloſing the moſt glorious day e'er ſeen,
That firſt gave light to happy Britain's queen;
Then is the time for noble youth to try
To make his choice with a judicious eye.
Not truth of foreign realms, not fables told
Of nymphs ador'd and goddeſſes of old,
Equal thoſe beauties who that circle frame,
A ſubject fit for never-dying Fame;
Whoſe gold, pearl, diamonds, all around them thrown
Yet ſtill can add no luſtre to their own.

But when their Queen does to the ſenate go,
And they make up the grandeur of the ſhow,
Then guard your hearts, ye Makers of our laws,
For fear the judge be forc'd to plead his cauſe.

ubmiſſive part ſhould fall to you,
who ſuppliants help be forc'd to ſue.
y their yielding hearts compaſſion take,
t your wiſhes for your country's ſake:
eir beauties' wounds may goodneſs give,
you make all happy let you live.
mes theſe beauties on Newmarket plains,
eir gentle pads with ſilken reins,
e conflicts of the generous ſteeds,
om true blood and well attested breeds:
ath may juſtly with diſcerning eye
ing Amazonian habit ſpy
ch his ſwifteſt courſer cannot fly.
treach'rous or baſe piece of art
e the ſide with which the fair takes part,
paſſion equal minds will ſtrike
commendation or diſlike:
two fencers ready ſtand to fight,
e ſpectators of the bloody fight,
le paſſion Love has ſoon deſign'd
to whom we muſt and will be kind.
the other is not fit to win;
r conqueror ere fight begin.
dares approach him how we ſtart!
ted blood runs trembling to our heart:
he wounds but we endure the ſmart.
re by ſuch inſtances does prove
ear moſt for that which moſt we love.

Therefore if Chance ſhould make her ſaddle ſlide,
Or any thing ſhould ſlip or be unty'd,
Oh! think it not a too officious care
With eagerneſs to run and help the fair.
We offer ſmall things to the pow'rs above:
'Tis not our merit that obtains their love.
So when Eliza, whoſe propitious days
Revolving Heav'n does ſeem again to raiſe,
Whoſe ruling genius ſhew'd a maſterſtroke
In ev'ry thing ſhe did and all ſhe ſpoke,
Was ſtepping o'er a paſſage which the rain
Had fill'd, and ſeem'd as ſtepping back again,
Young Raleigh ſcorn'd to ſee his queen retreat,
And threw his velvet cloak beneath her feet:
The queen approv'd the thought, and made him great *.
Mark when the queen her thanks divine would give
Midſt acclamations that ſhe long may live;
To whom kind Heav'n the bleſſing has beſtow'd,
To let her arms ſucceed for Europe's good;
No tyranny throughout the triumph reigns,
Nor are the captives dragg'd with pond'rous chains;
But all declare the Britiſh ſubjects' caſe,
And that their war is for their neighbours' peace.
Then whilſt the pomp of Majeſty proceeds
With ſtately ſteps and eight well choſen ſteeds,

* Sir Walter Raleigh is well known to have been indebted to this little mark of gallantry for his riſe at court.

From every place beauties may be ſeen
That will acknowledge none but her for queen.
Then if kind Chance a lovely maid has thrown
Next to a youth with graces like her own,
Much ſhe would learn, and many queſtions aſk;
The anſwers are the lover's pleaſing taſk.
" Is that the man who made the French to fly?
" What place is Blenheim? is the Danube nigh?
" Where was it that he with ſword victorious ſtood,
" And made their tremblingſquadronschuſe the flood?
" What is the gold adorns this royal ſtate?
" Is it not hammer'd all from Vigo's plate?
" Do n't it require a moſt prodigious care
" To manage treaſures in the height of war?
" Muſt he not be of calmeſt truth poſſeſt
" Preſides o'er councils of the royal breaſt?
" Seafights are ſurely diſmal ſcenes of war!
" Pray, Sir, were ever you at Gibraltar?
' Has not the Emp'rour got ſome envoy here?
' Won't Daniſh, Swediſh, Pruſſian, lords appear?
Who repreſents the line of Hanover?
Do n't The States General aſſiſt them all?
Should we not be in danger if they fall?
f Savoy's Duke and Prince Eugene could meet
n this ſolemnity it would be complete.
'hink you that Barcelona could have ſtood
'ithout the hazard of our nobleſt blood?

"At Ramilies what enſigns did you get?
"Did many towns in Flanders then ſubmit?
"Was it the conq'ror's buſineſs to deſtroy,
"Or was he met by all of them with joy?
"Oh! could my wiſh but fame eternal give
"The laurel on thoſe brows ſhould ever live!"
The Britiſh worth in nothing need deſpair
When it has ſuch aſſiſtance from the fair.
As virtue merits it expects regard,
And Valour flies where Beauty is the reward.

PART II.

In Loveaffairs the theatre has part,
That wiſe and moſt inſtructing ſcene of art,
Where vice is puniſh'd with a juſt reward,
And virtue meets with ſuitable regard;
Where mutual love and friendſhip find return,
But treach'rous inſolence is hiſs'd with ſcorn,
And Love's unnatural wiles in torment burn.
This without bluſhes whilſt a virgin ſees
Upon ſome brave ſpectator Love may ſeize,
Who till ſhe ſends it never can have eaſe.
As things that were the beſt at firſt
By their corruption grow the worſt,
The modern ſtage takes liberties
Unſeen by our forefathers' eyes.

om hive, from molehill ants,
the females and gallants,
ling to the comedy
ſeen and not to ſee.
heſe females are to blame,
ney have ſome native ſhame:
re ſilent till they 're aſk'd,
their impudence is maſk'd;
e would be modeſt ſtill,
is reluctancy in will.
g and plays had harmleſs been,
it by any one be ſeen,
ulus began to ſpoil them,
a palace call'd Aſylum,
ſtards, pimps, and thieves, and panders,
d all to be commanders;
he raſcals were ſo poor
ld not change a rogue for whore,
hb'ring jades reſolv'd to tarry
an with ſuch ſcrubs they 'd marry,
cheat them and be wiv'd
viſhly a farce contriv'd.
l pillars there were ſeen,
he cloth they trod on green;
came from the cellar crying,
ls from the garret flying:
was made of ſticks and buſhes,
ie floor was ſtrew'd with ruſhes;

When Beauty do'n't in Virtue's arms rejoice;
Since harmony in Love is Nature's voice.
But harden'd impudence sometimes will try
At things which justice cannot but deny;
Then what that says is insolence and pride
Is prudence with firm honour for its guide.

The lady's counsels often are betray'd
By trusting secrets to a servile maid,
The whole intrigues of whose insidious brain
Are base, and only terminate in gain.
Let them take care of too diffusive mirth;
Suspicious thence, and thence attempts, take birth
Had Ilium been with gravity employ'd,
By Sinon's craft it had not been destroy'd.
A vulgar air, mean songs, and free discourse,
With sly insinuations, may prove worse
To tender females than the Trojan horse.

Take care how you from virtue stray,
For scandal follows the same way,
And more than truth it will devise.
Old poets did delight in lies;
Which modern ones now call surprise.
Some say that Myrrha lov'd her father,
That Byblis lik'd her brother rather;
And in such tales old Greece did glory,
Amongst the which pray take this story.

Crete was an isle whose fruitful nations
Swarm'd with an hundred corporations,

upon Mount Ida ſtood
e ſpacious wood,
oſe centre was a grove
t'd by birth of Jove:
low a bull was fed
the kine obey'd as head;
s horns a tuft of black did grow,
reſt of him was driven ſnow.
o truth does not confine us.)
e time one Juſtice Minos,
hard by, was marry'd lately,
is bride might ſhew more ſtately,
' her pedigree he run,
was daughter to the Sun.
Paſiphaë was height,
father ſhe was bright.
took up an odd fancy
this bull ſhe fain would dance ye.
w him graſs, and cut down boughs,
his ſtatelineſs might browſe.
s ſhe hedges breaks, and climbs,
s muſt have happy times!
car'd for going fine;
ier trudge among the kine:
er toilet ſhe would ſay,
inks I look *bizarre* to-day;
' glaſs lies; I 'm not ſo fair:
re this face o'ergrown with hair!

" I never was for topknots born;
" My favourites ſhould each be horn.
" But now I 'm liker to a ſow
" Than what I wiſh to be, a cow—
" What would I give that I could low!
" My bull-y cares for none of thoſe
" That are afraid to ſpoil their clothes:
" Did he but love me, he 'd not fail
" To take me with my draggle-tail."
Then tears would fall; and then ſhe 'd run
As would the devil upon Dun.
When ſhe ſome handſome cow did ſpy
She 'd ſcan her form with jealous eye;
Say, " How ſhe friſks it o'er the plain,
" Runs on, and then turns back again!
" She ſeems a bear reſolv'd to prance,
" Or a ſhe aſs that tries to dance.
" In vain ſhe thinks herſelf ſo fine;
" She cann't pleaſe bull-y, for he 's mine.
" But 't is revenge alone aſſuages
" My envy when the paſſion rages.
" Here, Raſcal! quickly yoke that cow,
" And ſee the ſhrivell'd carrion plough.
" But ſecond counſel 's beſt: ſhe dies:
" I 'll make immediate ſacrifice,
" And with the victim feaſt my eyes.
" 'Tis thus my rivals I 'll remove
" Who interpoſe 'twixt me and what I love.

ypt is worſhipp'd now
ive tranſform'd her to a cow.
n a bull Europa came
: bleſt land which bears her name.
own what fate 's ordain'd for me,
iguiſhing Paſiphaë,
. bull as kind as ſhe!"
madneſs rages with unuſual fire
a Nature's pow'r to quench deſire;
: tranſforms man's reaſon into beaſt,
e monſter 's made the poet's jeſt.

PART IV.

:th avoid the noxious heat of wine;
o Cupid bears an ill deſign.
e, when ſcatter'd on the wings of Love,
he down the feathers cannot move.
who otherwiſe would fleeting ſtray,
mbles, lies, and is enforc'd to ſtay;
rage riſes when the ſpirit is fir'd,
s to poſſeſs the thing deſir'd;
iſhes thro' the exalted blood,
ow paſſes in the purple flood;
proceeds; nor can he want a ſoul
ioughts in fancy'd heaps of plenty roll.
ion freedom lets the lips impart
ple truth from a diſſembling heart;

Then to ſome wanton paſſion he muſt run
Which his diſcreeter hours would gladly ſhun,
Where he the time in thoughtleſs eaſe may paſs,
And write his *billet-doux* upon the glaſs,
Whilſt ſinking eyes with languiſhment profeſs
Follies his tongue refuſes to confeſs.
Then his good nature will take th' other ſup
If ſhe 'll firſt kiſs that he may kiſs the cup;
Then ſomething nice and coſtly he could eat,
Suppoſing ſtill that ſhe will carve the meat;
But if a brother or a huſband is by,
Whom the illnatur'd world may call a ſpy,
He thinks it not below him to pretend
The openheartedneſs of a true friend,
Gives him reſpect ſurpaſſing his degree;
The perſon that is meant by all is ſhe.
'Tis thought the ſafeſt way to hide a paſſion,
And therefore call'd the friendſhip now in faſhio
By ſecret ſigns and enigmatick ſtealth
She is the toaſt belongs to ev'ry health,
And all the lover's buſ'neſs is to keep
His thoughts from anger and his eyes from ſleep.
He 'll laugh ye, dance ye, ſing ye, vault, look ga
And ruffle all the ladies in his play;
But ſtill the gentleman is extremely fine;
There is nothing apiſh in him but the wine.
Many a mortal has been bit
By marrying in the drunken fit.

he matter plain before ye
arken whilst I tell my story.
pen'd about break of day
a girl had lost her way,
nder'd up and down the Strand
bouts now York Buildings stand;
f awake, she roar'd as bad
really had been mad;
her boddice, and her gown
ticoats hung dangling down;
s were slipt, her ankles bare,
around her flew her yellow hair.
uel Theseus! can you go
eave your little Gnossis so?
a your scull did promise carriage,
ave me proofs of future marriage,
an last night away did creep,
afely left me fast asleep."
e is falling in a fit,
't grow uglier one bit;
d of tears rather supplies
ive streams about her eyes.
bies then are beat again;
in passion feel no pain.
will become of me? oh! what
ome of me? oh! tell me that."
was drawer at The Sun,
his belly like his tun.

For blubber-lips, and cheeks all bloated,
And frizzled pate, the youth was noted.
He, as his custom was, got drunk,
And then went strolling for a punk.
Six links and lanterns, 'cause it was dark yet,
He press'd from Covent-Garden Market;
Then his next captives were the Waits,
Who play'd lest he should break their pates:
But as along in state he passes
He met a fellow driving asses;
For there are sev'ral folks whose trade is
To milk them for consumptive ladies.
Nothing would serve but get astride,
And the old bellman too must ride.
What with their houting shouting yell
The scene had something in it of hell;
And who should all this rabble meet
But Gnoffy drabbling in the street?
The fright destroy'd her speech and colour,
And all remembrance of her sculler:
Her conduct thrice bad her be flying;
Her fears thrice hinder'd her from trying.
Like bullrushes on side of brook,
Or aspin leaves, her joints all shook.
Bacco cry'd out, "I 'm come, my Dear!
"I ll soon disperse all thoughts of fear:
"Nothing but joys shall revel here."
Then, hugging her in brawny arm,
Protested "she should have no harm;

her would assure her he
d in opportunity
ting such a one as she;
at encircled all around
lass and candles many a pound,
uld with bells command the bar,
ll her rooms Sun, Moon, and Star;
ne good company were met,
ould not want a wedding-treat."
t they marry'd, and both made ye
landlord, she a kind landlady.
Spartan lords their villains would invite
:ess of drink in children's sight:
nt thus their innocence would save,
ne load of wine condemn the slave.

PART V.

ion must be mark'd for nice address;
ll-tim'd will make the favour less.
wife gard'ner more discretion needs
ge tender plants and hopeful seeds, flow'rs,
when rain, when warmth, must guard his
ers do to watch their most auspicious hours.
dicious pilot views from far
ences of each rising star,
gns of future calms or storms appear,
ting to be bold, and when to fear;

So Love's attendant by long art deſcries
The riſe of growing paſſion from the eyes.
Love has its feſtival as well as faſt,
Nor does its carnival for ever laſt.
What was a viſit now is to intrude;
What is civil now to-morrow will be rude.
Small ſigns denote great things: the happy ma
That can retrieve a glove or falling fan
With grateful joy the benefit receives,
Whilſt with deſponding care his rival grieves.

Whene'er it may ſeem proper you ſhould wr
Let Ovid the prevailing words indite:
By Scrope *, by Duke, by Mulgrave, then be t
And Dryden's equal numbers tune your thoug
Submiſſive voice and words do beſt agree
To their hard fortune who muſt ſupphants be:
It was by ſpeech like this great Priam won
Achilles' ſoul, and ſo obtain'd his ſon.

Hope is an uſeful goddeſs in your caſe,
And will increaſe your ſpeed in Cupid's race:
Tho' in its promiſes it fail ſometimes,
Yet with freſh reſolution ſtill it climbs:

* Sir Car Scrope, one of thoſe writers in the reign o Charles II. that Mr Pope calls

"The mob of gentlemen who write with eaſe."

He was created a Baronet January 16th 1666. The part of his writings conſiſt of tranſlations from Ovid, and Horace, with ſome love ſongs and lampoons. Th to be found in the volumes of Dryden's Miſcellanies. I ſome time in the year 1680.

Tho' much is loſt at play, yet Hope at laſt
Drives on, and meets with ſome ſucceſsful caſt.
Why then make haſte; on paper ting'd with gald
By quill of dove thy lovelick tale unfold.
Move ſprightly, knowing it is for life you puſh;
Your letter will not tho' yourſelf might bluſh.
'Tis no ignoble maxim I would teach
The Britiſh youth—to ſtudy rules of ſpeech:
That governs cities, that enacts our laws,
Gives ſecret ſtrength to juſtice in a cauſe:
To that the crowd, the judge, the ſenate, yield;
'Gainſt that ev'n beauty cann't maintain the field.
Conceal your art, and let your words appear
Common, not vulgar; not too plain, tho' clear.
Shew not your eloquence at the firſt ſight,
But from your ſhade riſe by degrees of light.
Dreſs thoughts as if Love's ſilence firſt were broke,
And wounded heart with trembling paſſion ſpoke.
Suppoſe that your firſt letter is ſent back,
Yet ſhe may yield upon the next attack:
If not, by art a diamond rough in hue
Shall brighten up all-glorious to the view.
Soft waterdrops the marble will deſtroy,
And ten years' ſiege prove conqueror of Troy.
Suppoſe ſhe has read, but then no anſwer gave;
It is ſufficient ſhe admits her ſlave.
Write on; for time the freedom may obtain
Of having mutual love ſent back again.

Perhaps she writes, but it is to bid you cease,
And that your lines but discompose her peace.
This is a stratagem of Cupid's war;
She 'd like a Parthian wound you from afar,
And by this art your constancy would try:
She 's nearest much when seeming thus to fly.
Pursue the fair Disdain thro' ev'ry place
That with her presence she vouchsafes to grace:
If to the play she goes, be there; and see
How Love rewarded makes the comedy:
Fly to the Park, if thither she 'd retire;
Perhaps some gentle breeze may fan the fire:
But if to Court, then follow where you 'll find
Majestick Truth with sacred Hymen join'd.
It is in vain some study to profess
Their inclination by too nice a dress,
As not content with manly cleanliness.
Mien, shape, or manner, no addition needs;
There is something careless that all art exceeds.
Adonis from his lonely solitudes,
Rough Theseus landing from the briny floods,
Hippolytus fresh hunting from the woods,
O'er heroines of race divine prevail'd,
Where powder'd wig and snuff box might have fail'd.
No youth that is wise will to his figure trust,
As if so fine to be accosted first.
Distress must ask, and gratefully receive;
'Tis Heav'n and Beauty's honour they can give.

There's some have thought that looking pale and wan,
With a submission that is less than man,
Might gain their end, but sunk in the attempt,
And found that which they merited, contempt.
Gain but admittance, half your story is told;
There is nothing then remains but to be bold:
Venus and Fortune will assist your claim,
And Cupid dart the breast at which you aim.
No need of study'd speech or skilful rules;
Love has an eloquence beyond the schools,
Where softest words and accents will be found
All flowing in to form the charming sound.
Of her you love bright images you 'll raise;
When just they are not flattery but praise.
What can be said too much of what is good,
Since an immortal fame is Virtue's food?
For nine years' space Egypt had fruitless stood
Without the aid of Nile's prolifick flood,
When Thrasius said, "That blessing to regain
"The gods require a stranger should be slain.
"Be thou the man," the fierce Busiris cries;
"I 'll make th' adviser his own sacrifice;
"Nor can he blame the voice by which he dies."
Perillus, first and last of 's trade,
For Phalaris a bull had made;
With fire beneath, and water hot,
He put the brazier in the pot,

And gave him, like an honeſt fellow,
Precedence in his bull to bellow.
The tyrants both did right. No law more juſt
Than "He that thinks of ill ſhould feel it firſt."
Curſt be their arts, unſtudy'd be their trade,
Who female truth by falſehood would invade;
That can betray a friend or kinſman's names,
And by that covert hide unlawful flames;
Whoſe eager paſſion finds its ſure relief
When terminating in another's grief!
Careleſs hereafter what they promiſe now,
To the Æolian winds commit their vow,
Then cite th' example of the faithleſs Jove,
Who laughs they ſay at perjury in love.
They think they have a thouſand ways to pleaſe,
Ten thouſand more to keep the mind at eaſe;
For as the earth in various birth abounds,
Their humour dances in fantaſtick rounds;
Like Proteus, can be lion, river, beaſt,
A tree, or any thing that is fram'd of air.
Thus they lay ſnares, thus they ſet off their bait
With all the fine allurements of deceit:
But they who thro' this courſe of miſchief run
Will find that fraud is various, virtue one.
Achilles, a gigantick boy!
Was wanted at the ſiege of Troy:
His country's danger did require him,
And all the gen'rals did deſire him;

rd, you muſt know, had thrown
where it was two to one
ir was made about it
e three muſt go without it:
was; for Paris gave it
, who reſolv'd to have it.
y here would be too long,
nay find it in the ſong.)
tho' not over virt'ous,
eſigning to be court'ous,
to procure the varlet
and triumphant harlot,
n by one ſhe would not ſtay with,
rry'd to be run away with.
carry'd to his mother,
ce in Greece aroſe that pother
old Homer, Virgil, Dante,
neer, make us ſuch a cant.
a juſt and noble cauſe,
ch of hoſpitable laws:
e to one, yet common grief
unite to ſeek relief;
they fought the country round
to Achilles to be found.
er was afraid t' have loſt him,
efore thus ſhe did accoſt him:
:tty Dear! let me perſuade ye
ice for to become a lady:

and mantua take,
is nightrail for my ſake.
our knots all of the ſmalleſt,
r ſomething of the talleſt.
ou never go unlac'd
ſpoiling of your waiſt.
uiſh on me—ſcorn me now—
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r poking out your chin."
aus inſtructed ſoon ſhe ſends
omede, and there pretends
daughter of a friend's,
rown full large by country feeding
nt to him to mend her breeding:
lf had now no child, nor no man
uſt but him, poor lonely woman!
t might reward him well hereafter
e would uſe her as his daughter.
choice of names, as Iris, Chloe,
yche, and Phillis, ſhe took Zoe.
h' old man receiv'd her, and expreſt
Much kindneſs for his topping gueſt;
Shew'd her his girls; ſaid, "Whilſt ſhe 'd
"His Zoe ſhould be us'd as they."
At firſt there much reſerv'dneſs paſt,
But when acquaintance grew at laſt.

They 'd jeſt, and ev'ry one would ſhew
Her works, which ſhe could never do.
One ſaid her fingers were moſt fitting
For the moſt fiddling work of knitting;
Then one her wedding-bed would make,
And all muſt help her for love's ſake.
Zoe undreſt in nightgown tawdry,
With clumſy fiſt muſt work embroid'ry;
Whilſt others try her greaſy clunches
With ſtoning currants in whole bunches:
But there was one call'd Dedamy
Miſtruſted ſomething by the by,
And, ſighing, thus one night ſhe ſaid,
"Why, Zoe, may n't we go to bed?"
"Soon as you pleaſe, good Miſtreſs Ded!"
The fleeting months ſoon roll about;
Time came when murder all muſt out.
Zoe for fear of the old man
Into the army quickly ran,
And ſav'd the ſlitting of his noſe
By timely changing of his clothes.
Thus whilſt we Glory's dictates ſhun
Into the ſnares of Vice we run;
And he that ſhould his country ſerve,
And beauty by his worth deſerve,
A female ſoftneſs wanton ſtays,
And what he ſhould adore betrays.

" This petticoat and mantua take,
" And wear this nightrail for my ſake.
" I 've made your knots all of the ſmalleſt,
" Becauſe your ſomething of the talleſt.
" I 'd have you never go unlac'd
" For fear of ſpoiling of your waiſt.
" Now languiſh on me—ſcorn me now—
" Smile—frown—run—laugh—I ſee it will
" You 'd perfect all you now begin
" Only for poking out your chin."
Him thus inſtructed ſoon ſhe ſends
To Lycomede, and there pretends
It was a daughter of a friend's,
Who grown full large by country feeding
Was ſent to him to mend her breeding:
Herſelf had now no child, nor no man
To truſt but him, poor lonely woman!
That might reward him well hereafter
If he would uſe her as his daughter.
In choice of names, as Iris, Chloe,
Pſyche, and Phillis, ſhe took Zoe.
Th' old man receiv'd her, and expreſt
Much kindneſs for his topping gueſt;
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PART VI.

But now, O happy Youth! thy prize is found
And all thy wishes with success are crown'd;
Not Iö Pæans when Apollo paid,
Not trophies to victorious Grecians rais'd,
Not acclamations of exulted Rome,
To welcome Peace with her Augustus home,
Can more delight a brave and gen'rous mind
Than it must you to see a beauty kind.
The bays to me with gratitude you 'll give,
Like Hesiod and like Homer make me live.
Thus Pelops on triumphant chariot brought
Hippodamy, with his life's danger bought;
Thus prosp'rous Jason, rich with Golden Fleece
On Argos' vocal timber sail'd for Greece.

But stay, fond Youth! the danger is not past
You 're not arriv'd in port nor anchor cast.
From you my heart may still more bays receive
If what by me you gain'd by me you shall preserve
Nor than the conquest is the glory less
To fix the throne on that which you possess.
Now, Erato! divinest, softest, Muse!
Whose name and office both do Love infuse,
Assist my great design. If Venus' son,
That vagabond! would from his mother run,

rith ſoaring wings and body light
aſt world's extent would take his flight,
onds let me ſecure his ſtay,
his univerſal pow'r obey.
my art would thus improve,
thought to ſhackle Love,
bours that were ſtanding by,
both with jealouſy,
was in vain to try:
began his tale, as thus;
ps you 've heard of Dædalus,
linos would have made him ſtay
o' the clouds he found his way.
: workman wiſe and good;
was what he underſtood.
he houſe where we act plays
: a turning winding maze,
o harbour acts of ſin,
a whore and baſtard in.
one your work; and now my truſt is,
! that you will do me juſtice.
I hither fled for murther:
nisfortunes go no further:
d all punishments ſhould have.
the wretch my country gave;
ord me now a grave.
ny ſon; at leaſt, if rather
.ep the boy, diſmiſs his father."

This he might ſay, and more, or ſo;
But Minos would not let him go.
At this he was enrag'd, and cry'd,
" It is in danger wit is try'd:
" Minos poſſeſſes earth and ſea,
" The ſky and air are left for me.
" Pardon my fond attempt, great Jove!
" If I approach your ſeats above:
" It is neceſſity that draws
" A new-invented rule for Nature's laws."
Thus he began. Full many a feather
With twine of thread he ſtitch'd together:
(Abundance more than are enough
To make your wife and mine a muff.)
Thus he frames wings, and nothing lacks
To fix the whole but melted wax:
That was the work of the young boy,
Pleas'd at the fancy of the toy,
Not gueſſing ere he was much older
He ſhould have one upon each ſhoulder.
To whom his father; " Here is the ſhip
" By which we muſt from Minos ſlip.
" Child, follow me juſt as I fly on,
" And keep your eye fix'd on Orion:
" I'll be your guide; and never fear,
" Conducted by a father's care.
" The Virgin and Bootes ſhun;
" Take heed leſt you approach the Sun;

ıming influence will be felt,
he diffuſive wax will melt.
:a by riſing fogs diſcover;
hat be ſure you never hover:
ıld be difficult to drag
wetted pinions ſhould they flag.
:en them both the ſky is fair,
inds or hurricanes are there,
ou may fan the fleeting air.
us ſpeaking he with whipcord ſtrings
ıs and then extends the wings;
vhen th' youth is completely dreſt,
s the eagle from her neſt,
ntle flights her caglet tries
.re the ſun and mount the ſkies,
ather ſo his boy prepares,
vithout kiſs and falling tears.
ırge plain a riſing height
ſome aſſiſtance to their flight.
a quick ſpring and flutt'ring noiſe
in the ſky their bodies poiſe.
on his ſon the father looks,
ng his ſwift and even ſtrokes.
dreadleſs with bold art ſupply'd
ɔes on airy billows ride,
ſoar with an ambitious pride.
als who by the limpid flood
patient angle long have ſtood,

" On the ſmooth water's ſhining face
" See the amazing creatures paſs,
" Look up aſtoniſh'd whilſt the reed
" Drops from the hand, whoſe ſenſe is dead.
" Roll'd by the wind's impetuous haſte
" They Samos now and Naxos paſt,
" Paros and Delos, bleſt abode!
" And parent of the Clarian god.
" Lebinthus on their right-hand lies,
" And ſweet Calydne's groves ariſe,
" And fam'd Aſtypalæa's fens
" Breed ſhoals of fiſh in owzy dens:
" When the unwary boy, whoſe growing years
" Ne'er knew the worth of cautious fears,
" Mounts an ethereal hill, whence he might ſp
" The lofty regions of a brighter ſky:
" Far from his father's call and aid
" His wings in glitt'ring fire diſplay'd,
" Whoſe ambient heat their plume involves,
" And all their liquid bands diſſolves.
" He ſees his looſen'd pinions drop;
" On naked arms lies all his hope.
" From the vaſt concave precipice he finds
" A ſwift deſtruction ſinking with the winds.
" Beneath him lies a gaping deep,
" Whoſe womb is equally as ſteep.
" Then, " Father! father!" he 'd have cry'd;
" Tempeſts the trembling ſounds divide,

diſmal fear contracts his breath,
he rough wave completes his death.
n! my ſon!" long might the father cry:
is no track to ſeek him in the ſky.
ating wings his body found
r'd with the neighb'ring ground.
t, tho' not ſucceſsful, has its fame,
he Icarian ſeas preſerve his name."
i from Minos could eſcape,
› birds transform their ſhape,
re was nothing that could hold them,
l feathers might be ſold them,
ught from madneſs ſurely ſprings
god that is born with wings.
i th' other man, " Sir, if you 'll tarry
ll you a tale of my boy Harry
l make a man afraid to marry.
oy does oft' from paper white
iature produce a kite.
tender hands the wood he bends
hich the body he extends;
nade of flour with water mix'd
cement by which it is fix'd;
ſciſſars from the maid he 'll borrow,
promiſe of return to-morrow.
thoſe he paper nicely cuts
i on the ſides for wings he puts.

" The tail, that is an eſſential part,
" He manages with equal art,
" With paper ſhreds at diſtance ty'd,
" As not too near nor yet too wide,
" Which he to fitting length extends
" Till with a taft the fabrick ends.
" Next packthread of the ev'neſt twine,
" Or ſometimes ſilk, he 'll to it join,
" Which by the guidance of his hand
" Its riſe or downfal may command,
" Or carry meſſengers to ſee
" If all above in order be :
" Then wanton zephirs fan it till it riſe,
" And thro' ethereal rills ploughs up the azu
" Sometimes in ſilent ſhade of night
" He 'll make it ſhine with wondrous light
" By lantern with tranſparent folds
" Which flaming wax in ſafety holds.
" This glitt'ring with myſterious rays
" Does all the neighbourhood amaze :
" Then comes the conj'rer o' th' place
" With legs aſquint and crooked face,
" Who with his ſpying pole from far
" Pronounces it a blazing ſtar;
" That wheat ſhall fall and oats be dear,
" And barley ſhall not ſpring that year;
" That murrain ſhall infect all kine,
" And meaſles will deſtroy the ſwine;

fair maids' ſweethearts ſhall fall dead
re they loſe their maidenhead;
widows ſhall be forc'd to tarry
nth at leaſt before they marry.
vhilſt the fool his thought enjoys
whole contrivance was my boy's.
mark me; it was from ſuch like things
poets fram'd out Cupid's wings.
hild's nature thus can ſoar,
all this lies within his pow'r,
nother ſurely can do more.
tell me what is to be done
'll with cuckoldmakers run?
ratchful care of jealous eye
inder if eſcape ſhe 'll try:
kite will to her carrion fly."
re native modeſty the mind ſecures
ſband has no need of locks and doors;
xious comet fram'd by Jealouſy
ove deluſion all, and all a lie.

PART VII.

ll the herbs by ſage Medea found,
arſan drugs, tho' mixt with magick ſound,
iltres ſtudy'd by Theſſalian art,
the mind and conſtancy impart.

Could theſe prevail Jaſon had felt their charms,
Ulyſſes ſtill had dy'd in Circe's arms.
Continue lovely if you 'll be belov'd:
Virtue from virtue's bands is ne'er remov'd.
Like Nireus beautiful, like Hylas gay,
By time the blooming outſide will decay.
See Hyacinth again of form bereſt,
And only thorns upon the roſetree left.
Then lay up ſtores of learning and of wit,
Whoſe fame ſhall ſcorn the Acherontick pit;
And whilſt thoſe fleeting ſhadows vainly fly,
Adorn the better part, which cannot die.

Ulyſſes had no magick in his face,
But then his eloquence had charming grace,
Such as could force itſelf to be believ'd,
And all the Wat'ry goddeſſes deceiv'd;
To whom Calypſo from her widow'd ſhore
Sends him theſe ſighs, which furious tempeſts bo

" Your paſſage often I by art delay'd,
" Oblig'd you more the more to be betray'd.
" Here you have often on this rolling ſand
" Deſcrib'd your ſcene of war with ſlender wand
" Here is Troy, and this circumference its walls
" Here Simois gently in the ocean falls;
" Here lies my camp; theſe are the ſpacious fiel
" Where to this ſword the crafty Dolon yields;
" This of Sithonian Rheſus is the tent.—
" On with the pleaſing tale your language went

"When a tenth wave did with one flash destroy
"The platform of imaginary Troy.
"By fear like this I would enforce your stay,
"To see what names the waters toss'd away.
"I took you cast up helpless by the sea;
"Thousands of happy hours you pass'd with me,
"No mention made of old Penelope.
"On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
"But write our benefits upon the wave.
"Why then be gone, the seas uncertain trust;
"As I found you so may you find them just:
"Dying Calypso must be left behind,
"And all your vows be wafted with the wind."
Fond are the hopes he should be constant now
Who to his tend'rest part had broke his vow.
By artful charms the mistress strives in vain
The loose inconstant wanderer to gain:
Shame is her entrance, and her end is pain.

PART VIII.

Indulgence soon takes with a noble mind:
Who can be harsh that sees another kind?
Most times the greatest art is to comply
In granting that which justice might deny.
We form our tender plants by [illegible],
And from a warping stem raise stately trees.

To cut th' oppoſing waves we ſtrive in vain,
But if we riſe with them and fall again
The wiſh'd-for land with eaſe we may attain.
Such complaiſance will a rough humour bend,
And yielding to one failure ſave a friend.
Mildneſs and temper have a force divine
To make ev'n paſſion with their nature join.
The hawk we hate as living ſtill in arms,
And wolves aſſiduous in the ſhepherds' harms.
The ſociable ſwallow has no fears,
Upon our tow'rs the dove her neſt prepares,
And both of them live free from human ſnares.
Far from loud rage and echoing noiſe of fights
The ſofteſt Love in gentle ſound delights.
Smooth mirth, bright ſmiles, calm peace, and flowi
Are the companions of the Paphian boy;
Such as when Hymen firſt his mantle ſpread
All o'er the ſacred down which made the bridal be
Theſe blandiſhments keep Love upon the wing,
His preſence freſh, and always in the ſpring:
This makes a proſpect endleſs to the view,
With light that riſes ſtill and ſtill is new;
At your approach find ev'ry thing ſerene,
Like Paphos honour'd by the Cyprian queen,
Who brings along her daughter Harmony,
With Muſes ſprung from Jove and Graces three.
Birds ſhot by you, fiſh by your angle caught,
The Golden Apples from Heſperia brought,

The blushing peach, the fragrant nectarines,
Laid in fresh beds of flow'rs and scented greens,
Fair lilies strew'd with bloody mulberries,
Or grapes whose juice made Bacchus reach the skies,
May oftentimes a grateful present make,
Not for the value but the giver's sake.

Perhaps she may at vacant hours peruse
The happy product of your easy Muse.
Far from intrigue and scandal be your verse,
But praise of virgin modesty rehearse,
Mausolus by his consort deify'd,
How for Admetus blest Alcestis dy'd.
Since Overbury's Wife * no poets seem
T' have chose a wiser or a nobler theme.

You 'd help a neighbour, would a friend prefer,
Pardon a servant; let all come from her.
Thus what you grant if she must recommend
'Twill make a mutual gift and double friend.
So when pale Want is craving at the door
We send our fav'rite son to help the poor;
Pleas'd with their grateful pray'rs that he may live,
And find what heav'nly pleasure it is to give.
Praise all her actions, think her dress is fine:
Embroideries with gold, pearl, diamonds, join:
Your wealth does best when plac'd on Beauty shine.

* This poem, supposed to [illegible] of Somerset, is the character of a good woman, [illegible] verse of the lady that his friend [illegible] his Characters, &c. [illegible] 1638.

If she in tabby waves encircled be,
Think Amphitrite rises from the sea.
If by her the purpureal velvet is worn,
Think that she rises like the blush of Morn:
And when her silks afar from Indus come,
Wrought in Chinese or in the Persian loom,
Think that she then like Pallas is array'd,
By whose mysterious art the wheel was made.
Each day admire her diff'rent graceful air
In which she winds her bright and flowing hair.
With her when dancing let your genius fly;
When in her song the note expires then die.

If in the autumn when the wasting year
Its plenty shews that soon must disappear,
When swelling grape, and peach with lovely hue,
And pear and apple fresh with fragrant dew,
By tempting look and taste perhaps invite
That which we seldom rule, our appetite;
When noxious heat and sudden cold divides
The time o'er which bale influence presides,
Her fev'rish blood should pulse unusual find,
Or vap'rous damps of spleen should sink her mi
Then is the time to shew a lover's cares;
Sometimes enlarge her hopes, contract her fear
Give the salubrious draughts with your own ha
Persuasion has the force of a command.
Watch and attend; then your reward will prov
When she recovers full increase of Love.

om this Love is haughty pride,
ncient fables beſt deride;
imperious, void of ſhame,
eſs of their lovers' fame,
tyrannick follies boaſt,
ting him that loves them moſt.
Hercules by labours done
y'd himſelf to be Jove's ſon,
which he to earth had giv'n
to have his reſt in heav'n,
at ſtrives to be unjuſt,
to mortify him firſt,
he ſhould enamour'd be
d jilt call'd Omphale,
uld his heroſhip expoſe
ing hemp in women's clothes:
d ſhe did vouchſafe one day
her lover to diſplay;
e, quickly, ſir! off with my ſkin;
you I 'll let a tanner in?
of lions talk or boars
rtainly turn out of doors.
lub is abundantly too thick
e ſhall move a fiddleſtick.
ſhould you do with all thoſe arrows?
ave nothing kill'd but ſparrows.
, this day you may remember,
a ſhall ſee a lady's chamber.

" Let me be rightly underſtood;
" What I intend is for your good.
" In boddice I deſign to lace ye,
" And ſo among my maids I 'll place ye.
" When you 're genteeler grown and thinner
" May be I 'll call you up to dinner.
" With arms ſo brawny, fiſts ſo red,
" You 'll ſcrub the rooms or make the bed.
" You cann't ſtick pins or frizle my hair.
" Bleſs me! you 've nothing of an air.
" You 'll ne'er come up to working point;
" Your fingers all ſeem out of joint.
" Then beſides, Heccy, I muſt tell ye
" An idle hand has empty belly;
" Therefore this morning I 'll begin
" Try how your clumſineſs will ſpin.
" You are my ſhadow, do you ſee:
" Your hope, your thought, your wiſh, all be
" Invented and controll'd by me.
" Look up whene'er I laugh; look down
" With trembling horrour if I frown.
" Say as I ſay: ſervants cann't lie;
" Your truth is my propriety.
" Nay, you ſhould be to torture brought
" Were I but jealous you tranſgreſt in thought;
" Or if from Jove your ſingle wiſh ſhould crave
" The fate of not continuing ſtill my ſlave.

"There is no lover that is wife
"Pretends to win at cards or dice:
"'Tis for his miſtreſs all is thrown;
"The ill fortune his, the good her own.
"Melanion, whilom lovely youth,
"Fam'd for his valour and his truth,
"Whom ev'ry beauty did adorn,
"Freſh as Aurora's b[illegible]orn,
"Into the horrid woo[illegible],
"Where he ne'er fee[illegible]ray of ſun,
"Nor to his palace d[illegible]return,
"Where he for Pſych[illegible] love did burn,
"And found correcti[illegible]at her hands
"For diſobeying juſt commands,
"But muſt his ſilent penance do
"For once not buckling of her ſhoe:
"A good example, Child! for you;
"Which ſhews you when we have our fool
"We've policy enough to rule.
"I might have made you ſuch a fellow
"As ſhould have carry'd my umbrella,
"Or bore a flambeau by my chair,
"And bad the mob not come too near;
"Or lay the cloth, or wait at table;
"[illegible]ay, been a helper in the ſtable.
"To my commands obedience pay
"At dead of night or break of day.

" Will ſoon outſtrip [illegible],
" Thro' Dogſtar's heat he 'll tripping go,
" Nor leaves he print upon the ſnow:
" The wind itſelf to him is ſlow.
" He that in Cupid's wars would fight
" Grief, winter, dirty roads, and night,
" A bed of earth midſt ſhow'rs of rain,
" After no ſupper, are his gain.
" Bright Phœbus took Admetus' pay,
" And in a little cottage lay:
" All this he did for fear of Jove;
" And who would not do more for Love?
" If entrance is by locks deny'd,
" Then thro' the roof or window ſlide.
" Leander each night ſwam the ſeas
" That he might thereby Hero pleaſe:
" Perhaps I may be pleas'd to ſee
" Your life in danger when for me.
" You 'll find my ſervants in a row,
" Remember then you make your bow,
[illegible] ſuperiours now.

tér all you may n't prevail,
our moſt glitt'ring hopes may fail;
ɜres does not always yield
op entruſted to the field.
ales may bring you to a coaſt
: you 'll by hidden rocks be loſt.
a tenacious of its joys,
ſmall reward for great employs,
is as many griefs in ſtore
lls by Neptune caſt on ſhore,
hos hares, as Hybla bees,
i on the Palladian trees;
vhen his angry arrows fall
're not found ting'd with common gall.
:e told I 'm not at home, it is true :
be there but not for you,
may let you ſee it too.
ps I bid you come at night :
door is ſhut ſtay till it is light.
ps my maid ſhall bid you go,
ıg ſhe knows you dare not do.
rival ſhall admiſſion gain,
augh to ſee his foe in pain.
is and more you muſt endure
from me expect a cure.
tting I ſhould ſearch the wound
ll your danger be not found."

With kindneſs he receives the youth,
Whoſe modeſt looks might promiſe truth;
Then gives him opportunity
To throw the ſpecious vizard by.
The man had things to be adjuſted
With which the wife ſhould not be truſted,
And whilſt he gave himſelf the looſe
Left her at home to keep the houſe.
When Helen ſaw his back was turn'd
The devil a bit the gipſy mourn'd.
Says ſhe, "'Tis his fault to be gone;
"It ſha' n't be mine to lie alone.
"A vacant pillow is ſuch a jeſt,
"That with it I could never reſt.
"He ne'er conſider'd his own danger
"To leave me with a handſome ſtranger.
"Wolves would give good account of ſheep
"Left to their vigilance to keep.
"Pray who, except it were geeſe or widgeons,
"Would hire a hawk to guard their pigeons?
"Suppoſing then it might be ſaid
"That Menelaus now were dead,
"A pretty figure I ſhould make
"To go in mourning for his ſake!
"She that in widow's garb appears,
"Eſpecially when at my years,
"May ſeem to be at her laſt pray'rs.

l ſtill have my heart divided
one to loſe and one provided.
t is gone is gone: leſs fear
iting him that I have here."
qnel was the fire of Troy,
to deſtruction by this boy.
:ell us how a wife provok'd,
brutiſh huſband yok'd,
liſtracting paſſion led
l her charms and flies her bed,
her rival ſhe has ſeiz'd
th a ſecret horrour pleas'd:
n deſcribe her like ſome boar
his tuſk in maſtiff's gore;
s, whoſe raviſh'd whelp
his mother's furious help;
k when rous'd, whoſe breath,
ing, and eyeballs, all are death:
iticks ſtruck by magick rod
deſpis'd avenging god,
r thro' blood for vengeance run,
gne ſacrifice her ſon;
Medea dart thoſe fires
ı Creuſa's ghoſt expires;
her with exalted rage
f with the ſame crimes aſſuage;
iten and improve the curſe,
ne is bad they make her worſe.

So Tyndaris diſſolves in tears
When firſt ſhe of Chryſeis hears;
But when Lyrneſſis captive is led,
And raviſh'd to defile her bed,
Her patience leſſens by degrees;
But when at laſt ſhe Priameis ſees,
Revenge does to Ægyſthus fly for eaſe;
In his adult'rous arms does plots diſcloſe
Which fill Mycenæ with ſtupendous woes,
And parricide and hell around her throws.

Ye heav'nly Pow'rs! the female truth preſerve,
And let it not from native goodneſs ſwerve;
And let no wanton toys become the cauſe
Why men ſhould break Hymen's eternal laws;
But let ſuch fables and ſuch crimes remain
Only as fictions of the poet's brain,
Yet marks ſet up to ſhun thoſe dang'rous ſhelves
On which deprav'd mankind might wreck themſelves.

PART X.

At firſt the ſtars, the air, the earth, and deep,
Lay all confus'd in one unorder'd heap,
Till Love eternal did each being ſtrike
With voice divine to march and ſeek its like:
Then fields of heav'n, then air of vap'rous ſound,
Then fertile earth circled with waters round,
On which the bird, the beaſt, the fiſh, might move,
Were rear'd in that univerſal Love:

Then man was fram'd with ſoul of godlike ray,
And had a nobler ſhare of love than they:
To him was woman, crown'd with virtue, giv'n,
The moſt immediate work and care of Heav'n.
Whilſt thus my darling thoughts in raptures ſung,
Apollo to my ſight in viſion ſprung:
His lyre with golden ſtrings his touch commands,
And wreaths of laurel flouriſh in his hands.
Says he, "You Bard that of Love's precepts treat,
"Your art at Delphi you will beſt complete.
"There is a ſhort maxim, prais'd when underſtood,
"Uſeful in practice, and divinely good;
"Let each man know himſelf; ſtrive to excel:
"The pleaſure of the bleſt is doing well.
"'Tis wiſdom to diſplay the ruling grace:
"Some men are happy in a charming face;
"Know it, but be not vain: ſome manly ſhow
"By the exploded gun and nervous bow.
"There let them prove their ſkill; perhaps ſome heart
"May find that ev'ry ſhot is Cupid's dart.
"The prudent lover, if his talent lies
"In eloquence, e'nt talkative but wiſe,
"So mixes words delicious to the ear,
"That all muſt be perſuaded who can hear.
"He that can ſing let him with healing ſound,
"Tho' it is an air that is not mortal, wound.
"Let not a poet my own art refuſe:
"I'll come, and bring aſſiſtance to his Muſe."

But never by ill means your fortune puſh,
Nor raiſe your credit by another's bluſh:
The ſecret rites of Ceres none profane,
Nor tell what gods in Samothracia reign.
'Tis virtue by grave ſilence to conceal
What talk without diſcretion would reveal.
For fault like this now Tantalus does lie
In midſt of fruits and water ſtarv'd and dry:
But Cytherea's modeſty requires
Moſt care to cover all her lambent fires.
Love has a pleaſing turn, makes that ſeem beſt
Of which our lawful wiſhes are poſſeſt.
Andromeda, of Lybic hue and blood,
Was chain'd a prey to monſters of the flood:
Wing'd Perſeus ſaw her beauty thro' that cloud.
Andromache had large majeſtick charms,
Therefore was fitteſt grace to godlike Hector's arms
Beauties in ſmaller airs bear like commands,
And wondrous magick acts by ſlend'reſt wands.
Like Cybele ſome bear a mother's ſway,
Whilſt infant gods and heroines obey.
Some rule like ſtars by guidance of their eyes,
And others pleaſe when like Minerva wiſe.
Love will from heav'n, art, nature, fancy, raiſe
Something that may exalt its conſort's praiſe.
There will be little jealouſies
By which Love's art its ſubjects tries.
They think it languiſhes with reſt,
But riſes like the palm oppreſt:

much profperity
es way for luxury,
turn of fortune taught
om by experience bought;
ie hoary aſhes grow
ove's coals it is time to blow;
ts craftineſs is ſhown
our cares to hide its own,
you by a rival croſt,
pes you may n't be loſt.
they ſay that you are faulty,
hey know where you were naughty;
perhaps your eyes they 'd tear,
icerate your hair,
ch for revenge as fear.
haps too far may run,
at ſhe would have you ſhun,
here is a poetick ſtory
a pleaſe I 'll lay before you.
o made her Jove comply
ot aſking when or why,
tain ſort of matter,
her ſon unto his daughter;
bed the couple went,
heir own but friends' conſent.
an was a ſmith they tell us
invented tongs and bellows;
and fingers did their works,
gers long before we 'd forks)

Which made his hands, both hard and brawn
When waſh'd of colour orange-tawny.
His whole complexion was a ſallow,
Where black had not deſtroy'd the yellow.
One foot was clump'd, which was the ſtronge
T'other ſpiny, tho' much longer;
So both to the proportion come
Of the forefinger and the thumb.
In ſhort, the whole of him was naſty,
Illnatur'd, vain, imperious, haſty.
Deformity alike took place
Both in his manners and his face.
Venus had perfect ſhape and ſize,
But then ſhe was not overwiſe;
For ſometimes ſhe her knee is crimping,
To imitate th' old man in limping:
Sometimes his dirty paws ſhe ſcorns,
Whilſt her fair fingers ſhew his horns.
But Mars, the bully of the place, is
The chiefeſt ſpark in her good graces.
At firſt they 're ſhy, at laſt grow bolder,
And conjugal affection colder.
They car'd not what was ſaid or done,
Till Impudence defy'd the Sun.
Vulcan was told of this. Quoth he,
" Is there ſuch roguery? I 'll ſee."
He then an iron net prepar'd,
Which he to the bed's teſter rear'd,

a pulley gave a ſnap
nd make a cuckold's trap.
lac'd in the beſt room,
that he muſt go from home;
mnos forges had,
t he to mind the trade.
too eager to beware
o any ſnare.
o bed, and ſo were caught,
ey of repentance thought.
ing ready to begin
d call his neighbours in.
be there, that does make bold
that notorious ſcold;
ſt bargeman on the water;
yſterwoman's daughter;
himney-ſweeping ſloven;
pine hot from her oven;
y, that is ſharp and cunning
ſtreets and in running;
midwife, tho' a virgin;
pius the ſurgeon;
might be phyſician,
n elfe for a muſician;
m to play her up;
s with his chirping cup;
les ſhould bring his club in
rogue a luſty drubbing;

And all the Cupids ſhould be by
To ſee their mother's infamy.
One Momus cry'd, "You 're hugely pleas'd; 148
"I hope your mind will ſoon be eas'd;
"For when ſo publickly you find it
"People you know will little mind it:
"They love to tell what no one knows,
"And they themſelves only ſuppoſe. 149
"Not ev'ry huſband can afford
"To be a cuckold on record;
"Nor ſhould he be a cuckold ſtyl'd
"That once or ſo has been beguil'd,
"Unleſs he makes it demonſtration, 1495
"Then puts it in ſome proclamation,
"With gen'ral voice of all the nation."
The company were come, when Vulcan hoppi
And for his key in left ſide-pocket gropping,
"Cries, "It is but op'ning of that door 1
"To prove myſelf a cuckold, her a whore."
They all deſir'd his leave that they might go
They were not curious of ſo vile a ſhow:
Perſons concern'd might one another ſee,
And they 'd believe ſince witneſſes were three
And they, thus prov'd to be ſuch fooliſh elves
Might hear, try, judge, and e'en condemn, then
Diſcretion covers that which it would blame,
Until ſome ſecret bluſh and hidden ſhame
Have cur'd the fault without the noiſe of Fa:

done: and now let Ovid have
attending on his grave:
lm, the verdant laurel, ſtrow,
myrtle wreaths around it throw.
as Podalirius ſkill'd,
, Achilles in the field,
ſingle combat force,
edon beſt rul'd the horſe,
s'd in prophecies from Jove,
e maſterſhip of Love.
our will be much the leſs
ch by his means you may poſſeſs
auty's laſting happineſs:
Amazonian quits the field,
ote on the triumphant ſhield,
rid's Art was brought to yield.
's thoughts in Britiſh ſtyle you ſee,
t ſo founding as the Roman be,
ttance grant: it is fame to me.

PART XI.

of war to Danaans gave
ıthefilea's force as brave,
ɔming glorious to the fight
ms may hold a dubious fight.

What tho' it was Vulcan fram'd Achilles' ſhield
My Amazonian darts ſhall make him yield.
A myrtle crown with victory attends
Thoſe who are Cupid's and Dione's friends.
When Beauty has ſo many arms in ſtore,
(Some men will ſay) why ſhould you give it me
Tell me who, when Penelope appears
With conſtancy maintain'd for twenty years,
Who can the fair Laodamia ſee
In her lord's arms expire as well as he,
Can view Alceſtis, who with joy removes
From earth inſtead of him ſhe ſo much loves,
Can hear of bright Evadne, who in fires
For her lov'd Capaneus prepar'd expires,
When Virtue has itſelf a female name?
So Truth, ſo Goodneſs, Piety, and Fame,
Would headſtrong fight, and would not conquer'
Or ſtoop to ſo much generoſity.

'Tis not with ſword, or fire, or ſtrength of bo
That female warriours to their battle go:
They have no ſtratagem or ſubtle wile;
Their native innocence can ne'er beguile.
The fox's various maze, bear's cruel den,
They leave to fierceneſs and the craft of men.
'Twas Jaſon that tranſfer'd his broken vows
From kind Medea to another ſpouſe:
Theſeus left Gnoſſis on the ſands to be
Prey to the birds or monſters of the ſea:

hoon, nine times recall'd, forbore
, and let his Phillis name the ſhore:
wreck'd, and hoſpitably us'd,
'or his piety, yet ſtill refus'd
where lov'd, but left the dang'rous ſword
ch ſhe dy'd to whom he broke his word.
examples! worthy better fate,
ſtructions had not come too late;
n their art and prudence had retain'd
rſt victorious rays of Beauty gain'd.
thus I thought, not without grief to find
:leſs Virtue meet with fate unkind,
Cytherea's ſacred voice did reach
gling ears, and thus ſhe bad me teach:
iat had the harmleſs maid deſerv'd from thee?
. haſt giv'n weapons to her enemy;
ſt in the field ſhe muſt defenceleſs ſtand,
want of ſkill and more unable hand.
horus, who would no ſubject find
arm to maids was by the gods ſtruck blind;
vhen his ſong did with their glorious [illegible]
ad his own reſtor'd to praiſe their eyes.
l'd by me, and arms defenſive give;
by the ladies' favours you muſt live."
hen one myſtick leaf with berries four
'd from her myrtle crown) bad me with ſpeed
levour.

I find the pow'r inſpir'd thro' purer ſky;
My breath diſſolves in verſe to make young lovers d
Here Modeſty and Innocence ſhall learn
How they may truth from flatt'ring ſpeech diſcer
But come with ſpeed; loſe not the flying day:
See how the crowding waves roll down away,
And neither tho' at Love's command will ſtay.
Theſe waves and time we never can recall,
But as the minutes paſs muſt loſe them all;
Nor like what is paſt are days ſucceeding good,
But ſlide with warmth decay'd and thicker blood.
Flora, altho' a goddeſs, yet does fear
The change that grows with the declining year;
Whilſt gliſt'ring ſnakes by caſting off their ſkin
Freſh courage gain, and life renew'd begin:
The eagles caſt their bills, the ſtag its horn;
But Beauty to that bleſſing is not born.
Thus Nature prompts its uſe to forward Love,
Grac'd by examples of the pow'rs above.
Endymion pierc'd the chaſte Diana's heart,
And cool Aurora felt Love's fiery dart.

PART XII.

A PERSON of ſome quality
Happen'd they ſay in love to be
With one who held him by delay,
Would neither ſay him No or Ay,
Nor would ſhe have him go his way.

This lady thought it beſt to ſend
For ſome experienc'd truſty friend,
To whom ſhe might her mind impart,
T' unchain her own and bind his heart.
A tirewoman by occupation,
A uſeful and a choice vocation,
She ſaw all, heard all, never idle,
Her fingers or her tongue would fiddle,
Diverting with a kind of wit,
Aiming at all, would ſometimes hit,
Tho' in her ſort of rambling way
She many a ſerious truth would ſay,
Thus in much talk among the reſt
The oracle itſelf expreſt:
" I 've heard ſome cry, Well, I profeſs,
" There is nothing to be gain'd by dreſs!
" They might as well ſay that a field
" Uncultivated yet would yield
" As good a crop as that which ſkill
" With utmoſt diligence ſhould till:
" Our vintage would be very fine
" If nobody ſhould prune their vine!
" Good ſhape and air, it is confeſt,
" Is giv'n to ſuch as Heav'n has bleſt,
" But all folks have not the ſame grace,
" There is diſtinction in our face:
" There was a time I'd not repine
" For any thing amiſs in mine.

" Which, tho' I say it, still seems fair,
" Thanks to my art as well as care!
" Our grandmothers they tell us wore
" Their farthingale and their bandore,
" Their pinners, forehead cloth, and ruff,
" Content with their own cloth and stuff,
" With hats upon their pates like hives,
" Things might become such soldiers' wives,
" Thought their own faces still would last them
" In the same mould which Nature cast them:
" Dark paper buildings then stood thick,
" No palaces of stone or brick;
" And then, alas! were no Exchanges;
" But see how time and fashion changes!
" I hate old things and age. I see,
" Thank Heav'n! times good enough for me.
" Our goldsmiths now are mighty neat;
" [illegible] the air of Lombard Street.
" [illegible]'er a ship from India brings,
" [illegible], diamonds, silks, are pretty things:
" [illegible] cabinet, the screen, the fan,
" [illegible] extremely if Japan:
" [illegible] what affects me still the more,
" [illegible] had none of them heretofore.
" [illegible] you're unmarry'd never load ye
" [illegible] jewels; they may incommode ye:
" [illegible] may n't dare approach; but mostly
" [illegible]y 'll fear when marry'd you 'll be costly.

" Fine rings and lockets beſt are try'd
" When giv'n to you as a bride:
" In the meantime you ſhew your ſenſe
" By going fine at ſmall expenſe.
" Sometimes your hair you upwards furl,
" Sometimes lay down in fav'rite curl;
" All muſt thro' twenty fiddlings paſs,
" Which none can teach you but your glaſs:
" Sometimes they muſt diſhevell'd lie
" On neck of poliſh'd ivory;
" Sometimes with ſtrings of pearl they 're fix'd,
" And the united beauty mix'd;
" Or when you won't their grace unfold,
" Secure them with a bar of gold.
" Humour and faſhions change each day;
" Not birds in forefts, flow'rs in May,
" Would ſooner number'd be than they.
" There is a ſort of negligence
" Which ſome eſteem as excellence,
" Your art with ſo much art to hide
" That nothing of it be deſcry'd;
" To make your careleſs treſſes flow
" With ſo much air that none ſhould know
" Whether they had been comb'd or no:
" But in this ſo neglected hair
" Many a heart has found its ſnare.
" Nature indeed has kindly ſent
" Us many things, more we invent;

" Little enough, as I may ſay,
" To keep our beauty from decay.
" As leaves that with fierce winds engage
" Our curling treſſes fall with age:
" But then by German herbs we find
" Colour for locks to gray inclin'd.
" Sometimes we purchaſe hair; and why?
" Is not all that our own we buy?
" You buy it publickly, ſay they:
" Why tell us that when we do n't pay.
" Of French pomades the Town is full.
" Praiſe Heav'n no want of Spaniſh wool!
" Let them look fluſht, let them look dead
" That cann't afford the white and red.
" In Covent-Garden you buy poſies,
" There we our lilies and our roſes.
" Who would a charming eyebrow lack
" Who can get any thing that is black?
" Let not theſe boxes open lie;
" Some folks are too much giv'n to pry.
" Art not diſſembl'd would diſgrace
" The purchas'd beauties of our face:
" This if ſuch perſons ſhould diſcover
" 'Twould rather loſe than gain a lover.
" Who is there now but underſtands
" Searcloths to flea the face or hands?
" Tho' the idea is not ſo taking,
" And the ſkin ſeems but odd in making,

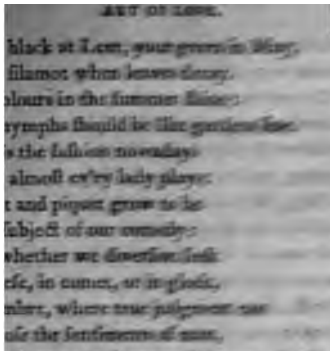
en it will with freſh luſtre ſhine,
rk will tell you it is divine.
cture there your eye does ſtrike
work of great Van Dyke,
by a Roman would be fainted,
vas it but canvaſs till it was painted?
s ſeveral things ſhould not be known;
eſe there is a curtain drawn
s their ſeaſon to be ſhown.
oor on fit occaſions keep
t: who knows but you 're aſleep?
ur teeth, colour, hair, and eyes,
at elſe at the toilet lies,
put on we 're ſaid to riſe.
e was a lady whom I knew,
uſt be nameleſs 'cauſe it is true,
d the diſmalleſt miſchance
ard of ſince I was in France:
teſt the thoughts of it
moſt put me in a fit.
dy Meanwell's chamber door,
the ſtairs of the firſt floor,
pen; and pray who ſhould come
owall flouncing in the room?
le hair upon her head
ht ſhe would have fell down dead.
ſhe found a cap of hair,
ſhe put on with ſuch an air,

" That ev'ry lock was out of place,
" And all hung dangling down her face.
" I would not mortify one so,
" Except some twenty that I know.
" Her carelessness and her defect
" Were laid to Mistress Prue's neglect,
" And much illnature was betray'd
" By noise and scolding with the maid.
" The young look on such things as stuff,
" Thinking their bloom has art enough.
" When smooth we matter it not at all;
" 'Tis when the Thames is rough we squall.
" But whate'er it is may be pretended
" No face or shape but may be mended.
" All have our faults, and must abide them;
" We therefore should take care to hide them.
" You 're short; sit still, you 'll taller seem;
" You 're only shorter from the stem.
" By looser garb your leanness is conceal'd;
" By want of stays the grosser shape is reveal'd.
" The more the blemishes upon the feet,
" The greater care the lace and shoes be neat.
" Some backs and sides are wav'd like billows;
" These holes are best made up with pillows.
" Thick fingers always should command
" Without the stretching out the hand.
" Who has bad teeth should never see
" A play unless a tragedy;

can teach you how to ſimper,
ien it is proper you ſhould whiſper.
hat your grace and wit is now
your laughing at a thing, but how.
m for ſomething more than breath
w the ends of milkwhite teeth.
s a *je n' ſcai quoi* is found
: ſmooth affected ſound;
re is a ſhrieking crying tone
I ne'er lik'd when all is done;
ere are ſome who laugh like men,
r to ſhut their mouths again;
loud and *mal propos*,
em like hautboys to a ſhow.
v for the reverſe. 'Tis ſkill
your tears flow when you will:
ıſe when people die,
to have the ſpleen, and cry
: you have no reaſon why.
for your talk.—Come, let me ſee:
ſe your H, here drop your T;
that R; your ſpeech is better
or deſtroying of one letter.
p, and have a ſort of pride
n as if your tongue were ty'd;
ſuch a becoming fault,
than want it ſhould be taught.

" And now that you have learnt to talk
" Pray let me see if you can walk.
" There is many dancingmasters treat
" Of management of ladies' feet.
" There is some their mincing gate have chose
" Treading without their heel or toes.
" She that reads Taſſo or Malherbe*
" Chuſes a ſtep that is ſuperbe.
" Some giddy creatures, as if ſhunning
" Something diſlik'd, are always running;
" Some prance like Frenchwomen, who ride,
" As our lifeguard men, all aſtride:
" But each of theſe have decoration
" According to their affectation.
" That dance is graceful and will pleaſe
" Where all the motions glide with eaſe.
" We to the ſkilful theatre
" This ſeeming want of art prefer.
" 'Tis no ſmall art to give direction
" How to ſuit knots to each complexion,
" How to adorn the breaſt and head
" With blue, white, cherry, pink, or red.
" As the morn riſes, ſo that day
" Wear purple, ſky-colour, or gray;

* By the manner in which Taſſo and Malherbe are tioned by Dr King, they ſeem not to have been the m ſhionable authors of that age. Our Author has tranſlat he calls An admirable Ode of Malherbe.



black at Lent, your green in May,
filamot when leaves decay.
lours in the summer shine:
ymphs should be like gardens fine.
s the fashion nowadays
almost ev'ry lady plays:
t and piquet grow to be
subject of our comedy:
whether we diversion seek
ese, in comet, or in glock,
nbre, where true judgment can
ose the sentiments of man,
s have a care how we discover,
cially before a lover,
passions which we should conceal,
eats of play too oft' reveal;
e the matter small or great
e is like abhorrence for a cheat.
e is nothing spoils a woman's graces
previshness and making faces:
angry words and rude discourse
may be sure beatmes them worse.
hopes of gain when we're beset
lo too commonly forget
guards as screen us from those eyes
ch may observe us and despise.
urn the cards rather than know
ny of my friends did so.

" I 've heard of ſome ſuch things, but I,
" Thanks to my ſtars! was never by.
" Thus we may paſs our time: the men
" A thouſand ways divert their ſpleen
" Whilſt we ſit peeviſhly within; 18
" Hunting, cocking, racing, joking,
" Fuddling, ſwimming, fencing, ſmoking;
" And little thinking how poor we
" Muſt vent our ſcandal o'er our tea.
" I ſee no reaſon but we may
" Be briſk, and equally as gay.
" Whene'er our gentlemen would range
" We 'll take our chariot for the 'Change:
" If they 're diſpoſing for the play
" We 'll haſten to the opera;
" Or when they 'll luſtily carouſe
" We 'll ſurely to the Indian Houſe;
" And at ſuch coſt whilſt thus we roam
" For cheapneſs' ſake they 'll ſtay at home.
" Few wiſe men's thoughts e'er yet purſu'd
" That which their eyes had never view'd;
" And ſo our never being ſeen
" Is the ſame thing as not t' have been.
" Grandeur itſelf and poverty
" Were equal if no witneſs by;
" And they who always ſing alone
" Can ne'er be prais'd by more than one.
" Had Danae been ſhut up ſtill
" She 'd been a maid againſt her will,

ight have grown prodigious old
ver had her ſtory told.
fair maids ſhould run a-gadding
the am'rous beaux a-madding.
ny a ſheep the wolf has gone
an neatly ſeize on one;
any a partridge ſcapes away
the hawk can pounce its prey:
if pretty damſels rove
ll find out one perhaps may love,
no diligence will ſpare,
their dreſſing ſtill take care.
her baits his hook all night
es by chance ſome eel may bite.
vith their diff'rent grace appears,
s with bluſh, widows with tears,
gain new huſbands tender-hearted
nk how ſuch a couple parted.
en there are ſome foppiſh beaux
s in all things but their clothes;
ve may ſeem the more robuſt,
tteſt to accoſt them firſt,
owder, paint, falſe locks, and hair,
give them ſtyle a female air;
aving all their tale by rot,
arping ſtill on the ſame note,
ll to that and nothing more
what a thouſand heard before:

" Tho' they all marks of Love pretend
" There is nothing which they left intends,
" And 'midſt a thouſand hideous cuſtoms
" With jewels falſe and borrow'd clothes,
" Our eaſineſs may give belief
" To one that is an arrant thief."
The ſpark was coming; ſhe undreſs
Scuttles away as if poſſeſs.
The Governeſs cries, " Where d'ye run?"
" Why, Madam, I 've but juſt begun."
She bawls; the other nothing hears,
But leaves her prattling to the chairs.
Virtue without theſe little arts
At firſt ſubdues, then keeps our hearts;
And tho' more gracefully it ſhows
When it from lovely perſons flows,
Yet often goodneſs moſt prevails
When beauty in perfection fails.
Tho' ev'ry feature may n't be well,
Yet all together may excel.
There is nothing but will eaſy proove
When all the reſt is made up by Love.

PART XIII.

VIRGINS ſhould not unſkill'd in muſick be;
For what is more like themſelves than harmon

Let not vice uſe it only to betray,
As Sirens by their ſongs entice their prey:
Let it with ſenſe, with voice, and beauty join,
Grateful to eyes and ear, and to the mind divine;
For there is a double grace when pleaſing ſtrings
Are touch'd by her that more delightful ſings.
Thus Orpheus did the rage of deſerts quell,
And charm'd the monſtrous inſtruments of hell:
New walls to Thebes Amphion thus began,
Whilſt to the work officious marble ran:
Thus with his harp a[illegible] voice Arion rode
On the mute fiſh ſafe [illegible]ro' the rolling flood.
Nor are the eſſays of the female wit
Leſs charming in the verſes they have writ.
From ancient ages Love has found the way
Its bafhful thoughts by letters to convey,
Which ſometimes run in ſuch engaging ſtrain
That pity makes the fair write back again.
What is thus intended ſome ſmall time delay;
His paſſion ſtrengthens rather by our ſtay:
Then with a cautious wit your pen withhold,
Leſt a too free expreſſion make him bold.
Create a mixture 'twixt his hope and fear,
And in reproof let tenderneſs appear.
As he deſerves it give him hopes of life:
A cruel miſtreſs makes a froward wife.
Affect not foreign words: Love will impart
A gentle ſtyle more excellent than art.

Aſtrea's * lines flow on with ſo much eaſe 197
That ſhe who writes like them muſt ſurely pleaſe.
Orinda's † works, with courtly graces ſtor'd,
True ſenſe in nice expreſſions will afford;
Whilſt Chudleigh's ‡ words ſeraphick thoughts expre
In lovely grandeur, but without exceſs. 197
Oh! had not Beauty parts enough to wound;
But it muſt pierce us with poetick ſound,
Whilſt Phœbus ſuffers female pow'rs to tear
Wreaths from his Daphne which they juſtly wear

* A name aſſumed by Mrs. Aphra Behn, a lady well knov in the gay and poetical world in the licentious reign of Kl Charles II. She was authoreſs of ſeventeen plays, two volum of novels, ſeveral tranſlations, and many poems.

† The poetical name of Mrs. Catharine Philips. She w the daughter of John Fowler merchant, and born in Lond 1631; was married to James Philips of the Priory of Cardig Eſq. about the year 1647, and died in Fleetſtreet in the mon of June 1664. Her poems have been ſeveral times printe She was alſo the writer of a volume of letters publiſhed ma years after her death, to Sir Charles Cotterel, entitled Lett from Orinda to Poliarchus, which have been admired.—M Philips was as much famed for her friendſhip as for her poeti and had the good fortune to be equally eſteemed by the b poet and the beſt divine of her age. Dr. Jeremy Taylor i dreſſed his Diſcourſe on the Nature and Effects of Friendſhip this lady; and Mr. Cowley has celebrated her memory in elegant ode preſerved amongſt his works.

‡ This lady was daughter to Richard Lee of Winſlade, the county of Devon, Eſq. She was born in the year 16 became the wife of Sir George Chudleigh of Aſhton, in ſame county, Bart. and died Dec. 15th 1710. Her poems w twice printed in her lifetime in one volume 8vo.; the ſeco edition in 1709. She alſo publiſhed a volume of Eſſays u ſeveral Subjects in Proſe and Verſe 1710.

If greater things to leſſer we compare
The ſkill of Love is like the art of war.
The gen'ral ſays, "Let him the horſe command;
"You by that enſign, you that cannon, ſtand:
"Where danger calls let th' other bring ſupplies:"
With pleaſure all obey in hopes to riſe.
So if you have a ſervant ſkill'd in laws
Send him with moving ſpeech to plead your cauſe.
He that has native u[illegible]ed voice
In ſinging what you bid him will rejoice.
And wealth as Beauty orders it beſtow'd
Would make ev'n miſers in expenſes proud.
But they o'er whom Apollo rules have hearts
The moſt ſuſceptible of lovers' ſmarts,
And like their god ſo they feel Cupid's darts.
The gods and kings are by their labours prais'd,
And they again by them to honour rais'd;
For none to Heav'n or majeſty expreſt
Their duty well but in return were bleſt:
Nor did the mighty Scipio think it ſcorn
That Ennius, in Calabrian mountains born,
His wars, retirements, councils, ſhould attend,
In all diſtinguiſh'd by the name of Friend.
He that for want of worlds to conquer wept
Without conſulting Homer never ſlept.
The poet's cares all terminate in fame;
As they obtain they give a laſting name.

Thus from the dead Lucrece and Cynthia rise,
And Berenice's Hair adorns the skies.
The sacred bard no treach'rous craft displays,
But virtuous actions crowns with his own bays:
Far from ambition and wealth's sordid care,
In him good nature and content appear;
And far from courts, from studious parties free,
He sighs forth Laura's charms beneath some tr
Despairing of the valu'd prize he loves
Commits his thoughts to winds and echoing gr
Poets have quick desire and passion strong;
Where once it lights there it continues long:
They know that truth is the perpetual band
By which the world and heav'n of Love must
The poet's art softens their tempers so
That manners easy as their verses flow.
Oh! could they but just retribution find,
And as themselves what they adore be kind!
Then they boast of their celestial fire
Whilst there remains a heav'n to which they
Whelles first brought Venus to our view, [a
When blooming charms and graces ever new,
Whose unknown to mortals might remain
In the cavern of her native main;
Then with the painter now the poets join
To make the mother and her boy divine:
Therefore attend, and from their musick learn
What which their minds inspir'd could best dis

Sidney then how Cowley mov'd,
art it was that Waller lov'd:
fet, in whose gen'rous mind
, wit, honour, ev'ry grace, combin'd:
me you one kind wish would spare,
poet to his friendly pray'r;
ney's verse, with candour ever blest,
still there still with his ashes rest:
warm spice and fragrant odours burn,
lasting sweets perfume his urn.
t the living Muse is to be scorn'd;
th equal worth is still adorn'd.
ur, where sense and honour mixt
merits just reward have fixt;
their works who writing in his praise
wn verse immortal laurels raise.
or's lines, for they can teach you more
ed Ben or Spenser did before;
t him well that uncouth physick's art
s softest tune of wit impart.
ella o'er Florello's grave,
rlane make Bajazet his slave,
dra with her ancient vigour rave.
pin's nurseries and gardens walk,
ow nymphs transform'd by am'rous colours
ee with Milton's grandeur rise,
delicious fruit of Paradise,
les might the first-born man deceive,
persuasive voice than tempting Eve.

Thus from the dead Lucrece and Cynthia rise,
And Berenice's Hair adorns the skies.
The sacred bard no treach'rous craft displays,
But virtuous actions crowns with his own bays:
Far from ambition and wealth's sordid care,
In him good nature and content appear;
And far from courts, from studious parties free,
He sighs forth Laura's charms beneath some tree;
Despairing of the valu'd prize he loves
Commits his thoughts to winds and echoing groves.
Poets have quick desire and passion strong;
Where once it lights there it continues long:
They know that truth is the perpetual band
By which the world and heav'n of Love must stand.
The poet's art softens their tempers so
That manners easy as their verses flow.
Oh! could they but just retribution find,
And as themselves, what they adore be kind!
In vain they boast of their celestial fire
Whilst there remains a heav'n to which they cann't aspire!
Apelles first brought Venus to our view,
With blooming charms and graces ever new,
Who else unknown to mortals might remain
Hid in the caverns of her native main;
And with the painter now the poets join
To make the mother and her boy divine:
Therefore attend, and from their musick learn
That which their minds inspir'd could best discern.

First see how Sidney then how Cowley mov'd,
And with what art it was that Waller lov'd:
Forget not Dorset, in whose gen'rous mind
Love, sense, wit, honour, ev'ry grace, combin'd:
And if for me you one kind wish would spare,
Answer a poet to his friendly pray'r;
Take Stepney's verse, with candour ever blest,
For Love will there still with his ashes rest:
There let warm spice and fragrant odours burn,
And everlasting sweets perfume his urn.

Not that the living Muse is to be scorn'd;
Britain with equal worth is still adorn'd.
See Halifax, where sense and honour mixt
Upon the merits just reward have fixt;
And read their works who writing in his praise
To their own verse immortal laurels raise.
Learn Prior's lines, for they can teach you more
Than sacred Ben or Spenser did before;
And mark him well that uncouth physick's art
Can in the softest tune of wit impart.
See Pastorella o'er Florello's grave,
See Tamerlane make Bajazet his slave,
And Phædra with her ancient vigour rave.
Thro' Rapin's nurseries and gardens walk,
And find how nymphs transform'd by am'rous colours
Pomona see with Milton's grandeur rise,
The most delicious fruit of Paradise,
With apples might the first-born man deceive,
And more persuasive voice than tempting Eve.

Not to confine you here; for many more
Britain's luxuriant wealth has ſtill in ſtore,
Which would I number up I muſt outrun
The largeſt courſe of the laborious ſun.

PART XIV.

Our manners like our countenance ſhould be,
One always candid, and the other free;
But when our mind by anger is poſſeſt
Our noble manhood is transform'd to beaſt:
No feature then its wonted grace retains
When the blood blackens in the ſwelling veins:
The eyeballs ſhoot out fiery darts would kill
The oppoſer if the Gorgon had its will.
When Pallas in a river ſaw the flute
Deform'd her cheeks ſhe let the reed be mute.
Anger no more will mortify the face
Which in that paſſion once conſults her glaſs.
Let Beauty ne'er be with this torment ſeiz'd,
But ever reſt ſerene, and ever pleas'd.
A dark and ſullen brow ſeems to reprove
The firſt advances that are made to Love,
To which there is nothing more averſe than pride.
When without ſpeaking often are deny'd;
And a diſdainful look too oft' reveals
Dark ſeeds of hatred which the tongue conceals.

[illegible] and smiles to smiles return,
[illegible] with equal ardour burn,
[illegible] passion soon will know
[illegible] and shot from Cupid's bow:
[illegible] lovely form does strike your eyes
[illegible] you admit surprise,
[illegible] love with quick discretion view;
[illegible] by being now:
[illegible] to a too hasty fate,
[illegible] yoke when it is too late.
[illegible] destruction sink,
[illegible] enough to think.
[illegible] help in vain we pray
[illegible] gain'd full strength by long delay.
[illegible] perhaps the growing hour
[illegible] now within beyond our pow'r.
[illegible] in cities finds increase,
and till the whole is destroy'd won't cease:
[illegible]rements does like rivers rise,
[illegible] springs enlarg'd by vast supplies.
[illegible] kept this guard she had not stood
[illegible]ental crime in weeping wood.
[illegible] Love is pleasing in its pain
[illegible]ithout reluctance health obtain.
[illegible] carry till to-morrow's sun,
[illegible]'d poisons thro' the vitals run.
[illegible] to be shook has pierc'd the ground,
[illegible] must follow the neglected wound.

O'er diff'rent ages Love bears diff'rent ſway,
Takes various turns to make all ſorts obey.
The colt unback'd we ſooth with gentle trace,
We ſeed the runner deſtin'd for the race;
And it is with time and maſters we prepare
The manag'd courſers ruſhing to the war.
Ambitious youth will have ſome ſparks of pride,
And not without impatience be deny'd.
If to his Love a rival you afford,
You then preſent a trial for his ſword:
His eager warmth diſdains to be preplext,
And rambles to the beauty that is next.
Maturer years proceed with care and ſenſe,
And as they ſeldom give ſo ſeldom take offence:
For he that knows reſiſtance is in vain
Knows likewiſe ſtruggling will increaſe his pain.
Like wood that is lately cut in Paphian grove
Time makes him a fit ſacrifice for Love:
By ſlow degrees he fans the gentle fire,
Till perſeverance makes the flame aſpire.
This Love is more ſure, the other is more gay;
But then he roves whilſt this is forc'd to ſtay.
There are ſome tempers which you muſt oblige
Not by a quick ſurrender but a ſiege;
That moſt are pleas'd when driven to deſpair
By what they 're pleas'd to call a cruel fair.
They think unleſs their uſage has been hard
Their conqueſt loſes part of its reward.

Thus ſome raiſe ſpleen from their abounding wealth,
And clogg'd with ſweets from acids ſeek their health:
And many a boat does its deſtruction find
By having ſcanty ſails too full of wind.
Is it not treachery to declare
The feeble parts we have in war?
Is it not folly to afford
Our enemy a naked ſword?
Yet it is my weakneſs to confeſs
What puts men often in diſtreſs:
But then it is ſuch beaux * as be
Poſſeſs'd with ſo much vanity
To think that whereſoe'er they turn
Whoever looks on them muſt burn.
What they deſire they think is true
With ſmall encouragement from you.
They will a ſingle look improve,
And take civilities for love.

* It is obvious that this word conveys, at preſent, a very different idea from its original ſignification, which was plainly that of an accompliſhed gentleman.—How different are the manly beaux of Farquhar from the preſent Macaronies; and how many intermediate gradations have ariſe between them? The genuine beau appears to have been corrupted by a ſervile imitation of that ludicrous character the *petit maître* of our neighbour nation, a title affected by ſuch of that vain people as had no other, in humble emulation of their *grand maître* Louis XIV.: from theſe came the Lord Lopkins and Sir Harry Wildairs, and from them degenerated by degrees the Fribble and the Macaroni.

"We all expected you at play;
"Was it not a mistress made you stay?"
The boon is fir'd, cries, "Now I find
"Lout of pity must be kind:
"She sigh'd impatient till I came."
Thus hearing to the lively flame
We see the vain ambitious fly
Scorch its gay wings, then unregarded die.
Both sexes have their jealousy,
And ways to gain their ends thereby,
But oftentimes too quick belief
Has giv'n a sudden vent to grief,
Occasion'd by some persons lying
To set an easy wife a-crying;
And Procris long ago, alas!
Experienc'd this unhappy case.
There is a mount, Hymettus flyi'd,
Where pinks and rosemary are wild;
Where strawberries and myrtles grow,
And violets make a purple show;
Where the sweet bays and laurel shine,
All shaded by the lofty pine;
Where zephirs with their wanton motion
Have all the leaves at their devotion:
Here Cephalus, who hunting lov'd,
When dogs and men were both remov'd,
And all his dusty labour done,
In the meridian of the sun

secret hedge would creep,
and hum himself asleep;
nonly being hot and dry
would for some cooler cry:
if some
would come!
, rarest,
st, fairest,
! come.
ir,
nd rare!
, rarest,
st, fairest,
! come. Cooler! come. Cooler! come."
nan that had heard him sing
her malice on the wing;
les usually do n't want
-gossip that will cant,
is pleas'd with others' ails,
efore carries spiteful tales.
ght that she might raise some strife
g something to his wife;
upon a time she stood
place, in such a wood,
a day, and such a year,
d, at least there did appear
or the world she would not lie
ast tell her by the by)

Her husband, first more loudly bawling,
And afterwards more softly calling
A person not of the best fame,
And Mistress Cooler was her name.
" Now, Gossip, why should she come thither
" But that they might be naught together?"
When Cris heard all her colour turn'd,
And tho' her heart within her burn'd,
And eyeballs sent forth sudden flashes,
Her cheeks and lips were pale as ashes.
Then, " Wo the day that she was born!"
The nightrail innocent was torn;
Many a thump was giv'n the breast,
" And she, oh! she should never rest!
" She straight would hie her to the wood;
" And he 'd repent it—that he shou'd."
With eager haste away she moves,
Never regarding scarf or gloves:
Into the grotto soon she creeps,
And into ev'ry thicket peeps,
And to her eyes there did appear
Two prints of bodies—that was clear:
" And now (she cries) I plainly see
" How time and place and all agree:
" But here is a covert where I 'll lie,
" And I shall have them by and by."
'Twas noon: and Cephalus, as last time,
Heated and ruffled with his pastime,

[illegible]
[illegible]'d to wash his face;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] 2250
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] 2255
[illegible]
[illegible] had made the bustle:
then cry'd, "I 've kill'd my deer."—
you have, (says Cris) I fear."—
Crissy! pray what made you here?"
ssip Troe I understood 2261
ept a small girl in this wood."
eph, "'Tis pity thou shouldst die
is thy foolish jealousy,
is a passion that does move 2265
ften from excess of love."
n they sought for wound full sore
ticoat was only tore,
had got a lusty thump
n some measure bruis'd her rump: 2270
me most lovingly they went;
had reason to repent:
llowing years pass'd in content,

And Criſſy made him the beſt wife
For the remainder of his life.
The Muſe has done, nor will more laws obtrud
Leſt ſhe by being tedious ſhould be rude.
Unbrace Love's ſwans; let them unharneſs'd ſtray
And eat ambroſia thro' the Milky Way:
Give liberty to ev'ry Paphian dove,
And let them freely with the Cupids rove:
But when the Amazonian trophies riſe
With monuments of their paſt victories,
With what diſcretion and what art they fought
Let them record "They were by Ovid taught."

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From the APOLLO PRESS,
By the MARTINS,
Octr. 6. 1781.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.
KING VOL. II.
They cannot boil nor wash nor rince they say
With Water sometimes Ink and sometimes Whey.
John Bell British Library Strand London. January 15th 1782.

PR. [illegible]

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. WILLIAM KING.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,
EPISTLES,
SONGS,

EPIGRAMS,
IMITATIONS,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Read here in softeſt ſounds the ſweeteſt ſatire;
A pen dipt deep in gall, a heart good nature.
An Engliſh Ovid, from his birth he ſeems
Inſpir'd alike with ſtrong poetick dreams:
The Roman rants of heroes, gods, and Jove;
The Briton purely paints The Art of Love.

ANONYM.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1781.

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&c. &c. &c.

Read here in softest sounds the sweetest satire;
A pen dipt deep in gall, a heart good nature.
An English Ovid, from his birth he seems
Inspir'd alike with strong poetick dreams:
The Roman rants of heroes, gods, and love;
The Briton purely paints The Art of Love. ANONYM.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1781.

WILLIAM KING

THE FRUMENTARY[*].

PREFACE.

E Author of the following Poem may be thought rite for fame and the applauſe of the Town, but wholly diſowns it, for he writes only for the pu- good, the benefit of his country, and the manu- ure of England. It is well known that grave ſe- rs have often at the Palace yard refreſhed them- s with barley broth in a morning, which has had ry ſolid influence on their counſels; it is therefore ed that other perſons may uſe it with the like ſuc- . No man can be ignorant how of late years cof- nd tea in a morning has prevailed; nay, cold wa- have obtained their commendation; and wells are ng up from Acton to Iſlington, and croſs the wa- o Lambeth. Theſe liquors have ſeveral eminent npions of all profeſſions; but there have not been ting perſons in all ages that have ſhewn a true for their country and the proper diet of it, as wa- ruel, milkporridge, ricemilk, and eſpecially Fru- ty, both with plums and without. To this end ral worthy perſons have encouraged the eating wholeſome diet in a morning; and that the poor y be provided, they have deſired ſeveral matrons to

[*] Written to pleaſe a gentleman who thought nothing oth or lofty could be written upon a mean ſubject, but had atent of making any reflection upon Tho. Dispenſary, which deſervedly gained a laſting reputation. *King.*

THE FRUMENTARY[1].

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ſervedly gained a laſting reputation. *King.*

ſtand at Smithfield-bars, Leadenhall-market, market, and divers other noted places in th eſpecially at Fleet-ditch, there to diſpenſe Fr to labouring people and the poor at reaſonabl at three halfpence and twopence a diſh, whic dear, the plums being conſidered.

The places are generally ſtyled Frumentar cauſe that food has got the general eſteem; bu Fleet-ditch I take to be one of the moſt remu and therefore I have ſtyled it The Frumenta could eaſily have had a certificate of the ſucce this Frumentary ſigned by ſeveral eminent c gardeners, journeymen tailors, and baſket who have promiſed to contribute to the main of the ſame in caſe the coffeehouſes ſhould pre oppoſe it.

I have thought this a very proper ſubject fo roick poem, and endeavoured to be as ſmooth verſe and as inoffenſive in my characters as v ſible. It is my caſe, with Lucretius, that I write ſubject not treated of by the Ancients: but th er labour the greater glory.

Virgil had a Homer to imitate; but I ſtan my own legs, without any ſupport from ab therefore ſhall have more occaſion for the rea vour, who from the kind acceptance of this r pect the deſcription of other Frumentaries ab City from his moſt humble ſervant,

AND PER SE A

THE FRUMENTARY,

VERY INNOCENT AND HARMLESS POEM,

IN THREE CANTOS.

First printed in 1699.

CANTO I.

oner did the gray-ey'd Morning peep,
.wning mortals ſtretch themſelves from ſleep;
s of gold were now but newly paſt,
ſketwomen did to market haſte;
atchmen were but juſt returning home
e the thieves more liberty to roam,
from a hill by growing beams of light
ly pile was offer'd to the ſight;
ſpacious doors let paſſengers go thro',
ſtant ſtones did terminate their view.
re, as ancient poets ſing, there ſtood
ble palace of the valiant Lud;
age now appears in Portland ſtone,
de ſupported by a godlike ſon *;

Dr. King's deſcription of Ludgate, though familiar to
nt age, will be leſs intelligible to the riſing genera-
may not be improper to obſerve that it's name, which
of Monmouth has aſcribed to King Lud, was with
propriety derived from its ſituation near the rivulet

But underneath all the three heroes ſhine I
In living colours drawn upon a ſign
Which ſhews the way to ale but not to wine.
Near is a place enclos'd with iron bars
Where many mortals curſe their cruel ſtars
When brought by uſurers into diſtreſs,
For having little, ſtill muſt live on leſs:
Stern Av'rice there keeps the relentleſs door,
And bids each wretch eternally be poor:
Hence Hunger riſes, diſmally he ſtalks,
And takes each ſingle priſ'ner in his walks:
This duty done, the meagre monſter ſtares,
Holds up his bones, and thus begins his pray'rs:
"Thou, goddeſs Famine! that canſt ſend us blig
"With parching heat by day and ſtorm by nigh
"Aſſiſt me now; ſo may all lands be thine,
"And ſhoals of orphans at thy altars pine!
"Long may thy reign continue on each ſhore
"Wherever peace and plenty reign'd before!

Flud or Fleet, which ran near it. So early as 1373 Lud was conſtituted a priſon for poor debtors who were free c City, and was greatly enlarged in 1454 by Sir Stephen Fo who after having been himſelf confined there became Mayor of London, and eſtabliſhed ſeveral benevolent re ſions for its government. The old gate becoming ruinou elegant building, as above deſcribed by Dr. King, was er in 1586, with the ſtatue of Queen Eliſabeth on the weſt fi and thoſe of the pretended King Lud and his two ſons o eaſt. This was pulled down in 1760, and the ſtatue of I both placed againſt the church of St. Dunſtan-in-the-V ſince that time the City debtors have been confined in a of the London Workhouſe in Biſhopſgateſtreet.

confeſs that to thy gracious hand
ws owe that are at my command;
o hear their num'rous children's cries,
leſs thy pow'r to find they 've no ſupplies.
k thee for thoſe martyrs who would fly
ſuperſtitious rites and tyranny
nd their fulneſs of reward in me.
is with much humility I own
gen'rous favour you have lately ſhown,
men that bravely have their country ſerv'd
v'd the juſt reward that they deſerv'd,
re preſerr'd to me, and ſhall be ſtarv'd.
but with regret, I can deſpiſe
ierable of the London cries,
peaſe and mack'rel with their harſher ſound
ender organs of my ears confound;
at which makes my projects all miſcarry
inhuman fatal Frumentary.
far from hence, juſt by the Bridge of Fleet,
ſpoons, and porringers, and napkin neat,
hleſs Siren does entice the ſenſe
nces of viands which ſhe does diſpenſe
ortal ſtomachs for rewarding pence,
h ſuch man's earlieſt thoughts would baniſh
have no other cradle but thee."

[me,

CANTO II.

WHILST ſuch like pray'rs keen Hunger would vance,
Fainting and weakneſs threw him in a trance;
Famine took pity on her careful ſlave,
And kindly to him this aſſiſtance gave.
She took the figure of a thin parch'd maid,
Who many years had for a huſband ſtaid,
And coming near to Hunger thus ſhe ſaid:
"My darling Son! whilſt Peace and Plenty ſm
"And happineſs would overrun this iſle,
"I joy to ſee, by this thy preſent care,
"I 've ſtill ſome friends remaining ſince the war.
"In ſpite of us A does on ven'ſon feed,
"And bread and butter is for B decreed;
"C D combines with E F's gen'rous ſoul
"To paſs their minutes with the ſparkling bowl;
"H I's good nature from his endleſs ſtore
"Is ſtill conferring bleſſings on the poor,
"For none except it is K regards them more;
"L M N O P Q is vainly great,
"And ſquanders half his ſubſtance in a treat;
"Nice eating by R S is underſtood;
"T's ſupper tho' but little yet is good;
"U's converſation is equal to his wine;
"You ſup with W whene'er you dine;

/ and Z, hating to be confin'd,
nble to the next eatinghouſe they find;
ıſant, good-humour'd, beautiful, and gay,
ıetimeswith muſick and ſometimes with play
long their pleaſures till th' approaching day.
d Per Se And alone, as poets uſe,
: ſtarving dictates of my rules purſues;
ſwinging coachman does afore him ſhine,
: has he any conſtant place to dine,
all his notions of a meal are mine.
ſte, haſte; to him a bleſſing give from me,
d bid him write ſharp things on Frumenty.
I would have thee to Coffedro go,
d let Tobacco too thy bus'neſs know;
ch famous Teedrums in this caſe adviſe,
y on Sago who is always wiſe.
ımidſt ſuch counſel baniſh all deſpair;
ıſt me you ſhall ſucceed in this affair:

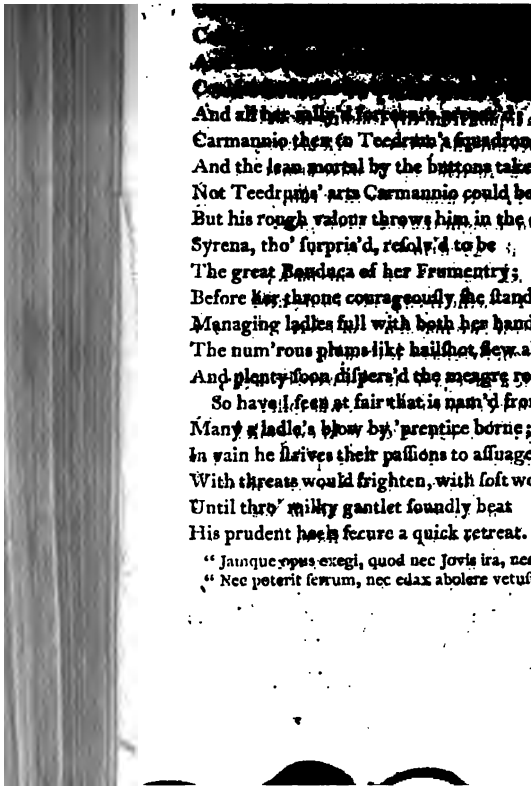
ıt project which they Frumentary call
ore next breakfaſt time ſhall ſurely fall."
is ſaid, ſhe quickly vaniſh'd in a wind
ong within her body been confin'd.
Hercules, when he his miſtreſs found,
knew her by her ſcent and by her ſound.

CANTO III.

ER rejoic'd to hear the bleſt command
Frumentary ſhould no longer ſtand;

With ſpeed he to Coffedro's manſion flies,
And bids the paleſac'd mortal quickly riſe.
" Ariſe, my Friend! for upon thee do wait
" Diſmal events and prodigies of fate.
" 'Tis break of day, thy ſooty broth prepare,
" And all thy other liquors for a war:
" Rouſe up Tobacco, whoſe delicious ſight,
" Illuminated round with beams of light,
" To my important mind will cauſe delight.
" How will he conquer noſtrils that preſume
" To ſtand th' attack of his impetuous fume!
" Let handſome Teedrums too be call'd to arms,
" For he has courage in the midſt of charms.
" Sago with counſel fills his wakeful brains,
" But then his wiſdom countervails his pains:
" 'Tis he ſhall be your guide; he ſhall effect
" That glorious conqueſt which we all expect.
" The brave Hectorvus ſhall command this force
" He 'll meet Tubcarrio's foot, or, which is worſe
" Oppoſe the fury of Carmanniel's horſe.
" For his reward this he ſhall have each day,
" Drink coffee, then ſtrut out, and never pay."
It was not long ere the grandees were met,
And round newſpapers in full order ſet.
Then Sago riſing ſaid: " I hope you hear
" Hunger's advice with an obedient ear:
" Our great deſign admits of no delay,
" Famine commands, and we muſt all obey.

"That Siren which does Frumentary keep
"Long ſince is riſen from the bands of ſleep;
"Her ſpoons and porringers with art diſplay'd
"Many of Hunger's ſubjects have betray'd."
"To arms," Hectorvus cry'd: "Coffedro ſtou
"Iſſue forth liquor from thy ſcalding ſpout!"
Great One-and-all-i gives the firſt alarms,
Then each man ſnatches up offenſive arms:
To Ditch of Fleet courageouſly they run,
Quicker than thought the battle is begun:
Hectorvus firſt Tubcarrio does attack,
And by ſurpriſe ſoon lays him on his back;
Thirſto and Drowtho then approaching near
Soon overthrow two magazines of beer.
The innocent Syrena little thought
That all theſe arms againſt herſelf were brought,
For that in her defence the drink was ſpilt:
How could ſhe fear that never yet knew guilt?
[illegible] fragrant juice and her delicious plums
[illegible] does diſpenſe (with gold upon her thumbs;)
[illegible]gins and youths around her ſtood; ſhe ſat
[illegible]iron'd with a wooden chair of ſtate.
[illegible] the meantime Tobacco ſtrives to vex
[illegible]m'rous ſquadron of the tender ſex:
[illegible] with ſtrong ſmoke and with his ſtronger breath
[illegible]nks Baſketia and her ſon to death.
[illegible]edro then with Teedrums and the band
[illegible]rry'd ſcalding liquors in their hand,



And [illegible]
Carmannio then to Teedrus's squadron
And the lean mortal by the buttons take
Not Teedrus' arts Carmannio could be
But his rough valour throws him in the
Syrena, tho' surpris'd, resolv'd to be
The great Boadica of her Frumentry;
Before her throne courageously she stand
Managing ladles full with both her hand
The num'rous plums like hailshot flew a
And plenty soon dispers'd the meagre ro

So have I seen at fair that is nam'd fro
Many a ladle's blow by 'prentice borne;
In vain he strives their passions to assuage
With threats would frighten, with soft wo
Until thro' milky gantlet soundly beat
His prudent heels secure a quick retreat.

" Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec
" Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetus

MULLY OF MOUNTOWN *.

FIRST PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR IN 1724.

I.

Mountown †! thou ſweet retreat from Dublin cares,
Be famous for thy apples and thy pears,
For turnips, carrots, lettuce, beans and peaſe,
For Peggy's butter and for Peggy's cheeſe.
May clouds of pigeons round about thee fly,
But condeſcend ſometimes to make a pie!
May fat geeſe gaggle with melodious voice,
And ne'er want gooſeberries or apple ſauce!
Ducks in thy ponds, and chicken in thy pens,
And be thy turkeys num'rous as thy hens!
May thy black pigs lie warm in little ſty,
And have no thought to grieve them till they die!
Mountown! the Muſes' moſt delicious theme,
Oh! may thy codlins ever ſwim in cream!
Thy raſp and ſtrawberries in Bourdeaux drown,
To add a redder tincture to their own!
Thy whitewine, ſugar, milk, together club
To make that gentle viand ſillabub ‡!

* It was taken for a ſtate poem, and to have [illegible] in it, though it was only made, as well as Orpheus [illegible] dice, for country diverſion. *King.*

† A pleaſant villa to the ſouth of Dublin near the ſea.

‡ "Peace to thy gentle ſhade, ſweet ſmiling [illegible] would have been our Author's ejaculation [illegible]

Thy tarts to tar[illegible]s, cheeſecakes to cheeſecakes join
To ſpoil the reliſh of the flowing wine!
But to the fading palate bring relief,
By thy Weſtphalian ham or Belgick beef!
And to complete thy bleſſings in a word,
May ſtill thy ſoil be gen'rous as its lord †!

II.

Oh Peggy, Peggy! when thou goeſt to brew
Conſider well what you 're about to do;
Be very wiſe, very ſedately think
That what you 're going now to make is drink;
Conſider who muſt drink that drink; and then
What it is to have the praiſe of honeſt men;
For ſurely, Peggy, while that drink does laſt
'Tis Peggy will be toaſted or diſgrac'd.
Then if thy ale in glaſs thou wouldſt confine.
To make its ſparkling rays in beauty ſhine,
Let thy clean bottle be entirely dry,
Leſt a white ſubſtance to the ſurface fly,
And floating there diſturb the curious eye.

1775, when the admirers of this gentle viand lamented ſeparable loſs of the ſoundneſs of the Lactarium:

"Lac mihi non æſtate novum, non frigore deſit;"
"My milk in ſummer's drought nor winter fails;"

was the matron's invitation to the publick, whilſt h[illegible] cóttage preſented the liveliеſt reflection of its benignar

"Quam dives pecoris nivei, quam lactis abundans!"
"What luſcious milk, what rural ſtores, are mine!"

† Judge Upton.

But this great maxim muſt be underſtood,
" Be ſure, nay very ſure, thy cork be good:"
Then future ages ſhall of Peggy tell,
That nymph that brew'd and bottled ale ſo well.

III.

How fleet is air! how many things have breath
Which in a moment they reſign to death,
Depriv'd of light and all their happieſt ſtate
Not by their fault but ſome o'erruling Fate!
Altho' fair flow'rs that juſtly might invite
Are cropt, nay torn away, for man's delight,
Yet ſtill thoſe flow'rs, alas! can make no moan,
Nor has Narciſſus now a pow'r to groan;
But all thoſe things which breathe in diff'rent frame
By tie of common breath man's pity claim.
A gentle lamb has rhetorick to plead,
And when ſhe ſees the butcher's knife decreed,
Her voice entreats him not to make her bleed:
But cruel gain and luxury of taſte
With pride ſtill lays man's fellow-mortal's waſte.
What earth and waters breed or air inſpires
Man for his palate fits by tort'ring fires.

Mully, a cow ſprung from a beauteous race,
With ſpreading front did Mountown's paſture grace.
Gentle ſhe was, and with a gentle ſtream
Each morn and night gave milk that equall'd cream.
Offending none, of none ſhe ſtood in dread,
Much leſs of perſons which ſhe daily fed;

" But innocence cannot itſelf defend. [" *Friend*
" 'Gainſt treach'rous arts veil'd with the name
Robin of Derbyſhire, whoſe temper ſhocks
The conſtitution of his native rocks;
Born in a place * which, if it once be nam'd,
Would make a bluſhing modeſty aſham'd,
He with indulgence kindly did appear
To make poor Mully his peculiar care:
But inwardly this ſullen churliſh thief
Had all his mind plac'd upon Mully's beef:
His fancy fed on her; and thus he 'd cry,
" Mully, as ſure as I 'm alive you die!
" 'Tis a brave cow! O, Sirs! when Chriſtmas com
" Theſe ſhins ſhall make the porridge grac'd wi
plums;
" Then 'midſt our cups whilſt we profuſely dine
" This blade ſhall enter deep in Mully's chine.
" What ribs, what rumps, what bak'd, boil'd, ſhou
" and roaſt!
" There ſha' n't one ſingle tripe of her be loſt!"
When Peggy, nymph of Mountown, heard th
She griev'd to hear of Mully's future wounds. [foun
" What crime," ſaid ſhe, " has gentle Mully done
" Witneſs the riſing and the ſetting ſun,
" That knows what milk ſhe conſtantly would giv
" Let that quench Robin's rage and Mully live."

* The Devil's Arſe of Peak, deſcribed by Hobbes in a po
De Mirabilibus Pecci, the beſt of his poetical performances

Daniel, a ſprightly ſwain, that uſ'd to ſlaſh
he vig'rous ſteeds that drew his lord's calaſh,
o Peggy's ſide inclin'd; for it was well known
ow well he lov'd thoſe cattle of his own.
Then Terence ſpoke, oraculous and ſly;
e 'd neither grant the queſtion nor deny;
eading for milk his thoughts were on mince pie:
t all his arguments ſo dubious were
hat Mully thence had neither hopes nor fear.
" You 've ſpoke," ſays Robin; " but now let me tell
'Tis not fair ſpoken words that fill the belly: ["ye
Pudding and beef I love; and cannot ſtoop
To recommend your bonny-clabber ſoup.
You ſay ſhe is innocent; but what of that?
'Tis more than crime ſufficient that ſhe is fat!
And that which is prevailing in this caſe
Is, there is another cow to fill her place:
And granting Mully to have milk in ſtore,
Yet ſtill this other cow will give us more.
She dies."—Stop here, my Muſe! forbear the reſt,
And veil that grief which cannot be expreſt.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

FIRST PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR IN 1704.

As poets ſay, one Orpheus went
To hell upon an odd intent.
Firſt tell the ſtory, then let 's know
If any one will do ſo now.

This Orpheus was a jolly boy,
Born long before the ſiege of Troy;
His parents found the lad was ſharp,
And taught him on the Iriſh harp;
And when grown fit for marriage life
Gave him Eurydice for wife;
And they as ſoon as match was made
Set up the ballad-ſinging trade.

The cunning varlet could deviſe
For country folks ten thouſand lies,
Affirming all thoſe monſtrous things
Were done by force of harp and ſtrings;
Could make a tiger in a trice
Tame as a cat and catch your mice;
Could make a lion's courage flag,
And ſtraight could animate a ſtag;
And by the help of pleaſing ditties
Make millſtones run and build up cities.
Each had the uſe of fluent tongue;
If Dice ſcolded Orpheus ſung;
And ſo by diſcord without ſtrife
Compos'd one harmony of life;
And thus as all their matters ſtood
They got an honeſt livelihood.

Happy were mortals could they be
From any ſudden danger free!
Happy were poets could their ſong
The feeble thread of life prolong!

But as these two went strolling on
Poor Dice's scene of life was done;
Away her fleeting breath must fly,
Yet no one knows wherefore or why.
This caus'd the gen'ral lamentation
To all that knew her in her station;
How brisk she was still to advance
The harper's gain and lead the dance;
In ev'ry tune observe her thrill,
Sing on, yet change the money still.
Orpheus best knew what loss he had,
And thinking on it fell almost mad,
And in despair to Linus ran,
Who was esteem'd a cunning man;
Cry'd, "He again must Dice have,
"Or else be bury'd in her grave."
Quoth Linus, "Soft; refrain your sorrow;
"What fails to-day may speed to-morrow:
"Thank you the gods for what'er happens,
"But don't fall out with your fat capons.
"'Tis many an honest man's petition
"That he may be in your condition.
"If such a blessing might be had
"To change a living wife for dead
"I'd be your chapman; nay, I'd do't,
"Tho' I gave forty pounds to boot.
"Consider first you save her diet;
"Consider next you keep her quiet:

" For pray what was he all along
" Except the burthen of your song?
" What tho' your Dice is under ground?
" Yet many a woman may be found
" Who in your gains if she may part take
" Truſt me will quickly make your heart ake:
" Then reſt content as widowers thou'd——
" The gods beſt know what is for our good!"
Orpheus no longer could endure
Such wounds where he expected cure.
" Is it poſſible!" cry'd he; " and can
" That noble creature, marry'd man,
" In ſuch a cauſe be ſo profane?
" I 'll fly thee far as I would Death,
" Who from my Dice took her breath."
Which ſaid, he ſoon outſtript the wind,
Whilſt puffing Boreas lagg'd behind,
And to Urganda's cave he came,
A lady of prodigious fame,
Whoſe hollow eyes and hopper breech
Made common people call her witch:
Down at her feet he proſtrate lies
With trembling heart and blubber'd eyes.
" Tell me," ſaid he, " for ſure you know
" The pow'rs above and thoſe below,
" Where does Eurydice remain?
" How ſhall I fetch her back again?"

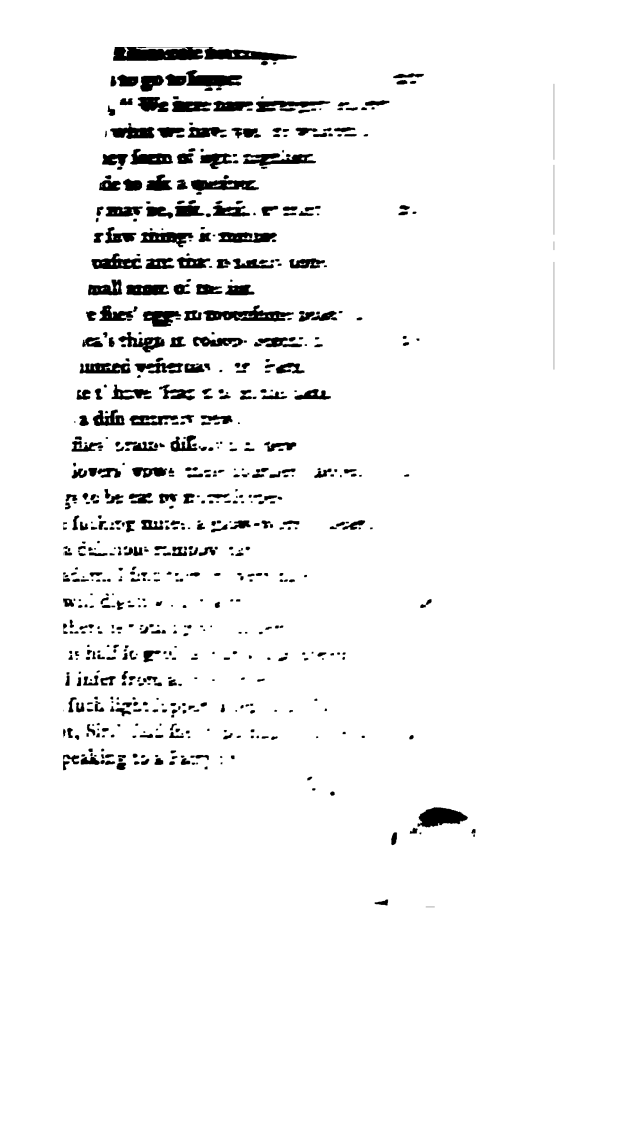
nilingly reply'd, "I 'll tell
afily without a ſpell:
ife you look for is gone to hell—
never ſtart, man! for it is ſo:
e one ill-bred wife or two
ſhion is for all to go.
hat ſhe will be damn'd; ne'er fear
e may get preferment there.
l ſhe might be fry'd in pitch
had been a bitter bitch;
had leapt athwart a ſword,
terwards had broke her word:
ur Eurydice, poor ſoul!
good-natur'd harmleſs fool;
t a little caterwauling,
lways painful in her calling;
dare truſt old Pluto for 't
ll find favour in his court.
en to fetch her back that ſtill
ns, and may be paſt my ſkill;
is too ſad a thing to jeſt on,
e the firſt man e'er aſk'd the queſt'on;
ſbands are ſuch ſelfiſh elves
care for little but themſelves:
hen one rogue cries to another
his wife is gone e'en get another:
noſt men let ſuch thoughts alone,
rear they 've had enough of one.

" But ſince you are ſo kind to Dice,
" Follow the courſe which I adviſe ye;
" E'en go to hell yourſelf and try
" Th' effect of muſick's harmony;
" For you will hardly find a friend
" Whom you in ſuch a caſe might ſend:
" Beſides, their Proſerpine has been
" The briſkeſt dancer on the green,
" Before old Pluto raviſh'd her,
" Took her to hell—and you may ſwear
" She had but little muſick there;
" For ſince ſhe laſt beheld the ſun
" Her merry dancing days are done:
" She has a colt's tooth ſtill I warrant,
" And will not diſapprove your errand:
" Then your requeſt does reaſon ſeem,
" For what is one ſingle ghoſt to them?
" Tho' thouſand phantoms ſhould invade ye
" Paſs on—Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.
" The bold a way will find or make;
" Remember it is for Dice's ſake."

Nothing pleas'd Orpheus half ſo well
As news that he muſt go to hell.
Th' impatient wight long'd to be going,
As moſt folk ſeek their own undoing;
Ne'er thought of what he left behind,
Never conſider'd he ſhould find

passenger beside
or could he hire a guide.
musick do it?" cry'd he. "Ne'er heed;
shall make the marble bleed;
all dangers shall remove,
e all flames but those of love."
heeling begs in terms most civil
passport to the devil.
he kindly to him gave,
him 'noint himself with salve,
ose hardy people use
on fire without their shoes,
ccasion in a dark hole
andize on lighted charcoal,
eight quarts of flaming fuel,
flux do water-gruel.
n then go to those caves
njurers keep Fairy slaves,
f creatures as will haste ye
wench for being nasty,
neatly scour her pewter
he money that is due t' her.
s went down a narrow hole
as dark as any coal;
ength some glimm'ring spy,
at least he might descry
and little Fairy elves
were solacing themselves.

All ran about him, cry'd, "Oh dear!
"Who thought to have seen Orpheus here?
"'Tis that queen's birthday which you see,
"And you are come as luckily:
"You had no ballad but we bought it,
"Paid Dice when she little thought it:
"When you beneath the yewtree sat
"We 've come and all danc'd round your hat.
"But whereabouts did Dice leave ye?
"She had been welcome, Sir, believe me."
"These little chits would make one swear,"
Quoth Orpheus, 'twixt disdain and fear.
"And dare these urchins jeer my crosses,
"And laugh at mine and Dice's losses?
"Hands off—the monkies hold the faster:
"Sirrahs! I 'm going to your master."
"Good words," quoth Oberon; "do n't flinch;
"For ev'ry time you stir I 'll pinch;
"But if you decently sit down
"I 'll first equip you with a crown,
"Then for each dance and for each song
"Our pence apiece the whole night long."
Orpheus, who found no remedy,
Made virtue of necessity;
Tho' all was out of tune, their dance
Would only hinder his advance.
Each note that from his fingers fell
Seem'd to be Dice's passing-bell;



" You 've taken care, my dear Endiat!
" All is ready for my ratifia."
" Sir, a drop of water newly torn
" Fresh from the rosy-finger'd Morn,
" A pearl of milk, that is gently prest
" From blooming Hebe's early breast,
" With half a one of Cupid's tears
" When he in embryo first appears,
" And honey from an infant bee,
" Makes liquor for the gods and me!"
" Madam," says he, " an 't please your Gra
" I 'm going to a droughty place,
" And if I an't too bold, pray charge her
" The draught I have be somewhat larger."
" Fetch me," said she, " A mighty bowl,
" Like Oberon's capacious soul,
" And then fill up the burnish'd gold
" With juice that makes the Britons bold.
" This from sev'n barleycorns I drew,
" Its years are sev'n, and to the view
" 'Tis clear, and sparkles fit for you.
" But stay——
" When I by Fate was last time hurl'd
" To act my pranks in th' other world,
" I saw some sparks as they were drinking
" With mighty mirth and little thinking
" Their jests were *supernaculum*,
" I snatch'd the rubies from each thumb,

Prince Prim, who pity'd ſo much youth,
Join'd with ſuch conſtancy and truth,
Soon gave him thus to underſtand:
" Sir, I laſt night receiv'd command
" To ſee you out of Fairy Land
" Into the realm of Nofnotbocai;
" But let not fear or ſulphur choke ye;
" For he is a fiend of ſenſe and wit,
" And has got many rooms to let."
As quick as thought, by glow-worm glimpſe
Out walk the fiddler and the prince:
They ſoon arrive, find Bocai brewing
Of claret for a vintner's ſtewing.
" I come from Oberon," quoth Prince Prim.
" 'Tis well," quoth Bocai: " what from him?"
" Why, ſomething ſtrange. This honeſt man
" Had his wife dy'd: now if he can
" He ſays he 'd have her back again!"
Then Bocai ſmiling cry'd, " You ſee,
" Orpheus, you 'd better ſtay with me;
" For let me tell you, Sir, this place,
" Altho' it has an ugly face,
" If to its value it were ſold
" Is worth ten thouſand ton of gold,
" And very famous in all ſtory,
" Call'd by the name of Purgatory.
" For when ſome ages ſhall have run,
" And Truth by Falſehood be undone,
" Shall riſe the whore of Babylon,

" And this fame whore shall be a maid,
" Who by his lies and cheating can
" Be such a trader in all evil
" As to outdo our friend the devil;
" He and his pimps shall say, that when
" A man is dying, thither then
" The devil comes to take the soul,
" And carry him down to this hole:
" But if a man have flore of wealth,
" To get some pray'rs for his fool's health,
" The devil has then no more to do,
" But must be forc'd to let him go:
" But we are no more fools than they
" Thus to be bubbled of our prey.
" By these same pious frauds and lies
" Shall many monasteries rise;
" Friars shall get good meat and beer
" To pray folks out that ne'er came here;
" Pans, pots, and kettles, shall be giv'n
" To fetch a man from hence to heav'n.
" Suppose a man has taken purses,
" Or stolen sheep, or cows, or horses,
" And chances to be hang'd, you 'd cry
" Let him be hang'd, and so good-by.
" Hold, says the friar; let me alone,
" He is but to Purgatory gone;
" And if you 'll let our convent keep
" Those purses, cows, horses, and sheep,

" The fellow ſhall find no more pain
" Than if he were alive again."
Here Orpheus ſigh'd, began to take on,
Cry'd, " Could I find the whore you ſpake on
" I 'd give him my beſt flitch of bacon;
" I 'd give him cake and ſugar'd ſack
" If he would bring my Dice back:
" Rather than ſhe ſhould longer ſtay
" I 'd find ſome luſty man to pray;
" And then poor Dice, let him try her,
" I dare ſay would requite the friar."
Great Noſnotbocai ſmil'd to ſee
Such goodneſs and ſimplicity;
Then kindly led them to a cell,
An outward granary of hell,
A filthy place, that is ſeldom ſwept,
Where ſeeds of villany are kept.
" Orpheus," ſaid he, " I 'd have you take
" Some of theſe ſeeds here for my ſake,
" Which if they are diſcreetly hurl'd
" Thro'out the parts of th' other world,
" They may oblige the fiend you ſue to,
" And fill the palace of old Pluto.
" Sow pride ſeed uppermoſt; then above
" Envy and ſcandal plant ſelflove:
" Here take revenge, and malice without cauſe,
" And here contempt of honeſty and laws;
" This hot ſeed's anger, and this hotter luſt,
" Beſt ſown with breach of friendſhip and of truſt:

" Theſe ſtorm, hail, plague, and tempeſt ſeeds,
" And this a quinteſſence of weeds;
" This the worſt ſort of artichoke,
" A plant that Pluto has himſelf beſpoke;
" Nouriſh it well, it is uſeful treachery;
" This is a choice tho' little ſeed, a lie:
" Here take ſome now from theſe prodigious loads
" Of tender things that look like toads:
" In future times theſe finely dreſt
" Shall each invade a prince's breaſt;
" 'Tis flatt'ry ſeed; tho' thinly ſown
" It is a mighty plant when grown,
" When rooted deep and fully blown:
" Now ſee theſe things like bubbles fly,
" Theſe are the ſeeds of vanity:
" Take tyranno-acorns, which will beſt advance
" If ſown in eaſtern climates or in France;
" But theſe are things of moſt prodigious hopes,
" They 're Jeſuit bulbs ty'd up with ropes,
" And theſe the devil's graſis for future Popes,
" Which with fanaticiſm are join'd ſo clean
" You 'd ſcarce believe a knife had paſs'd between:
" Falſehoodneſs ſeed had almoſt been forgot,
" 'Twill be your making ſhould there be a plot.
" And now, dear Orpheus! ſcatter theſe but well,
" And you 'll deſerve the gratitude of hell."
Quoth Orpheus, " You ſhall be obey'd
" In ev'ry thing that you have ſaid,
" For miſchief is the poet's trade;

"And whatsoever they shall bring
"You may assure yourself I'll sing.
"But pray what poets shall we have
"At our returning from the grave?"
"Sad dogs!" quoth Bocai.—"Let me see—
"But since what I say cannot shame them
"I'll e'en resolve to never name them."
"But now," says Bocai, "Sir, you may
"Long to be going on your way,
"Unless you'll drink some arsenick claret;
"Th'horn, you see, but Sam can spare it."
Orpheus reply'd, "Kind Sir! it is neither
"Brandy nor whets that brought me hither,
"But love, and I'm instance can be
"Love's in his 'd pepper'd brandy;
"Yet, [illegible] you may command
"[illegible] from a departing hand;
"[illegible] and passion both are good,
"[illegible] Thou's children in the Wood."
"[illegible] themselves found ease;
"[illegible] which well expresse'd our pleasure.
"[illegible] the children's loss,
"[illegible] Robin cover'd them with moss,
"[illegible] in those birds
"[illegible] with Orpheus' words, &c.

...TAIN'S PALLADIUM,

...ETURN FROM FRANCE.

...

...

...

Theſe pomps divine their mortal ſenſe ſurpriſe,
Loud to the ear, and dazzling to the eyes,
Whilſt ſcaly Tritons with their ſhells proclaim
The names that muſt ſurvive to future fame,
And nymphs their diadems of pearl prepare
For monarchs who to purchaſe peace make war.
Then Neptune, his majeſtick ſilence broke,
And to the trembling ſailors mildly ſpoke;
" Thro'out the world Britannia's flag diſplay;
" 'Tis my command that all the globe obey:
" Let Britiſh ſtreamers wave their heads on high,
" And dread no foe beneath Jove's azure ſky.
" The reſt let Nereus tell."—
" If I have truth," ſays Nereus, " and foreſee
" The intricate deſigns of Deſtiny,
" I, that have view'd whatever fleets have rode
" With ſharpen'd keels to cut the yielding flood,
" I, that could weigh the fates of Greece and Rome,
" Phœnician wealth and Carthaginian doom,
" Muſt ſurely know what in the womb of time
" Was forecordain'd for Britain's happy clime;
" How wars upon the wat'ry realms ſhall ceaſe,
" And Anna give the world a glorious peace;
" Reſtore the ſpicy traffick of the Eaſt,
" And ſtretch her empire to the diſtant Weſt;
" Her fleets deſcry Aurora's purple bed,
" And Phœbus' ſteeds after their labours fed;

"The southern coasts, to Britain scarcely known,
"Shall grow as hospitable as their own;
"No monsters shall be feign'd to guard their store
"When British trade secures their golden ore;
"The fleecy product of the Cotswold field
"Shall equal what Peruvian mountains yield;
"Iron shall there intrinsick value show,
"And by Vulcanian art more precious grow.
"Britannia's royal fishery shall be
"Improv'd by a kind guardian deity;
"That mighty task to Glaucus we assign,
"Of more importance than the richest mine;
"He shall direct them how to strike the whale,
"How to avoid the danger, when prevail;
"What treasure lies upon the frozen coast
"Not yet explor'd, nor negligently lost.
"In fruitful Acadia's plains, new theme for fame,
"Towns shall be built sacred to Anna's * name;
"The tow'ring fir and lofty pine shall rise
"From Britain's own united Colonies,
"Which to the mast shall canvass wings afford,
"And pitch to strengthen the unfaithful board;
"Norway may then her naval stores withhold,
"And proudly starve for want of British gold.
"O happy Isle! to such advantage plac'd
"That all the world is by thy counsels grac'd;

* Annapolis, the capital of Nova Scotia.

" Thy nation's genius with induſtrious arts
" Renders thee lovely to remoteſt parts.
" Eliza firſt the fable ſcene withdrew,
" And to the ancient world diſplay'd the new;
" When Burleigh at the helm of ſtate was ſeen,
" The trueſt ſubject to the greateſt queen;
" The Indians from the Spaniſh yoke made free
" Bleſs'd the effects of Engliſh liberty;
" Drake round the world his ſov'reign's honour ſpread
" Thro' ſtraits and gulfs immenſe her fame convey'd:
" Nor reſts inquiry here; his curious eye
" Deſcries new conſtellations in the ſky,
" In which vaſt ſpace ambitious mariners
" Might place their names on high, and chuſe their
" Raleigh with hopes of new diſcov'ries fir'd, ſtars.
" And all the depths of human wit inſpir'd,
" Rov'd o'er the Weſtern world in ſearch of fame,
" Adding freſh glory to Eliza's name;
" Subdu'd new empires, that will records be
" Immortal of a queen's virginity *.

" But think not, Albion, that thy ſons decay,
" Or that thy princes have leſs pow'r to ſway;
" Whatever in Eliza's reign was ſeen
" With a redoubled vigour ſprings again;
" Imperial Anna ſhall the ſeas control,
" And ſpread her naval laws from pole to pole:

* Alluding to the firſt ſettlement of Virginia.

" Nor think her conduct or her counsels leſs
" In arts of war or treaties for a peace,
" In thrifty management of Britain's wealth,
" Embezzled lately, or purloin'd by ſtealth.
" No nation can fear want or dread ſurpriſe
" Where Oxford's prudence Burleigh's loſs ſupplies?
" On him the publick moſt ſecurely leans
" To eaſe the burthen of the beſt of queens;
" On him the merchants fix their longing eyes
" When war ſhall ceaſe and Britiſh commerce riſe.
" Alcides' ſtrength and Atlas' firmer mind
" To narrow ſtraits of Europe were confin'd:
" The Britiſh ſailors from their Royal 'Change
" May find a nobler liberty to range:
" Oxford ſhall be their poleſtar to the South,
" And there reward the efforts of their youth,
" Whence thro' his conduct traffick ſhall increaſe
" Ev'n to thoſe ſeas which take their name from peace*.
" Peace is the ſound moſt glad the Britons' ears.
" But ſee the noble Bolingbroke appears;
" Geſture compos'd and looks ſerene declare
" Th' approaching iſſue of a doubtful war.
" Now any peruvian race ſafe in the deep
" Shall hear no cannons' roar diſturb their ſleep,
" But ſmootheſt tides and the moſt halcyon gales
" Shall to their port direct Britannia's ſails.

* The Pacifick ocean.

"Ye Tritons! sons of gods, it is my command,
"That you see Bolingbroke in safety land;
"Your concave shells for softest notes prepare,
"Whilst Echo shall repeat the gentlest air;
"The river gods shall there your triumphs meet,
"And in old Ocean mix'd your hero greet;
"Thames shall stand wond'ring, Isis shall rejoice,
"And both in tuneful numbers raise their voice;
"The rapid Medway and the fertile Trent
"In swiftest streams confess their true content;
"Avon and Severn shall in raptures join,
"And Fame convey them to the northern Tine:
"Tweed then no more the Britons shall divide,
"But peace and plenty flow on either side;
"Triumphs proclaim, and mirth and jovial feasts,
"And all the world invite for welcome guests."
Faction, that thro' the land so fatal spread,
No more shall dare to rise her Hydra's head,
But all her votaries in silence mourn
The happiness of Bolingbroke's return:
Far from the common pitch, he shall arise
With great designs to dazzle Envy's eyes;
Search deep to know of Whiggish plots the source,
Their ever turning schemes and restless course.
Who shall hereafter British annals read
But will reflect with wonder on this deed?
How artfully his conduct overcame
A stubborn race and quench'd a raging flame;

Retriev'd the Britons from unruly fate,
And overthrew the Phaetons of ſtate!
Theſe wiſe exploits thro' Gallia's nation ran,
And fir'd their ſouls to ſee the wondrous man:
The aged counſellors without ſurpriſe
Found wit and prudence ſparkling in his eyes;
Wiſdom that was not gain'd in courſe of years,
Or rev'rence owing to his hoary hairs,
But ſtruck by force of genius, ſuch as drove
The goddeſs Pallas from the brain of Jove.
The youth of France with pleaſure look'd to ſee
His graceful mien and beauteous ſymmetry:
The virgins ran as to unuſual ſhow
When he to Paris came and Fontainbleau,
Viewing the blooming miniſter deſir'd,
And ſtill the more they gaz'd the more admir'd.
Nor did the Court, that beſt true grandeur knows,
Their ſentiments by leſſer facts diſcloſe,
By common pomp or ceremonious train
Seen heretofore, or to be ſeen again;
But they devis'd new honours yet unknown,
Or paid to any ſubject of a crown.
The Gallick king, in age and counſels wiſe,
Bated with war, and weary of diſguiſe,
With open arms ſalutes the Britiſh peer,
And gladly owns his prince and character.
As Hermes from the throne of Jove deſcends
With grateful errand to Heav'n's choiceſt friends,

As Iris from the bed of Juno flies
To bear her queen's commands thro' yielding skies,
Whilſt o'er her wings freſh beams of glory flow,
And blended colours paint her wondrous bow;
So Bolingbroke appears in Louis' ſight
With meſſage heav'nly, and with equal light
Diſpels all clouds of doubt and fear of wars,
And in his miſtreſs' name for peace declares:
Accents divine! which the great king receives
With the ſame grace that mighty Anna gives.
Let others boaſt of blood, the ſpoil of foes,
Rapine and murder, and of endleſs woes,
Deteſted pomp! and trophies gain'd from far,
With ſpangled enſigns ſtreaming in the air;
Count how they made Bavarian ſubjects feel
The rage of fire and edge of harden'd ſteel;
Fatal effects of foul inſatiate pride,
That deal their wounds alike on either ſide,
No limits ſet to their ambitious ends,
For who bounds them no longer can be friends;
By diff'rent methods Bolingbroke ſhall raiſe
His growing honours and immortal praiſe.
He, fir'd with glory and the publick good,
Betwixt the people and their danger ſtood:
Arm'd with convincing truths he did appear,
And all he ſaid was ſparkling, bright, and clear.
The liſt'ning Senate with attention heard,
And ſome admir'd while others trembling fear'd;

Not from the tropes of formal eloquence,
But Demoſthenick ſtrength and weight of ſenſe,
Such as fond Oxford to her ſon ſupply'd,
Deſign'd her own as well as Britain's pride;
Who, leſs beholden to the ancient ſtrains,
Might ſhew a nobler blood in Engliſh veins,
Outdo whatever Homer ſweetly ſung
Of Neſtor's counſels or Ulyſſes' tongue.
Oh! all ye Nymphs! whilſt time and youth allow
Prepare the roſe and lily for his brow.
Much he has done, but ſtill has more in view,
To Anna's int'reſt and his country true.
More I could propheſy, but muſt refrain:
Such truths would make another mortal vain.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBI

An Apologue translated from the original of Æsop, ten two thousand Years since, and now rendered in liar Verse by H. G. L. Mag.

Good precepts and true gold are more valuabl their antiquity; and here I present my good p with one delivered by the first founder of myths Æsop himself. Maximus Planudes takes notice as a very excellent part of his production; and drus, Camerarius, and others, seem to agree th Eagle, and five others not yet translated, are eq any of his that are handed down to us. Though Ogleby and Sir Roger L'Estrange had the unh ness to be unacquainted with them, yet I had the fortune to discover them by the removal of my c brary, which has made me amends for the troul getting to where I now teach. They were wri or dictated at least, by Æsop in the fifty-fourth O piad; and though I designed them chiefly for th of myschool, (this being translated by a youth desi for a Greek professor) yet no man is so wise as n need instruction, ay, and by the way of fable since the Holy Scriptures themselves, the best int ters, teach us by way of parable, symbol, image figure: and David was more moved with Nat "Thou art the man," than all the most rigid lec in the world would have done. Whoever will

the trouble of comparing this verſion with the original, let them begin at the tenth line, and they will find it metaphraſtically done *verbum verbo*, as the laſt way of juſtice to the author. Thoſe that are mere adorers of ψιλοι λογοι will not be angry that it is in this ſort of metre, for which I gave leave, the lad having a turn to this ſort of meaſure, which is pleaſant and agreeable, though not lofty. For my own part, I concur with my maſter Ariſtotle that ῥυθμος ϗ ἁρμονια are very far from being unneceſſary or unpleaſant. May this be of uſe to thee, and it will pleaſe thine in all good wiſhes,

HORAT. GRAM.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN.

A Lady * liv'd in former days
That well deſerv'd the utmoſt praiſe,
For greatneſs, birth, and juſtice, fam'd,
And ev'ry virtue could be nam'd,
Which made her courſe of life ſo ev'n
That ſhe is a ſaint (if dead) in heav'n.

This lady had a little ſeat
Juſt like a palace it was ſo neat,
From aught but goodneſs her retreat.

One morning, in her giving way,
As was her cuſtom ev'ry day,
To cheer the poor, the ſick, and cold,
Or with apparel, food, or gold,
There came a gazing ſtranger by
On whom ſhe quickly caſt an eye.

The man admiring made a ſtand;
He had a bird upon his hand:
"What is that," ſays ſhe, "that hangs its head?
"Sinking and faint! it is almoſt dead."
"Madam, a Redbreaſt that I found,
"By this wet ſeaſon almoſt drown'd."

* Queen Anne. If the reader recollects the change whic
ſhe made in her miniſtry in 1709, the year in which this poe
was written, and looks into our Author's Rufinus, or, The F
vourite, the political moral of this apologue will appear ev
dent.

" O! bring him in and keep him warm;
" Robins do never any harm."
They ſoon obey'd, and chopt him meat,
Gave him whatever he would eat;
The lady care herſelf did take,
And made a neſt for Robin's ſake:
But he perkt up into her chair,
In which he plentcouſly did fare,
Aſſuming quite another air.
The neighbours thought when this they ſpy'd
The world well mended on his ſide.
With welltun'd throat he whiſtled long,
And ev'ry body lik'd his ſong.
" At laſt," ſaid they, " this little thing
" Will kill itſelf ſo long to ſing;
" We 'll cloſet him among the reſt
" Of thoſe my lady loves the beſt "
They little thought that ſaw him come
That Robins were ſo quarrelſome.
The door they open'd, in he pops,
And to the higheſt perch he hops;
The party-colour'd birds he choſe,
The gold finches, and ſuch as thoſe;
With them he 'd peck, and bill, and feed,
And very well (at times) agreed:
Canary birds were his delight,
With them he 'd [illegible] all night;

But the brown linnets went to pot;
He kill'd them all upon the spot.
The servants were employ'd each day
Instead of work to part some fray,
And wish'd the awkward fellow curst
That brought him to my lady first:
At last they all resolv'd upon it
Some way to tell my lady on it.
Meanwhile he 'd had a noble swing,
And rul'd just like the Gallick king;
Having kill'd or wounded all
Unless the Eagle in the hall,
With whom he durst but only jar,
He being the very soul of war,
But hated him for his desert,
And bore him malice at his heart.
This Eagle was my lady's pride,
The guardian safety of her side;
He often brought home foreign prey,
Which humbly at her feet he lay;
For colour, pinions, and stature,
The fairest workmanship of Nature;
'Twould do one good to see him move,
So full of grandeur, grace, and love;
He was indeed a bird for Jove.
He soar'd aloft in Brucum's field,
And thousand kites and vultures kill'd,

Which made him dear to all that flew,
Unleſs to Robin and his crew.
One day poor Bob, puff'd up with pride,
Thinking the combat to abide,
A gooſequill on for weapon ty'd,
Knowing by uſe that now and then
A ſword leſs hurt does than a pen.
As for example—What at home
You 've well contriv'd to do at Rome
A pen blows up—before you come.
You are ſuppos'd to undermine
The foe—in ſome immenſe deſign.
A pen can bite you with a line;
There is forty ways to give a ſign.
Well—all on fire away he ſtalk'd,
Till come to—where the Eagle walk'd.
Bob did not ſhill-I-ſhall-I go,
Nor ſaid one word of friend or foe,
But ſtirring at him made a blow,
As gamecocks with their gauntets do;
At which the Eagle gracefully
Caſt a diſdaining ſparkling eye,
As who ſhould ſay—"What is this, a fly?
But no revenge at all did take;
He ſpar'd him for their ladys ſake,
Who ponder'd theſe things in her mind,
And took the conduct of the King's kind.

Upon reflection now—to ſhow
What harm the leaſt of things may do,
Mad Robin with his curſed flirt
One of the Eagle's * eyes had hurt,
Inflam'd it, made it red and ſore,
But the affront inflam'd it more.
Oh, how the family did tear!
To fire the houſe could ſcarce forbear:
With ſcorn not pain the Eagle fir'd
Murmur'd diſdain, and ſo retir'd.
Robin to offer ſome relief
In words like theſe would heal their grief:
" Should th' Eagle die (which Heav'n forbid!)
" We ought ſome other to provide.
" I do not ſay that any now
" Are fit, but in a year or two;
" And ſhould this mighty warriour fall
" They ſhould not want a general."
As men have long obſerv'd that one
Misfortune ſeldom comes alone,
Juſt in the moment this was done
Ten thouſand foes in fight were come;
Vultures and kites, and birds of prey,
In flocks ſo thick—they darken'd day.
A long-concerted force and ſtrong,
Vermine of all kinds made the throng;

* Ὀφθαλμὸς amongſt the Greeks ſignifies "Honour as
" tender as the eye." *King.*

ere in the faction join'd,
ited their approach to ground.
'ry hand from common fame
htful face of danger came.
s, " What help now—who can tell?
lad the Eagle is here and well!"
: out of breath with fear
Thousands more near sea appear;
'll sweep our chicken from the door;
:ver were so set before:
e glad the Eagle will forget,
he invaders kill or beat."
v'd and great, his noble mind,
ll petty things inclin'd,
'd the thoughts of any thing
t his lady's peace could bring,
:ss'd him first, and bad him do
as wont, and beat the foe.
ing and restless as the sun
is willing work was done,
ts his talons, stretch'd his wings,
t'ning darts, and terrour flings,
with a flight into the sky
illion monsters to descry,
d to conquer or to die.
party that so far was come
t not the Eagle was at home;

To fame and danger us'd in field
They knew he'd quickly make them yield:
But on aſſurance he was near,
Incumber'd, faint, and dead with fear,
They made with hurry tow'rds the lakes,
And he his pinions o'er them ſhakes.
They had not (with ſuch horrour till'd)
The courage to let one be kill'd:
They fled, and left no foe behind
Unleſs it were the fleeting wind;
Only—a man by water took
Two fine young merlins and a rook.
The family had now repoſe,
But with the ſun the Eagle roſe;
Th' imperial bird purſu'd the foe,
More toil than reſt inur'd to know.
He wing'd his way to Latian land
Where firſt was hatch'd this murd'ring band;
He darted death where'er he came,
Some of them dying at his name.
Their mighty foe—a fatal pledge,
Their bowels tore thro' ev'ry hedge;
They flutter, ſhriek, and caw, and hiſs,
Their ſtrength decays and fears increaſe,
But moſt the chevaliers the geeſe.
So many ſlaughter'd fowl there was
Their carcaſſes block'd up the ways;

The reſt he drove, half ſpent, pellmell,
Quite to the walls of Pontifell.
Robin at home, tho' mad to hear
He ſhou'd ſo conquer ev'ry where,
Expoſtulated thus with fear:
"Ungrateful I that ſo have ſtirr'd
"Againſt this gen'rous noble bird:
"Waſt thou not firſt by him preferr'd?
"Let 's leave him in his gall to burn,
"And back to Pontifell return."
There ſome to chimneytops aſpire,
To turrets ſome that could fly higher;
Some 'bove a hundred miles were gone
To rooſt them at Byzantium.
Alas! in vain was their pretence;
He broke thro' all their ſtrong defence:
Down went their fences, wires, and all;
Perches and birds together fall.
None hop'd his power to withſtand,
But gave the reſt to his command;
They told him of ten thouſand more
In flocks along the Ganges' ſhore,
Safe in their furrows, free from trouble,
Like partridges among the ſtubble.
He ſpreads himſelf and cuts the air,
And ſteady flight ſoon brought him there.
Lord, how deceiv'd and vex'd he was
To find they were but mere jackdaws!

A hundred thouſand all in flight,
They all could chatter, not one fight.
" I 'll deal by them as is their due;
" Shough!" cry'd the Eagle; " off they flew:
His flaſhing eyes their heart confounds,
Tho' by their flight ſecure from wounds,
Which was a ſignal, fatal baulk
To a late ſwift Italian hawk.
The Eagle would no reſt afford
Till he had ſent my lady word,
Who when ſhe heard the dear ſurpriſe
Wonder and joy ſtood in her eyes.
" My faithful Eagle! haſt thou then
" My mortal foes deſtroy'd again?
" Return, return, and on me wait;
" Be thou the guardian of my gate:
" Thee and thy friends are worth my care;
" Thy foes (if any ſuch there are)
" Shall my avenging anger ſhare."
So—leſt new ills ſhou'd intervene
She turn'd the Robin out again.
The Samians now in vaſt delight
Bleſs their good lady day and night,
Wiſh that her life might ne'er be done,
But everlaſting as the ſun.
The Eagle high again did ſoar,
The lady was diſturb'd no more,
But all things flouriſh'd as before.

ROBIN REDBREAST, WITH THE BEAS

AN OLD CAT'S PROPHECY *;

Taken out of an old Copy of Verſes ſuppoſed to be wr
John Lidgate, a Monk of Bury.

ONE that had in her infant ſtate,
While playing at her father's gate,
Seen and was moſt hugely ſmitten
With young Dog and dirty Kitten,
Had took them up and lugg'd them in,
And made the ſervants waſh them clean.
When ſhe to a fit age was grown
To be ſole miſtreſs of her own,
Then to her favour and ſtrange truſt
She rais'd theſe two; in rank the firſt
The Dog, who with gilt collar grac'd
Strutted about. The Cat was plac'd
O'er all the houſe to domineer,
And kept each wight of her in fear,
While he o'er all the plains had pow'r,
That ſavage wolves might not devour
'er flocks. She gave him charge great care
o take; but beaſts uncertain are!
Now ſee by theſe what troubles

Put truſt in ſuch; for he ſoon join'd;
With beaſt of prey the Dog combin'd,
Who kill'd the Sheep and tore the Hind,
While he would ſtand, and grin, and bark,
Concealing thus his dealings dark.
A Wolf or ſo ſometimes he 'd take,
And then O what a noiſe he 'd make!
But with wild beaſts o'errun yet are
The plains; ſome die for want of fare,
Or torn or kill'd: the ſhepherds find
Each day are loſt of ev'ry kind.
Thy ſilly Sheep lament in vain;
Of their hard fate not him complain.
The ſhepherds and the ſervants all
Againſt the traitor loudly bawl:
But there was none that dar'd to tell
Their lady what to them befel;
For Puſs a Fox of wondrous art
Brought in to help and take their part,
By whoſe affiſiance to deceive
She made her ev'ry lie believe.
One lucky day when ſhe was walking
In her woods, with ſervants talking,
And ſtopp'd to hear how very well
A Redbreaſt ſung, then him to dwell
With her ſhe call'd. He came, and took
His place next to a fav'rite Rook,
While Robin ſoon began to ſing
Such tongs as made the houſe to ring:

He ſung the loſs and death of Sheep
In notes that made the lady weep;
How for his charge the Dog unfit
Took part with foes, and ſhepherds bit;
Ev'n from his birth he did him trace,
And ſhew him cur of ſhabby race;
The firſt by wand'ring beggars fed,
His ſire advanc'd turn'd ſpit for bread;
Himſelf each truſt had ſtill abus'd;
To ſteal what he ſhou'd guard was us'd
From puppy; known where'er he came
Both vile and baſe, and void of ſhame.
The Cat he ſung, that none could match
For venom'd ſpite or cruel ſcratch;
That from a witch transform'd ſhe came,
Who kitten'd three of equal fame:
This firſt one dead, of tabby fur
The third ſurvives; much noiſe of her
Had been; a Cat well known; with eaſe
On errands dark o'er land and ſeas
She 'd journies take to cub of Bear,
From theſe intriguing beaſts, who ſwear
They 'll bring him to defend the wrong
That they have done. Again he ſung
How Tabby once in moonlight night
Trotted with letter Fox did write,
In which he ſends his beſt reſpects
To the ſhe bear, and thus directs:

" Madam," ſaid he, " your cub ſafe ſend,
" None ſhall his worſhip ſoon offend;
" It is all I can at preſent do
" To ſerve him, as his friends well know."
At this the Beaſts grew in ſuch rage
That none their fury could aſſuage;
Nay, Puſs her lady would have ſcratch'd,
And tore her eyes, but ſhe was watch'd;
For ſhe 'd ſet up her back and mew,
And thrice ev'n in her face ſhe flew.
The Dog, like an ungrateful ſpark,
At her wou'd dare to ſnarl and bark.
Her tenants wond'ring ſtood to hear
That ſhe their inſolence wou'd bear,
And offer'd their aſſiſtance to
Soon make them better manners know:
But ſhe, t' avoid all farther rout,
Her window op'ning turn'd Bob out,
Hoping that then her Beaſts wou'd live
In peace, and no diſturbance give.
Yet nothing ſhe can do avails;
Their rage againſt her ſtill prevails,
Tho' Puſs was warn'd to fear their fate
In lines (by old Prophetic Cat
Writ before her tranſformation,
When ſhe was in the witch's ſtation)
Foretelling thus: " When Beaſts are grown
" To certain heights before unknown

in race, some shall aloud
and arm a dreadful crowd,
vast numbers shall advance,
new tunes shall make them dance:
his begins no longer hope,
emains is ax and rope."
deterr'd by this, they dar'd,
who of their plunder shar'd,
their lady, and conspire
with her money hire,
ng her, to pay undue
nto this bestial crew;
resembled human shapes,
e indeed no more than Apes,
in house, and some in wood,
s in high boughs stood,
t'ring made such noise and stir,
as due to Fox and Cur,
eir false deluding way
her flocks begin to stray.
bin does for her his care
express; on whom yet are
hts all fix'd: on her he dreams
it; her praises are his themes
ll day. Now perch'd on tree,
imself secure and free,
shakes his little wings,
s throat; again he sings

" That ſhe had left no other way
" To ſave her flocks and end this fray
" But ſoon to her aſſiſtance take
" One who could make theſe monſters ſhake;
" A well-known huntſman, who has ſkill
" The fierceſt beaſts to tame or kill:
" At her command he 'd come, and he
" Would make her great and ſet them free;
" That ſhou'd theſe Beaſts ſome evil day
" Bring Cub into her grounds, ſhe may
" Depend that not herſelf they 'll ſpare,
" Since to inſult her now they dare:
" All ſhe at beſt can hope for then
" Is to be ſafe ſhut up in den;
" Since by ſure ſigns all theſe ingrate
" Are known to bear her deadly hate."
He ends his ſong, and prays to Heav'n
That ſhe may have the wiſdom giv'n
Before it be too late, to take
Such reſolutions as may make
Her ſafe, and that theſe Beaſts no more
To ravage in the plains have pow'r.

BIBLIOTHECA; A POEM;

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF

A MODERN LIBRARY.

WITH

SOME VERY USEFUL EPISODES AND DIGRESSIONS *.

———Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerunque secat res.
———Utile dulci. HOR.

TO the most noble Prince Henry Duke of Beaufort, Marquis and Earl of Worcester, Earl of Glamorgan, Baron Herbert, Lord of Chepstow, Ragland, and Gower, and the illustrious Brotherhood† over which his Grace presides, this Poem is humbly dedicated by their most obedient, most dutiful, and humble servant.

THE tea was sipp'd, Ocella gone
To regulate affairs alone,

* This is ascribed to Dr. King upon conjecture only. It was published in 1712, the winter before he died, by his [illegible] inscribed to his patron, and is very much in his [illegible] name is accordingly affixed to the author's notes. The poem is on many accounts worth preserving; and if it is not Dr. King's, it is at least not by an inferior writer.

† The Duke was Captain of the band of [illegible] Though the interests of virtue and religion are [illegible] by the severest reason and argument, yet I hope [illegible] recommendation of them to the world may not be [illegible] a prejudice to either. How oft' has a [illegible] cessfully arraigned by a candid and easy [illegible] long maintained itself against a more [illegible] familiar conviction! If we can [illegible] vertary, sport with his [illegible] his errours, why should we [illegible] complacency and [illegible]

When from the marriage lumber freed
The Doctor with himself decreed
To nod—or, much the same, to read.
He always seem'd a wondrous lover
Of painted leaf and Turkey cover,

with a rival would most certainly deprive us of? If we miscarry in an attempt of this nature our defeat would be the less dishonourable, because we seemed only to play and trifle with the mistakes of an author; but should we, under the mask of a little raillery, wit, and good humour, obtain our end, it would double our satisfaction as well as the glory of our conquest. Two important debates of the utmost consequence in religion (Eachard's Contempt of the Clergy, and Philautus and Timothy) have with wonderful applause lately appeared in the world; the beauties of their authors' style, the purity of their diction, the elegant turn of thought, and above all a torrent of severe but good-natured wit, drew a thousand readers to peruse an hypothesis they little imagined ever to espouse; but they were insensibly deluded into good principles, and betrayed into a conviction of those very truths they came on purpose to deride and ridicule: where they expected to gratify a fancy only, they found a more real advantage in the reformation of their judgment, and from admirers of the authors' wit and beauties became at last proselytes to their opinions. If in two or three instances I have transgressed my own rules, the fool or the knave must be imagined very notorious; and that those tender and merciful lashes that were judged sufficient for little offenders would hardly have reached the vanities of the one or the villanies of the other: and if I am thought to have injured any person in his character, or to have said as much as I am able, I must beg leave to assure the world that it was owing to abundance of humanity and good-nature I did not say a great deal more; and would rather advise them to sit easy and quiet under the innocent rebukes of a satire, than provoke others to prepare that correction which their ignorance, their impudence, or both, have so justly deserved. *King.*

While no regard at all was had
To ſots in homely ruſſet clad,
Concluding he muſt be within
A calf that wore without his ſkin.
Scott * if in rags was not admir'd,
While Lacy † ſeem'd as much inſpir'd,
And in rich purple nicely dreſt
Diſcours'd as ſaintly as the beſt.
Great Sherlock, Barrow, and thoſe few
That teach our paſſions to ſubdue,
Without gilt backs he would deſpiſe,
Which ſeem'd at beſt but dully wiſe;
And Bunyan's Pilgrim ſhew'd the way
To Paradiſe as well as they.
But tho' his thoughts were fix'd to read
The treatiſe was not yet decreed;
Uncertain to devote the day
To politicks or elſe to play,
What theme would beſt his genius ſuit,
Grave morals or a dull diſpute;
Where both contending champions boaſt
The victory which neither loſt,
As chiefs are oft' in ſtory read
Each to purſue when neither fled ‡.

* John Scott, D. D. author of The Chriſtian Life, 5 vols.

† A whimſical odd fellow, and a preacher among the Camiſars. *King.*——Lacy was one of thoſe enthuſiaſts who ſupported the French prophets.

‡ See the battle of Mons 1709. *King.*

All ſuppliant now devoutly ſwore
He ne'er wou'd queſtion Æſop more,
But own each page authentick ſtood
Some centuries before the flood;
Who tho' the tyrant's bull of braſs
Did for a mighty wonder paſs,
On purpoſe wrote to have it known
He made much bigger of his own.
Maurus* and Garth their feuds ſurvive,
And here in endleſs friendſhip live;
Kindly concording, now impart
Their healing pow'r and rhyming art;
Unrivall'd heroes both confeſt
To cloſe a life or break a jeſt,
And both with both Apollo's† bleſt.
But who can mention Maurus' name
Without a line to crown his fame?
Upon whoſe brows inſpiring hung
Large poppy wreaths whene'er he ſung,
Whoſe kindred rhymes their nature keep,
Gently diſpoſing folks to ſleep.
Then ſay, great Mirror of our time!
(Not half ſo fam'd for cures as rhyme)
Why ſhouldſt thou other means purſue
To heal with drugs when verſe will do?
Five tender diſtichs from thoſe ſtrains
Where Arthur moans and Job complains

* Sir Richard Blackmore.
† The god of Medicine and Verſe.

But while we thus his grief explore,
Oh! view the cauſe, nor wonder more!
See cloſely fix'd on either hand
His two tranſlators* near him ſtand,
Oblig'd to hear them both rehearſe
His wondrous ſong in doggrel verſe,
Thus doom'd to all ſucceeding times
To gingle in dull Britiſh rhymes.
" He never thought, great Bard! to ſee
" His Roman ladies ſipping tea,
" Divine Lavinia taking ſnuff,
" Or grave Æneas charge in buff,
" Againſt his Latian foes advance
" With muſket now inſtead of lance,
" While mighty Turnus owes his fall
" Not to a jav'lin but a ball,
" Shot thro' the belly in the fray,
" Expiring a genteeler way."
Had Withers, Shirley, or the good
Laureate of Cambridge near him ſtood,
No wrinkle had been ſeen; nay more,
Ev'n R——ll's ſelf he could have bore,
(Where Nature taking wondrous pains
To furniſh guts ne'er thought of brains)
But doom'd to periſh by a foe,
Yet hug the arm that gave the blow;
A fate was look'd on too ſevere
For Heav'n to fix or him to bear.

* Ogleby and Lauderdale. *King.*

ılike appear'd their ſtrains
: ſung on Latian plains,
heir readers to diſpenſe
y cuts inſtead of ſenſe)
thoſe lines their pencil drew
›wn ſelf great Maro knew,
Loggan * let him ſee
.ates it muſt be he;
:hen he could refuſe,
ıe cuts confeſs'd the Muſe.
› can view without a tear
ar's Muſe and D'Urfey near?
ing wit ne'er higher flew
dite for Barthol'mew,
ſots at country fairs
r ſongs to Purcell's airs;
›w ſweetly they combine,
es club and numbers join!
›old Grecian nobly ſings
heroes, and of kings,
ıing more than mortal fire
oice and warms his lyre,
vith each tranſporting page
heat and catch his rage;
immortal warriour's name
ranſmits to deathleſs fame,
ıths upon their hearſe beſtows,
wound immortal grows!

* An engraver of ſingular eminence.

But much, oh! very much below
Our meek Pindaricks gently flow,
In ſoft and eaſy metre creep,
And juſt oblige us not to ſleep
While lovers ſtorm and heroes weep.
Let thy dull Pegaſus no more
To Lyrick ſong attempt to ſoar,
Nor with thy weight preſume to riſe
With rival ſtrength above the ſkies,
Which trots much better than he flies.
Let Pindar's Muſe record the flames
Of heav'nly nymphs, celeſtial dames;
Be thou content to whine, and tell
How Strephon charm'd and Phyllis fell;
Or with that willow grace thy ſong
Where late deſpairing Chloe hung,
While the ſad tree the ſtory owns,
Sprouting each May with ſighs and groans,
Which fann'd with zephirs never fail
To waft abroad the doleful tale,
And ſhall to future times remain
Sacred to Love and Chloe ſlain.
Bright heroes in thy liſt ſhall ſtand
In modern brunts that held command,
Whoſe bold adventures ſhall outſhine
The heroes all of Cæſar's line.
Brave Arthur and his daring crew
Shall kill each mother's ſon they view,

And great Pendragon's fatal blade
Convert each foe into a ſhade;
Guy for Alcides ſhall command,
And Highgate for Olympus ſtand.
See next, in purple ſeated high,
A dazzling wit* attracts the eye,
Inviting with his radiant hue
If not to read at leaſt to view;
Tho' his dark low'ring aſpect ſhows
That Nature meant the fool for proſe,
To waſte his little ſenſe and time
In broaching any thing but rhyme.
Yet by degrees the wretch aroſe
To trade in verſe from vending hoſe†,
And ſtill in Nature's ſpite thinks meet
Tho' not in ſocks to deal in feet.
The toothleſs ſatire that he writes
No other but its author bites,
(Like thoſe miſtaken curs of yore
That for the ſtag their maſter tore)
Where harmleſs Pun and witty Clinch
Mumble ſometimes but never pinch,
And aiming at a wound are ſure
To give us ſmiles and work our cure.
Hadſt thou no other damning crime
Juſtice might fairly urge thy rhyme:

* De Foe: he wrote a dull ſcandalous libel on all the Engliſh nobility, called The trueborn Engliſhman. *King.*
† De Foe's firſt profeſſion.

Heav'n's votaries have ſtill pretence
To piety, at leaſt to ſenſe;
But villains dull as well as rude
A double juſtice muſt exclude.
If e'er thy ſins thou doſt rehearſe
Be ſure in tears clap in thy verſe;
Pardon for that with ſighs implore,
Confeſs thy guilt and write no more;
Content to match thy fame with thoſe
That live and aſſes die in proſe;
But if no counſel can reclaim
Thy daring pen, and fancy tame,
That engine view *, where lately hung
Thy Muſe and thee exalted ſung:
Let that at leaſt engage thy fears,
And drop thy pen to ſave thy ears.
Oh, of what ſtrange and pow'rful uſe
Are pill'ries to inſpire a Muſe!
Hark, in what hymns and grateful lays
The pendent bard reſounds their praiſe!
From rotten eggs that round him flew
His happy inſpirations drew,
Whoſe balmy ſcent inſpir'd his vein
To ſend them back in verſe again.
Oh, help, Apollo! now is the time
To ſave thy ſon for future rhyme!

* *He wrote* an infamous libel called The Shorteſt Way, for *which he was* apprehended and ſtood in the pillory, to which *afterwards he* wrote a Hymn. King.

Sits on his wooden throne diſmay'd
He peeping thro' implores thy aid,
The only time he ever pray'd;
And begs thee to relieve his wants
In Helicon or kinder Nantz,
A liquor of as ſov'reign uſe
As Aganippe's noble juice
To raiſe and cheer his drooping Muſe!
See round his venerable head
Bright turnip greens for laurel ſpread!
The luſtre that his temples crown'd
In fable ſhow'rs of ordure drown'd!
Yet, Phœbus! let this wretch ſurvive;
Revenge thyſelf and let him live!
(Ador'd by thoſe his ſaucy Muſe
In ſcoundrel ſatire durſt abuſe,
Where oft' the ſtarving villain fed,
Cring'd for a groat, and fawn'd for bread)
Atoning thus for each offence
Committed againſt thee and ſenſe,
Till all the ſtuff the idiot wrote
Will ſcarce gain credit for a groat,
Till, ſtarv'd and rotting in a jail,
He trucks his poetry for ale;
(Too richly paid if his three parts
Will fetch him in as many quarts)
And ſhould his boaſted labours bring
But pence beſide to buy a ſtring,

Let him th' experiment to try
Swing his own Shorteſt Way and die!
Chaucer, the chief of all the throng
That whilom dealt in antient ſong
(Whoſe laurell'd fame ſhall never ceaſe
While wit can charm or humour pleaſe)
Lies all in tatters on the ground,
With duſt inſtead of laurels crown'd,
Teaching mankind that poets have
With vulgar wits one common grave;
That all their boaſted labours muſt
Like other folks ſubmit to duſt,
Partake their fate the common way,
And verſe itſelf be turn'd to clay;
That none ſhall tell while mix'd we lie
Which mighty Spenſer was, which I,
Nor, in one common dungeon thruſt,
John Dryden's from John Bunyan's duſt:
Empty alike both ſkulls we view,
Of the ſame thickneſs, form, and hue,
Unknowing now which pate contains
The greater ſtock of ſenſe or brains;
While Bunyan here is ev'ry whit
As bright, and looks as like a wit;
For the grim jaw of hungry Time
Has no regard at all for rhyme,
But bluntly down together mows
Wits fam'd for verſe as well as proſe,

Commanding oft' the ſelfſame hearſe
To hide the poet and the verſe,
While ſweetly in one common fire
The labour and the bard expire.
This Tutchin found, whoſe works a while
With melting ſoftneſs charm'd our iſle,
But when their dying lord withdrew
They took the hint and vaniſh'd too:
Thus Job * and thus the Britiſh Prince *
Were once, but never heard of ſince.
The Muſe that in immortal lays
So nobly ſung Eliza's praiſe,
(Extoll'd beneath a fancy'd name,
No Fairy but a Britiſh dame)
With all his boaſted pow'r to ſave
All other laurels from the grave,
In a dark corner rudely thrown
Now wants a pow'r to ſave his own:
Tho' Heav'n itſelf his boſom fir'd,
And all the god his breaſt inſpir'd,
That Phœbus ſelf from Spenſer's Muſe
Might ſofter ſtrains and numbers chuſe,
Make Daphne liſten to his lay,
And force the flying nymph to ſtay,
With all his wit deſerves no more
Than a poor ſhelf behind the door;

* Two poems by Sir Richard Blackmore. *King.*

Great Humber's ſtream and Solway's tide
As full of inſpiration glide;
With fancies fraught their waters flow,
And roll with raptures as they go!
Inſtead of Virgil's ſacred page
That us'd his wonder to engage,
He now attends the rigid fights
Of doughty heroes, hardy knights,
One leg lopp'd off, that urg'd her foe
As fierce as when they fought on two!
For Turnus great Argyle commands,
And Douglas for Æneas ſtands.
Tho' Kincardine appear too long
To rhyme in verſe and Britiſh ſong,
What hero in the Latian Muſe
E'er ſounded half ſo big as Bruce!
Entail'd more glory on his race
Than his bold ſword in Chevy Chaſe!
Where doughty chiefs renown'd for fight
Obſcur'd the Roman valour quite,
Whoſe ſilly arms upon record
Were only vulgar pike and ſword,
While theſe with gun and piſtol found
A nearer way their foes to wound.
Behold the bard whoſe daring pen
The ſquabbles drew 'twixt gods and men
Alone upon a duſty ſhelf
Deſcribe their combats by himſelf;

as paſt no mortal ſight
ace beheld the furious fight;
nowing if the champions ſtout
'd in armour or without;
er the foe attack'd the wall
batt'ring ram or iron ball;
he fam'd Troy at length was won
orſe of timber or of bone.
eeping queen of Beauty found
der to lament her wound;
ot a ſoul for years had read
troops purſu'd, whoſe legions fled;
Heav'n's kind aid both ſides invoke
'ove himſelf receiv'd a ſtroke,
o celeſtial med'cine found
ip with balſam for his wound;
nding on his plaſter, ſwore
er wou'd leave Olympus more,
p from heav'n's ſecurer ſhades
w again ſuch fighting blades,
varring for ſo fair a prize
o regard for deities:
Paris free from hoſtile jars
'd at home in ſofter wars,
val heroes ſtrive for fame,
hleſs annals write their name,
bleſs'd with Helen's lovely eyes
har'd the blows and he the prize.

In Beauty's cauſe his youth employ'd,
And as they conquer'd he enjoy'd.
Oh! who can thus unmov'd deſcry
The great Mæonian poorly lie
Entomb'd in duſt, nor on his hearſe
Kindly beſtow one grateful verſe?
Shall ſtates contend his birthright's fame,
And we not tremble at his name,
Our great arrears of duty pay
And gratitude as well as they?
Without a tear his heroes view,
New labours urge, new toils purſue,
More fatal far than all they bore
On fam'd Scamander's bleeding ſhore?
Great Priam in a kite aſcends,
And Hector's ſelf a caſement mends;
New trials for their valour find
Inſtead of men to combat wind;
The ſturdy Greek, whoſe hardy hide
Could ſtrokes of oak or ſteel abide,
And, worn inſtead of hardeſt buff,
Was deem'd both ſword and cudgel proof,
Is ſtrangely now ſurpris'd to feel
More places mortal than his heel:
But heroes well ſuch ſlights may bear
When gods themſelves no better fare.
Hermes, accuſtom'd to the ſkies,
Aloft in fiery rockets flies,

Swifter than when from Jove he flew
To bear ſome am'rous hilkt-dame,
And warn the unexpecting dame
To dreſs before his Highneſs came.
Phœbus with all his luſtre bright
Is trimm'd to deck a Chriſtmas light,
(All other lights exceeding far,
As he himſelf outſhines a ſtar)
Till the bright god that all things burns
Flaming himſelf to aſhes turns.
The mighty Mars, for all he looks
Fierce both in battles and in books,
Stript of his armour, on the floor
All peaceful lies and ſtruts no more!
With Juno's wondrous witty ſpeech
Ocella fairly wip'd her breech;
Her birth and godhead nought avail,
Preferr'd to jakes from Madam's tail.
Gallus *, whoſe numbers oft' have charm'd
The coyeſt nymph and coldeſt warm'd,
(Doubly oblig'd to ſee and hear
The verſe ſo ſweet and he ſo fair)
s doom'd by too ſevere a fate
'o ſing within an inch of Tate!
While both beneath the ſelfſame leather,
ike fair and foul in April weather,
indly concord and rhyme together.

* *John Sheffield* Duke of Buckinghamſhire.

Thus have I often at a play
Survey'd a nymph profusely gay,
With all the charms of nature grac'd,
Close by some wrinkled beldam plac'd,
Oblig'd to hear the dowdy thing
Her triumphs boast and conquest sing,
Whose breath the want of charms supplies,
And kills more certain than her eyes.
Oh! quickly, beauteous queen of Love,
Thy suff'ring fav'rite hence remove;
With thy own hand thy darling bring
Where Addison and Congreve sing,
(By whose harmonious art and care
Thy matchless beauties shine more fair)
To Prior join his rival bays,
Or, list'ning to soft Cowley's lays,
Let him intent on Waller's lyre
To reach his daring flights aspire,
To Heav'n the wondrous Muse pursue
With equal strength and softness too.
Hark, how thy Isis' weeping shore
Begins thy absence to deplore!
And all her pensive nymphs in vain
Recall thee to her banks again;
No more their drooping heads they rear
Above their waves thy song to hear,
While in their breast a double fire
Thy musick and thy charms inspire.

Then gently fall beneath the tide
Their bluſhes and thy pow'r to hide.
See how her ſwans their pride forego,
In murm'ring ſighs confeſs their wo;
Stretch'd on their wat'ry beds they lie,
And all their oozy paſture fly;
No more with ſilver wings divide
And downy breaſts the wanting tide.
As when with eager
Thy diſtant muſick t
And by thy voice in
To charm more ſoft
But while great Bea
Demand his voice an
Bright to record the
In verſe as laſting as his fame,
Thy ſmiling Thames forgets his wo,
Reſigns the Muſe, and bids her go
Nobly to ſing in deathleſs lays
Her own beneath the hero's praiſe.
Immortal Camden* there complains,
Curſing a critick's uſeleſs pains;
In modern charms expos'd to view
He ſcarce his own Britannia knew;
Adorn'd with wonders which his eye,
A lover's tho', could never ſpy:
Here he beholds huge foreſts riſe
From Daniſh blood and meet the ſkies,

* *See Dr. Gibſon's* edition of Camden. Elegy.

Gay on their verdant [illegible]
Bloom from the celebrated thorn;
Mincepies and windows to adorn,
Which ſome imagin'd, tho' untruly,
Not in December born but July.
See, drawn by his enchanting hand,
Britannia ſeems a Fairy Land;
Druids and Bards frequent each grove,
And nymphs in ev'ry thicket move;
To ſtreams and cooling ſhades retire,
Kindly to bleſs ſome gentle ſquire,
Unwilling yet too far to ſtray
For fear of Satyrs in the way:
Spenſer, who ſent his chiefs ſo far
To purchaſe fame in feats of war,

a elſe the crown had worn,
uſidorus here been born;
y her vanquiſh'd lover's ſide
r Parthenia too had dy'd.
'ry page preſents our ſight
nieſs as brave and dames as bright
er fam'd Arcadian plain
tick Greece could ever feign,
the time to come ſhall ſtore us
'arriours great as Muſidorus,
'ry grove oblige our ſight
irgins as Pamela bright,
rniſh'd with fair rural dames,
ing ſquires and lovers' flames,
er ſhall want a chief for fight
hou and great Cervantes write.
day the Doctor quite o'ercome
ıſcious tales of Greece and Rome,
of taking tea or air
the female world repair
uſe himſelf among the fair,
e if no ſenſe was to be found
ıre to be oblig'd with ſound.)
had ſoftneſs, but her ſong
rgon all in ſuch a tongue,
ing too much pains to ſeek
bour for her wit in Greek,

Which would have edify'd as much
Recorded in Chineſe or Dutch.
Dacier, tho' penn'd with ſo much eaſe,
Too much a critick ſeem'd to pleaſe;
But being courtly and wellbred,
And pleas'd with that he never read,
Smiling on ev'ry page ſhe writ
Takes her on truſt to be a wit.
Italian dames his ears ſurpriſe
With harmony of O's and I's:
So ſoft the tender vowels chime
No harſher ſenſe e'er marr'd the rhyme;
Of ſtrength depriv'd more gently flow,
And warble muſically low:
But when his ſearching judgment found
Neglecting ſenſe they ſtudy'd ſound,
To Britiſh dames he next apply'd
For that which Greece and Rome deny'd,
And fought amidſt our tuneful fair
A ſong more grateful to his ear,
Where harmony with ſtrength conſpir'd
To make the verſe and nymphs admir'd.
Wh—n * the coldeſt breaſt might move
But that ſhe talk'd too much of love,

* Probably the firſt wife of the Marqu's of Wharton, who Mr. Walpole ſays was a poetefs, and has an article in The General Dictionary.

Of burning flames and hot desire,
That ev'ry line was red with fire.
  Singer *, by name and nature made
For musick and the rhyming trade,
For her weak genius soar'd too high,
And lost her Muse above the sky:
A flaming sun, a radiant light,
In ev'ry verse distract our sight,
Diffuse their dazzling beams from far,
And not one line without a star!
Thro' streams of light we seem to rove
And tread on shining orbs above.
  Orinda † next demands his view,
For titles fam'd and rhyming too;
And had been read, but that her song
To be admir'd was quite too long.
Their mistress' want of pride to show
Her numbers glide but wondrous low;
Instead of rapture give us sleep,
And striving to be humble creep.
Philips in verse her passion told,
Intreats the youth to be less cold,
Begs him while Nature charms denies
To mind her wit and not her eyes;
Instructs the novice how to woo,
And shews what little art will do

* Afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Rowe.
† *Mrs. Philips.*

A virgin's yielding heart to move,
And melt a breaſt inclin'd to love!
Softneſs her want of ſenſe ſupplies,
She faints in ev'ry line and dies;
Again reſumes her tender ſtrain,
And only lives to die again.
Unhappy Maid! correct thy Muſe,
Some nearer way to wedlock chuſe;
She warbles with ſo ill a grace
Thy airs are coarſer than thy face,
And will be found (believe me) ſtill
To frighten ten for one they kill.
Dear Phyllis! then leave off in time,
Lovers are ne'er trepann'd by rhyme;
Thy bobbins or thy needle take,
Each will as deep impreſſions make;
And to enjoy the youth's embrace
Caſhier thy Muſe and ſtick to lace.
A crowd of other females paſt
Whoſe fame for verſe ſhall ever laſt
While artleſs ſounds our ſoul diſarm
And muſick void of ſenſe can charm.
Immortal Behn * at laſt he ſpy'd;
"Hail, beauteous Nymph!" the lover cry'd;
"See at your feet I proſtrate bow,
"Neglecting ev'ry fair for you;

* Mrs. Aphora Behn.

orthleſs labours tumbling o'er
your beauties to adore,
ur bright features or your quill
with a double pow'r to kill!"
o mortal thing below
urvive without a foe,
holds in triumph ſit
' of beauty, ſenſe, and wit;
d diſtichs round his head,
and ſhatter'd ſtanzas ſpread,
inſulting conq'ror climbs
ty heaps of ruin'd rhymes,
lly mounted views from high
r' harmonious fragments lie,
imſelf from foes ſecur'd
lodg'd, in verſe immur'd:
e lover ſilence broke,
·edhot with vengeance ſpoke *
ould thy ſqueamiſh ſtomach chuſe
on nothing but a Muſe?
elſe thy courtly palate hit
in ſenſe and female wit?
rite nymph to nib and waſte
ure thy luxurious taſte?
content to ſup or dine
a diſtich or a line?

* A Moth. King.

" Making thoſe rhymes thy hunger feed
" Each day thy food, each night thy bed?
" Proudly aſpiring thus to lie
" In ſheets of downy poetry?
" On twenty more deſign'd to be
" Fit nouriſhment for ſuch as thee
" Thou mightſt have fed or made a feaſt in,
" Publiſh'd alone but to be eaten,
" Volumes fit only for a neſt
" Where vermine ſuch as thou ſhould reſt.
" Hadſt thou choſe rather to be pent in
" The councils Lateran or Tridentine,
" (As many an honeſt inſect feeds
" On canons and outlandiſh creeds)
" Meanly to no one diſh confin'd,
" Thou mightſt have great as Cæſar din'd;
" Cloy'd with inſipid verſe have choſe
" To diet on more ſav'ry proſe;
" In mighty folios lodg'd been able
" Greatly each day to ſhift thy table,
" And found materials to aſſuage
" Thy hunger in each fruitful page:
" Or if decrees and councils ſhew'd
" For courtly taſtes too mean a food,
" On wars and battles, ſeldom read,
" Thou mightſt without offence have fed;
" *Thy rage* the warriours' ſhould outdo,
" *Eating up fights* and heroes too,

In ſpite of all their guns and ſteel
Devour a champion at each meal;
Philippi but one feaſt wou'd yield,
And ſcarce ſo much Pharſalia's field;
Great Ammon's ſon muſt here ſubmit
To be demoliſh'd at a bit;
All others conq'ring doom'd to be
Subdu'd at laſt by puny thee!
But ſay, while fifty more
If not for ſenſe at leaſt for
Crowded on ev'ry ſhelf appr.
Why, envious Vermine! only
See, from their fair apartment,
Here ſprawls a Cupid there a Love;
Unarm'd the young immortals ſhow
This wants a ſhaft and that a bow,
And tears in mighty ſtreams diſtil,
Robb'd of their tools to wound and kill.
Fair Venus in a penſive mood
Sadly laments her mumbled hood,
That nought beſide a veil of lawn
Was o'er her radiant ſhoulders drawn,
While two meals more without my care
Had ſtripp'd the bluſhing goddeſs bare.
Nor does fair Beauty's wounded queen
Confeſs alone thy little ſpleen;
The Muſe whom brighter charms adorn
Laments herſelf in pieces torn.

" See, ſcatter'd round thy dark abode,
" Here lies a ſatire there an ode
" Ceaſing thro' thy malignant ſpite
" Or this to praiſe or that to bite:
" And Elegy, but now too late,
" Laments her own untimely fate,
" Thoſe tears deſign'd for lovers' moan
" Sadly applying to her own;
" A limping line there wants a foot,
" The rhyme nibb'd off and ſenſe to boot
" And mangled now without a cloſe
" Degen'rates into rumbling proſe;
" A ſolitary verſe alone,
" His partner quite devour'd and gone,
" There weeps he can no longer chime
" And warble with his fellow-rhyme;
" With the ſad diſmal loſs perplex'd
" He ſtrives to gingle with the next,
" His ſtrength the ſame and ſoftneſs too
" But wanting ſound it muſt not do.
" Say then, before this murd'ring thy
" Relentleſs ſeals thy certain doom,
" What art or cunning can repair
" The ruins of the injur'd fair,
" Patch up her muſick, and reſtore
" The nymph harmonious as before?
" *But ſee*, too proud to make amend
" (*As ſilence* ſtill on guilt attends)

" Speechleſs the vermine turns away
" With not one ſingle word to ſay,
" Confeſſing thus the bloody crime
" Of wounding wit and murd'ring rhyme.
" Take then a life, propitious Maid!
" Sent to atone thy wand'ring ſhade;
" Tho' vile the gift, it is yet the moſt
" I now can give thy inju'd hoſt:
" But let one foe thus not in
" Thy reeking altar ſerve ain,
" Till thouſands more befo e thy eye
" To pleaſe thy glutted vengeance die,
" Thy foul thus giving by their doom
" Thro' endleſs ſcenes of bliſs to roam."
Diverted from the doleful ſong
e ſtill ſeem'd eager to prolong,
race in ſad and mournful ſtrains
lift'ning Phœbus thus complains:
" Patron of Verſe, and god of Days!
ſpirer of our voice and lays,
ermit me in ſome diſmal cell
ith Goths or Leyden bards to dwell,
to conſume my wretched time
vixt Dublin verſe and Glaſgow rhyme;
', to augment my laſt deſpair,
e Ayloffe's * ſelf and Marvell † there,

* Captain Ayloffe, author of Marvell's Ghoſt.
† The ſatire on Marvell is wonderfully miſplaced

" (A fam'd dull pair, that purely wrote
" To raiſe our ſpleen and die forgot)
" If ſuff'ring thus my works may be
" From criticks and tranſlators free;
" Or in one wiſh, to ſum up all
" The plagues that can a wretch befall,
" May it be doom'd my harder fate
" To read whatever they tranſlate,
" And hear for great Auguſtus' name
" In dull heroicks Arthur's fame,
" His fire in modern ſtory paſs
" For what my lov'd Mæcenas was;
" Let theirs exceed my hero's praiſe
" To ſave my Muſe from Creech and bays!"
A Proteus * wit almoſt eſcapes
That writes and fools in fifty ſhapes,
To pleaſe in ev'ry art prepar'd,
An Atheiſt now, and now a bard,
Phyſician ſtraight, another time
Projecting tools to work in rhyme,
Or forging odd receipts to make
Verſe duller than his Worſhip's take.
Horace, moſt courtly grown and kind,
Exactly ſpeaks the poet's mind,
Stands ſponſor by his worth and fame
To guard his infant Muſe from ſhame;

* *See The Mortality of the Soul, and Licentia* [illegible] *cuſſed, written by Dr. Coward. King.*

e in mighty ſecrets deals,
ıties long obſcur'd reveals,
n his own preſcriptions fall,
y rules, and breaks them all;
hat fartheſt from them ſtrays
ſt much to win the bays.
ſe he haſtens to diſpute
into a nobler brute;
eſolv'd his murd'ring quill
ertain as his phyſick kill,
would have mankind control
erſe without a ſoul;
tter nicely wrought and ſpun
l thoſe mighty feats have done
ncient dotards were inclin'd
ute to Thought and Mind.
he threads are drawn it hits,
ſe are fools, the fine ones wits,
hers of a middle ſize
rmleſs things, not dull nor wiſe;
ce it plainly comes to paſs
ward is now what Sternhold was,
n Nature's forming liſt
ids were of a clumſy twiſt,
nce had ſo contriv'd his doom
him from a hobbling loom.
within himſelf he feels
nankind is mov'd by wheels;

That chains, and pendulums, and ſprings,
With twenty other curious things,
Were firſt by artful Nature made
Ere clocks and watches form'd a trade.
Exchange, great Sir! a word or two,
And your fam'd theſis ſtill may do:
"Thou art thyſelf complete and whole,
"Thy verſes only want a ſoul,
"While both a diff'rent fate ſhall try,
"Thou half and they entirely die,
"Condemn'd by thee not partial Fate
"E'er to behold a future ſtate!"
Behold a modeſt bard * refuſe
The laurels waiting on his Muſe!
Pity firſt taught her how to ſing,
To try her voice and prune her wing;
Touch'd with a tender Chriſtian wo
In Wallia's realms to meet a foe,
That lawleſs long and unreſtrain'd
Had in her milky dainties reign'd,
And ev'ry year triumphant won
A dow'ry for a yeoman's ſon.
Virgil, that taught thy Muſe to ſing,
A nobler verſe could hardly bring,
Or on a theme ſo mean and low
More thought and majeſty beſtow;

* *Mr. Edward* Holdſworth, author of The Muſcipula which is eſteemed a maſterpiece in its kind.

rth his ſmiling ghoſt ſhall move
yous thro' her laureate grove
thy tuneful voice above.
:n a gift I trembling bring,
:d near thy Muſe to ſing,
rrun'd her pinions in that ſhade
mine her earlieſt flights eſſay'd,
ping to inſpire our themes
' for clear Caſtalian ſtreams;
r thy fame for ever run
ius rival to the ſun
iice in pantries ceaſe to dwell,
imſtone at Glamorgan ſell,
iites no more in Chedder breed,
oats on craggy Penmaur feed,
:eks and onions ſmell amiſs,
:rubbing ſeems no more a bliſs,
:reat Pliſlimmon leaves the ſkies,
hy immortal labour dies†!"
e Dennis aids the Muſe to ſing,
s her plumes or clips her wing,
her cautious how to fly
en tracks along the ſky,
:fety we ſublimely ſtray,
uring gain the realms of day,

es in Oxford ſo called. *King.*

ous have been the Engliſh imitations of The Muſci
: no one happier than Chancellor Hoadley's.

Till trembling from thoſe heights above
And dazzling orbs o'er which we move,
We gently ſink in humbler ſtrains
To vales beneath and rural plains.

Great Toland, with his name below,
Bought purely to make out the ſhow,
Adorns at once and fills a row
(Tho' ſome aver it ſtrongly ſtill
That emptineſs could never fill.)
Hadſt thou been wiſe or dull by rule
Thy ſilence might have ſkreen'd the fool
But thus to cant and own it too
No mortal ſure but thee would do.
The twilight owl and ſerious aſs
Would needs for modern criticks paſs
Till both their want of ſenſe betray'd,
One hooting while the other bray'd.

Near Blackal ‡ his fam'd rival lay,
But frowning lean'd another way,
His forehead into wrinkles drawn
To ſit within the ſmell of lawn,
But cloſe as to his elm the vine
Round pious Baxter ſeems to twine,
Adores the ſaint on bended knees
That taught him firſt to cant and pleaſe,
And to the wond'ring world reveal
Good Chriſtian methods to rebel.

‡ *Bithop of* Exeter from 1707 to 1716.

e Milton's ſoaring fancy flies,
gs of feuds above the ſkies,
lly fills the heav'nly plain
nquiſh'd pow'rs and cherubs ſlain,
d and trembling from afar
ce behold th' immortal war;
lchions formidably bright,
vords compos'd of beaten light,
my arms with dreadful blaze
ch contending van amaze,
ead we view th' apoſtate foe
in the deep abyſs below.
ag * on Philips ſtill attends,
n death, harmonious friends,
his lov'd Iſis to forego
t the darling ſhade below,
th' Elyſian fragrant bow'rs
each day the ſmiling hours
ore delight than wine or love
e the bards in realms above,
re tranſported to behold
nches bloom with radiant gold
ely ſurpris'd to view an ore
'er on earth once touch'd before.)
e refulgent to their eyes
endid Shilling's † charms ſurpriſe,

* name which Edmund Smith went by.
† famous burleſque poem in imitation of Milton.

Once the ſole bliſs of Heav'n implor'd,
For that alone by each ador'd,
That ale or oyſters could command,
The nobleſt boons of ſea or land,
And bid them to enjoy a friend
From lonely garret oft' deſcend:
No longer to their cells reſtrain'd,
Where want and diſmal darkneſs reign'd,
With harmleſs pun and clinches gay *
They now repeat each ſmiling day,
Nor dreadful reck'ning trembling fear,
As if kind Herbert too was there;
For vile mundung and fumy ale
Incenſe and odours now exhale,
And ſipping nectar from each ſtream
No more of Tiff and Viner's † dream,
Convinc'd their Iſis could beſtow
No cups ſo ſoft as thoſe below:
No longer now the modiſh gown
In ropy ſhreds hangs quiv'ring down,
Tuck'd cloſe but gently round the ſide
Some diſmal breach beneath to hide,
Or elſe protecting from the air
Some parts as Nature form'd them bare.
See next the Muſe ‡ that fill'd the ſkies
With ſleepy lolling deities,

* See the Deiſt's notions of a future ſtate, taken from their orthodox ſcripture of Virgil's ſixth Æneid. *King.*
† A very celebrated univerſity alehouſe. *King.*
‡ *Lucretius. King.*

eſs and unconcern'd to know
mortals acted here below,
us receipts of wondrous fame
worlds to raiſe and beings frame
h Burnet † by experience knew
ery tittle to be true.
a long eternal round,
age to eaſe their labour found,
weary'd atoms all combine
f rent forms themſelves to join;
ſink beneath, thoſe upwards fly
ck and to adorn the ſky,
liant planets ſhine from far,
ſe their brightneſs in a ſtar.
ons for heav'nly forms unfit
eaner fates below ſubmit,
long the little ſportive train
uſand tricks attempt in vain
e they can fit natures chuſe
heir light empty beings loſe!
riſk, the nimble, and the light,
ame the female world unite,
while the beauteous kind they fill
to preſerve their nature ſtill:
iddy into order range,
arcely undergo a change,

Theory of the Earth. King.

Still act as in their ancient ſphere,
Whirling in mad projectors here,
Or elſe their roving pow'rs reſtrain
Beneath ſome madder poet's brain:
Thoſe of a rough and knotty make
Their ſtations all in criticks take,
Which makes it harder much to gain
Their ſenſe than his they would explain,
And much more ſkill requir'd to find
The critick's than the author's mind:
Thoſe of a tall and ſlender ſize
In monuments and ſteeples riſe,
For ſtructures, like our elm and yew,
At Nature's birth ſpontaneous grew,
Inſtructed upwards how to climb
Without the help of brick or lime:
The dull, the empty, and the gay,
Conſent to take a diff'rent way;
Theſe mingling form coquettes, and thoſe
Unite in aſſes and in beaux!
Deſcending from a finiſh'd ſtar
Some leave the ſkies to grace the fair,
While thoſe to heav'n their light confine,
And theſe in Lumley's beauties ſhine:
In Beaufort's air they all unite
Their ſofteſt beams, their faireſt light;
In March's lovely form ſurpriſe,
Or ſmile confeſs'd in Biſhop's eyes;

While honeſt Tindal thou and I
Were form'd of lumps that downwards fly,
And daily give ſome wretched proof
Of our deſcending weighty ſtuff,
Which makes whate'er we write or ſay
Thus favour of our kindred clay,
And ev'ry fair and juſt deſign
With ſuch a native force decline,
That while we ſtrive ſublime to ſoar
We ſink and founder ſo much lower;
Hence it is our labours come to nought;
Each beauteous product which we thought
Of ſprightly wit and reaſon full
Is ſtrangely leaven'd with the dull:
But let us learn true wiſdom hence,
Not whine like fools for want of ſenſe;
Rather accuſe our partial Fate
Aſſigning each ſo dull a pate,
Purely by Nature form'd in ſpite
To plague mankind in print and write.
Bentley immortal honour gets
By changing *que's* for nobler *et's* †.
From Cam to Iſis ſee him roam
To fetch ſtray'd interjections home,

† "Horatius Emendatus, invitis omnibus criticis, ſic eſſe legendum pronuncio." Modeſt Dr. Bentley's *King*.
It is true on words is ſtill our whole debate,
Diſputes of me or *te*, of *aut* or *at*." *Pope*, Dunc. IV. 219.

While the glad ſhores with joy rebound
For periods and loſt commas found;
Poor adverbs, that had long deplor'd
Their injur'd rights by him reſtor'd,
Smil'd to ſurvey a rival's doom
While they poſſeſs'd the envy'd room,
And hiſſing from their reſcu'd throne
Th' uſurper's fate applaud their own.
The Roman nymphs, for want of notes
More tender, ſtrain'd their little throats,
Till Bentley to relieve their woes
Gave them a ſet of Ah's and Oh's,
More muſically to complain
And warble forth their gentle pain.
The ſuff'ring fair no more repine
For vowels now to ſob and whine,
In ſofteſt air their paſſion try,
And without ſpoiling metre die;
With interjections of his own
He helps them now to weep and groan,
That reading him no lover fears
Soft vehicles for ſighs and tears.
Inſtructed by his learned code
What makes a jig or forms an ode,
We view what various beauties meet
To leave each fragrant line ſo ſweet;
How Horace's lines our paſſions keep
Awake, and Bentley's lull aſleep.

No verſe can moan a limping foot
But he applies his plaſter to 't;
With pious care binds up the ſore,
And kindly bids it hop no more!
While with his helping comments nigh,
Inſtead of crutches to apply
To crazy verſe, (which envious Time
Had weaken'd both in ſenſe and rhyme)
For a lame Muſe's ſurgeon meet,
Inſtead of legs ſets broken feet.
Tho' no one ſingle charm can fly
The ſearch of his ſagacious eye,
(That Horace* but in vain pretends
To own a line which Bentley mends)
The rev'rend critick hardly knows
If David wrote in verſe or proſe,
While ev'ry ſtring and ſounding wire
That erſt compos'd the Roman lyre
Were to the ſage as fully known
As if the harp had been his own!
Couldſt thou, great Bard! without a qualm
But hear rehears'd one pious pſalm,
To ſlighted David lend an ear,
Not ſwooning what he ſung to hear,
We then might view thy learn'd abodes
With hymns adorn'd inſtead of odes,

* *See Horatius Emendatus, and Dr. Bentley's Dedication of Horace to the Earl of Oxford, deſigned for the late treaſurer if he had continued in his poſt till laſt Chriſtmas.* King.

And thou thyſelf perhaps content
To con him o'er at leaſt in Lent;
To mortify the Jewiſh chuſe
Regaling on the Latian Muſe.
Cloſe by where wits in purple pride
And all their glory dreſt preſide,
Beneath a dark and gloomy cell
A lazy goddeſs choſe to dwell,
Well pleas'd to ſlumber out her time
'Twixt ſleepy proſe and drowſy rhyme,
Dating from books her empire's fame;
Oblivion was her dreaded name:
On verſe and laudanum ſhe feeds,
Now takes a doſe, now poems reads;
Each of experienc'd pow'r to cloſe
Her ſinking eyes in ſoft repoſe;
While Bentley, of more ſov'reign uſe
Than rhyme itſelf or poppy juice,
The goddeſs trembles to explore
For fear of never waking more.
Each weeping wall bedew'd appears
With Chloe's ſighs and Strephon's tears;
Sad dirges, breathing lovers' pain,
And ſoft complaints of virgins ſlain;
While Females' Sonnets, Poets' Themes,
Beaux' Stratagems, Projectors' Dreams,
Around the lonely ſtructure fly,
Slumber a while, and gently die.

ınd wretched things, above
s of wine the ſweets of love,
ıdly promis'd deathleſs fame
ries to their author's name,
one month for reſt retire,
, and decently expire;
l delightful to her eye
ſf Reviews and Medleys lie,
extend her empire's ſway,
; their fires above in pay;
ıſport gliding thro' her breaſt,
hin's works entire poſſeſt,
augment the goddeſs' pow'r
lom known to ſlip an hour
l not gratefully produce
›ages for his ſov'reign's uſe;
ow and then a mitred friend
›uſly inclin'd to ſend
utes, and a gift beſtows
her Bunyans and De Foes.
ome with rapture to ſurvey
›us nonſenſe round her lay,
here each fruitful lab'ring preſs
l with ſeraphick emptineſs,
:v'ry hour ſpontaneous came,
enrol its author's name)
he great patriots of her reign
th her pens her fame ſuſtain,

Wits, criticks, politicians, beaux,
In measure nod, and sleep in rows.
Soft transport does her thoughts employ
While thus she speaks her rising joy:
"Hail, mighty Names! to whom I owe
"My empire's spreading fame below,
"By whose kind labours I outdo
"The Vatican and Bodley too,
"Who slighted fame above disdain
"With me in silent night to reign:
"What rival pow'r did e'er survey
"A nobler host adorn his sway!
"You, blest Associates! best can tell
"What numbers at my altars fell
"When you approach'd, and only stay
"Above to own my sov'reign sway.
"'Twas I inspir'd great Whiston's theme *,
"And nobly taught him to blaspheme:
"By me instructed he withdrew
"To head a young apostate crew,
"Who proud of such a leader grown
"With his stale nonsense mix their own:
"Lisping their trade they first begin,
"By slow degrees advance in sin,
"Till ripen'd by improving time
"To thy gray hoary fame they climb,

* *A whimsical theorist, and a late apostate to Socinianism.* King.

" And claim thoſe laurels as their due
" Juſtice before aſſign'd to you.
" The Grecian ſages * too decree
" The fame of all they write to me:
" Beneath my influence kindly bred,
" Proud to blaſpheme before they read,
" In the dull trade improve ſo well,
" Firſt ſwear, and after learn to ſpell,
" And oft' a deathleſs name complete
" Ere perfect in their alphabet.
" Oh! would they oft' in print appear,
" What reams of ſtuff each fruitful year
" Would downward ſink to ſwell my fame,
" Dully confeſſing whence they came,
" The hateful realms of light forego
" To hang in empty ſhoals below,
" Whoſe labours, like a glimm'ring fire,
" Kindly as ſoon as born expire,
" Scarce th' age of one ſhort day ſurvive,
" Stone dead ere breathing well alive!
" 'Twas I alone that hither drew
" From Tiber's bank † the warbling crew
" That charm our wond'ring theatres
" With witty lions ‡, bulls, and bears,

* A ſcandalous atheiſtical club at the Grecian Coffeehouſe. *King.*

† The Italian ſingers. *King.*

‡ *See Hydaſpes, act third*, a hero drubbing a lion. *King.*

" Design'd (if Fame says true) this spring
" To learn their gamut too and sing,
" Whose gay harmonious nonsense drown'd
" Beneath soft airs and helping sound
" Passes with criticks of the pit
" For sterling sense and English wit.
" Each valet now must blow his fire
" In notes as soft as Alamire,
" Nor dare perfume his master's hair
" Or rub his boots without an air;
" Hear him in softest musick tell
" His lordship's running nag is well;
" Oblig'd a bolder note to use,
" Informing when he lost his shoes;
" Still rising to a nobler strain,
" To paint him scouring o'er the plain:
" The rival waitingmaid, to find
" Her spark to musick thus inclin'd,
" Tells madam, singing, That she spoils
" Her tea to drink it ere it boils;
" While notes more pensive far relate
" Her lapdog's unexpected fate:
" The hero burning to engage
" Most sweetly murmurs out his rage,
" Defers to shew his wrath too soon,
" Or kill his foe to spoil his tune;
" *Tho'* both are warm'd with equal fire,
" *They* cann't without one song expire.

ul dirges, but too late,
ow they ſigh each other's fate;
es thro' all the gamut try
more tunefully and die.
ow my crowded region fills
olonies entire from Will's *;
ring in rival ranks they ſnore,
editate ſharp clinch no more;
nerit by their dulneſs prove,
aming thoſe they left above!
is I, my empire to enlarge,
loadley firſt my royal charge
ich rebellion, and in ſpite
, oaths, and ſenſe, to write:
iat by my influence ſtill
great Toland's † ſacred quill;
tely by my ſoothing pow'r
l myſterious Dodwell ‡ o'er,
o his bright immortal fame
:ver known ſix weeks the ſame!
Fate thus makes a ſmall amends
iat I loſt in kinder friends,

lebrated academy in Covent Garden obliged by its furniſh out a dozen of Engliſh wits every year. *King.*
olent audacious Deiſt and republican. *King.*
he Natural Mortality of the Soul, by Mr. Dodwell. *King.*

" (As when it forc'd me to bewail
" Great Hobbes's death ſtill left me Bayle *)
" Filling that ſpace that was deſign'd
" For Sarum's † labours ſtill behind.
" See how that wall is ſadly hung
" With doleful verſe by ladies ſung,
" And penſive airs by lovers try'd
" Juſt as they kindly kiſs'd and dy'd:
" With dreams and ſighs the next is blurr'd,
" With Dolben's eloquence a third;
" While to the wicked Baxter's Call
" Quite covers and obſcures them all.
" Swiſs lumber ſinks to our abodes
" Not poorly by the quire but loads;
" While Leyden rhymes ſubmiſſive come,
" And croaking ſupplicate for room.
" Scotch creeds ‡ and articles explain'd
" Cloſe by in ſilence ſlumb'ring reign'd,
" With myſtick comments ſo perplex'd
" The notes are darker than the text.
" Fam'd theoriſts by dozens rot ||,
" Juſt as the worlds they fram'd forgot,

* Two intimate friends, an Engliſh Atheiſt and a Dutch Socinian. *King.*

† Gilbert Burnet, Biſhop of Sarum.

‡ The Solemn League, much preferable to the Apoſtles' creed about Edinburgh. *King.*

|| See *The* Moſaical Hiſtory, corrected and confuted by *Whiſton*, Woodward, Burnet, Carteſius, and Ovid's Metamorphoſes. *King.*

" And in thoſe very atoms fall
" They vainly forg'd to raiſe this ball,
" Which prov'd their theſis partly true,
" Fate ne'er could build but might undo,
" And that dull books might ſooner dance
" Than planets into f[illegible]ance.
" Would ſmiling Fat[illegible] inſpire
" Hibernian bards to [illegible] lyre,
" Gently in Dublin a[illegible]g,
" And their fam'd Harp s [illegible]ong ſilent ſtring,
" Now wanting room I muſt implore
" Kind Heav'n with ardent vows for more:
" Where ſhall I place my future friends
" If Collins monthly tribute ſends?
" If Clarke and Hare to choke me quite
" Without remorſe or pity write?
" Ye envious niggard Pow'rs! whoe'er
" Allot each god his empire's ſhare,
" To all ſuch ſpacious realms aſſign'd
" Why am I only thus confin'd?
" From theirs how diff'rent is my doom!
" They grieve for ſubjects I for room.
" Extend my realms below, great Jove!
" Or ſtop great Boyer's pen above:
" Gods! in what fable liquid ſhow'rs
" And inky deluges he pours

* *The arms of Ireland. King.*

" Each year his ſickly nonſenſe down!
" Ten ſuch would half my empire drown
" And force me to preſerve my breath
" To quit my ſtifling cell beneath.
" Whatever theme his Muſe has got
" She ſtill maintains her fav'rite trot;
" Still one dull pace demurely jogs
" O'er rivers, meadows, lawns, and bogs
" While dreſt with equal charms are ſeen
" A milkmaid here and there a queen,
" And ſtrains as mournful fill the ſky
" When porters as when monarchs die!"
Still to proceed the goddeſs try'd
Till Steele's immortal works eſpy'd,
Trembling her dreaded foe to view
She ſunk and ſilently withdrew,
While Sarum's labours round her ſpread
Suſtain and prop her drowſy head.
Hail, mighty Name! of all thy pen
Has dropt to charm both gods and men
Time nor oblivion e'er ſhall boaſt
One line or ſingle period loſt!
Improving youth and hoary age
Are better'd by thy matchleſs page;
And, what no mortal could deviſe,
Women by reading thee grow wiſe;
Divines had taught and huſbands rav'd,
Now threaten'd, then as poorly crav'd,

:e of all the ſtubborn dame
'd our curſe, and ſtill the ſame;
and flippant as before
oothing paint and patch are wore;
urs each morning ſpent to dreſs,
t one ounce of tea the leſs,
he provoking idiot vows
er fairer much than ſpouſe.
t Socrates but vainly try'd
h the paſſions of his bride;
ıale empire ſtill ſhe holds,
he preaches peace ſhe ſcolds.
he talks, in vain he writes,
ſing while the other bites.
s with her and moral rules
y ginns to hamper fools;
:ach and dictate what he will
perſiſts Xantippe ſtill.
llock by thy art is got
. ſoft and eaſy knot,
ſmiling ſpouſe and kinder bride
ldom wiſh ſhould be unty'd,
ıarting now the greateſt ſin,
ive more cloſe to draw the gimn.
by thoſe rules thy pen inſtils
o conquer human ills,
ıale ſuff'rer now ſuſtains
urnful loſs with leſſen'd pains:

A week is now enough to pine
When puking lapdog cannot dine;
While grief as real ſwells her eyes
When ſpouſe as when her parrot dies.
The fop no longer ſhall believe
Senſe ty'd to ev'ry modiſh ſleeve,
Nor, conſcious of his wants, preſume
To meaſure merit by perfume;
That courage in Pulvilio dwells,
The boldeſt he who ſtrongeſt ſmells:
To prove his ſenſe no longer bring
The doughty proofs of box and ring,
Strongly profeſſing ne'er to know
An aſs conceal'd beneath a beau.
Each taught by thee ſhall hence confeſs
Virtue has no regard for dreſs;
That the bright nymph as often dwells
In homely bays as rural cells,
And in a ruff as fairly ſhin'd
As now to modern peak confin'd;
Bluſhing thus half expos'd to view
Both herſelf and miſtreſs too.

The widow pining for her dear
Shall curſe no more the tedious year,
In ſighs conſume each penſive day,
Nor think it long from June to May.
See how the penſive relict lies
Oppreſs'd with ſpouſe's fate and dies!

That Betty with her drops in vain
Recalls her flying ſoul again.
No colour now ſo fair appears
As is the ſable veſt ſhe wears,
To be her only garment vow'd,
Till death exchange it for a ſhroud,
And her cold aſhes kindly place
Once more within her lord's embrace!
The ladies pleas'd with thee to dwell
Aſpire to write correct and ſpell:
We ſcarce behold, tho' writ in haſte,
Five letters in a ſcore miſplac'd;
Marſhall'd in rank they all appear
With no front vowels in the rear,
Nor any out of ſhame or dread
Sculking behind that ſhould have led.
In ev'ry line they now demur;
'Tis now no longer Wurthee Surr!
With half our uſual ſweat and pain
We both unravel and explain,
Nor call in foreign aid to find
In myſtick terms the fair one's mind.
Maintain, great Sage! thy deathleſs name;
Thou canſt no wider ſtretch thy fame
Till gliding from her native ſkies
Virtue once more delighted flies,
By each adoring patriot own'd,
And boaſts herſelf by thee enthron'd.

Perhaps he is on land at Portſmouth now
In the embraces of ſome Hampſhire ſow,
Who with a wanton pat cries, " Now, my
" You 're wiſhing for ſome Wapping doxy
" Pox on them all! but moſt on bouncing N
" With whom the torments of my life bega
" She is a bitter one!"—You lie, you Rog
You are a treach'rous, falſe, ungrateful, do
Did not I take you up without a ſhirt?
Wo worth the hand that ſcrubb'd off all yo
Did not my int'reſt liſt you in the Guard?
And had not you ten ſhillings? my reward.
Did I not then before the Sergeant's face
Treat Jack, Tom, Will, and Martin, with
And Thraſherwell before all others chuſe,
When I had the whole regiment to looſe?
Curs'd be the day when you produc'd yourſ
The juſt revenger of your injur'd word!
The martial youth round in a circle ſtood,
With envious looks of love and itching blo
You with ſome oaths that ſignify'd conſent
Cry'd, " Tom is Nan's!" and o'er the ſword y
Then I with ſome more modeſty would ſtep
The Enſign thumb'd my bum and made me
I leap'd indeed; and you prevailing men
Leave us no pow'r of leaping back again.

THE OLD CHEESE.

YOUNG Slouch the farmer had a jolly wife
That knew all the conveniencies of life,
Whose diligence and cleanliness supply'd
The wit which Nature had to him deny'd,
But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than Slouch afeard:
This made censorious persons of the town
Say Slouch could hardly call his soul his own;
For if he went abroad too much, she 'd use
To give him slippers and lock up his shoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted;
Yet still into his story she would break
With "'Tis not so—Pray give me leave to speak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannick rule,
Not diff'ring much from calling of him fool,
Told him he must exert himself, and be
In fact the master of his family.
He said "That the next Tuesday noon would show
"Whether he were the lord at home or no,
"When their good company he would entreat
"To well-brew'd ale and clean if homely meat."
Vith aking heart home to his wife he goes,
nd on his knees does his rash act disclose,
nd prays dear Sukey that one day at least
might appear as master of the feast.

"I 'll grant your wish," cries she, "that you may see
"'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me."
The guests upon the day appointed came,
Each bowsy farmer with his simp'ring dame.
"Ho, Su!" cries Slouch, "why dost not thou appear?
"Are these thy manners when aunt Sharp is here?"
"I pardon ask," says Su; "I 'd not offend
"Any my dear invites, much less his friend."
Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His saying "There was nothing fit to eat:
"The boil'd pork stinks, the roast beef is not enough,
"The bacon is rusty, and the hens are tough;
"The veal is all rags, the butter is turn'd to oil,
"And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.
"'Tis we are the first Slouches ever sat
"Down to a pudding without plums or fat.
"What teeth or stomach is strong enough to feed
"Upon a goose my grannum kept to breed?
"Why must old pigeons, and they stale, be dress'd,
"When there is so many squab ones in the nest?
"This beer is sour, this musty thick and stale,
"And worse than any thing except the ale."
Su all this while many excuses made;
Some things she own'd; at other times she laid
The fault on chance, but oft'ner on the maid.

Then Cheeſe was brought. Says Slouch, "This e'er
" ſhall roll;
" I 'm ſure it is hard enough to make a bowl:
" This is ſkimmilk, and therefore it ſhall go;
" And this becauſe it is Suffolk ſollow too."
But now Su's patience did begin to waſte,
Nor longer could diſſimulation laſt.
" Pray let me riſe," ſays Su, " my Dear! I'll find
" A Cheeſe perhaps may be to Lovy's mind."
Then in an entry ſtanding cloſe, where he
Alone and none of all his friends might ſee,
And brandiſhing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough on this occaſion ſmelt,
" I 'll try, my Joy!" ſhe cry'd, " if I can pleaſe
" My deareſt with a taſte of his Old Cheeſe!"
Slouch turn'd his head, ſaw his wife's vig'rous hand
Wielding her oaken ſapling of command;
Knew well the twang. "Is't the Old Cheeſe my Dear!
" No need, no need of Cheeſe," cries Slouch; "I'll
" ſwear
" I think I 've din'd as well as my Lord Mayor!"

THE SKILLET.

Two neighbours, Clod and Jolt, would marry'd be,
But did not in their choice of wives agree.
Clod thought a cuckold was a monſtrous head,
With two huge glaring eyes and ſpreading creſt,

Therefore reſolving never to be ſuch,
Marry'd a wife none but himſelf could touch.
Jolt thinking marriage was decreed by Fate,
Which ſhews us whom to love and whom to hate,
To a young handſome jolly laſs made court,
And gave his friends convincing reaſons for 't,
That ſince in life ſuch miſchief muſt be had
Beauty had ſomething ſtill that was not bad.
Within two months Fortune was pleas'd to ſend
A tinker to Clod's houſe with "Braſs to mend."
The good old wife ſurvey'd the brawny ſpark,
And found his chine was large tho' count'nance dark.
Firſt ſhe appears in all her airs, then tries
The ſquinting efforts of her am'rous eyes.
Much time was ſpent and much deſire expreſt;
At laſt the tinker cry'd, "Few words are beſt:
"Give me that Skillet then; and if I'm true
"I dearly earn it for the work I do."
They 'greed; they parted. On the tinker goes
With the ſame ſtroke of pan and twang of noſe,
Till he at Jolt's beheld a ſprightly dame
That ſet his native vigour all on flame.
He looks, ſighs, faints, at laſt begins to cry,
"And can you then let a young tinker die?"
Says ſhe, "Give me your Skillet then and try."
"My Skillet! both my heart and Skillet take;
"I wiſh it were a copper for your ſake."

After all this not many days did pafs
Clod fitting at Jolt's houfe furvey'd the brafs
And glitt'ring pewter ftanding on the fhelf,
Then after fome gruff mutt'ring with himfelf
Cry'd, "Pr'ythee, Jolt, how came that Skillet thine!"
"You know as well as I," quoth Jolt; "it 'en't mine;
"But I'll afk Nan." 'Twas done: Nan told the matter
In truth as it was; then cry'd, "You've got the better:
"For tell me, Deareft! whether you would chufe
"To be a gainer by me or to lofe?
"As for our neighbour Clod, this I dare fay,
"We 've Beauty and a Skillet more than they."

THE FISHERMAN.

Tom Banks by native induftry was taught
The various arts how fifhes might be caught.
Sometimes with trembling reed and fingle hair,
And bait conceal'd, he 'd for their death prepare,
With melancholy thoughts and downcaft eyes
Expecting till deceit had gain'd its prize.
Sometimes in riv'let quick and water clear
They 'd meet a fate more gen'rous from his fpear.
To bafket oft' he 'd pliant ofiers turn,
Where they might entrance find but no return.
His net well pois'd with lead he 'd fometimes throw,
Encircling thus his captives all below:

But when he would a quick deſtruction make,
And from afar much larger booty take,
He 'd thro' the ſtream where moſt deſcending ſet
From ſide to ſide his ſtrung capacious net,
And then his ruſtick crew with mighty poles
Would drive his prey out from their oozy holes,
And ſo purſue them down the rolling flood
Gaſping for breath, and almoſt chok'd with mud,
Till they of farther paſſage quite bereft
Were in the maſh with gills entangled left.
Trot, who liv'd down the ſtream, ne'er thought his beer
Was good unleſs he had his water clear.
He goes to Banks, and thus begins his tale:
"Lord! if you knew but how the people rail!
"They cannot boil, nor waſh, nor rinſe, they ſay,
"With water ſometimes ink and ſometimes whey,
"According as you meet with mud or clay.
"Beſides, my wife theſe ſix months could not brew,
"And now the blame of this all is laid on you;
"For it will be a diſmal thing to think
"How we old Trots muſt live and have no drink;
"Therefore I pray ſome other method take
"Of fiſhing, were it only for our ſake."
Says Banks, "I 'm ſorry it ſhould be my lot
"Ever to diſoblige my goſſip Trot:
"Yet it 'en't my fault; but ſo it is Fortune tries one:
"To make his meat become his neighbour's poiſon;

" And so we pray for winds upon this coast
" By which on th' other navies may be lost:
" Therefore in patience rest tho' I proceed;
" There is no illnature in the case but need.
" Tho' for your use this water will not serve,
" I 'drather you should choke than I should starve."

THE CONSTABLE.

One night a fellow wand'ring without fear,
As void of money as he was of care,
Confid'ring both were wash'd away with beer,
With Strap the Constable by fortune meets,
Whose lanterns glare in the most silent streets.
Restly, impatient any one should be
So bold as to be drunk that night but he,
" Stand; who goes there," cries Strap, " at hours so late?
" Answer. Your name, or else have at your pate."—
" I wo'nt stand, 'cause I cann't. Why must you know
" From whence it is I come or where I go?"
" See here my staff," cries Strap; " trembling be-
" Its radiant paint and ornamental gold: [hold
" Wooden authority when thus I wield
" Persons of all degrees obedience yield.
" Then be you the best man in all the City,
" Mark me, I to The Counter will commit ye."
" You! kiss, and so forth. For that ne'er spare:
" *If that be all* commit me if you dare:

" No perſon yet either thro' fear or ſhame
" Durſt commit me that once had heard my name
" Pray then what is it?"—" My name is Adultery;
" And faith your future life would pleaſant be
" Did your wife know you once committed me."

THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

A GENTLEMAN in hunting rode aſtray
More out of choice than that he loſt his way;
He let his company the hare purſue,
For he himſelf had other game in view;
A Beggar by her trade, yet not ſo mean
But that her cheeks were freſh and linen clean.
" Miſtreſs," quoth he, " and what if we two ſhe
" Retire a little way into the wood?"
She needed not much courtſhip to be kind;
He ambles on before, ſhe trots behind;
For little Bobby to her ſhoulders bound
Hinders the gentle dame from ridding ground.
He often aſk'd her to expoſe, but ſhe
Still fear'd the coming of his company.
Says ſhe, " I know an unfrequented place
" To the left hand where we our time may paſs,
" And the meanwhile your horſe may find ſom
" graſs."
Thither they come, and both the horſe ſecure;
Then thinks the ſquire I have the matter ſure.

She is aſk'd to ſit; but then excuſe is made;
"Sitting," ſays ſhe, "is not uſual in my trade:
"Should you be rude, and then ſhould throw me down,
"I might perhaps break more backs than my own."
He ſmiling cries, "Come, I 'll the knot untie,
"And if you mean the child's we 'll lay it by."
Says ſhe, "That cann't be done, for then it will cry.
"I 'd not have us, but chiefly for[illegible]xe,
"Diſcover'd by the hid[illegible]ld make.
"Uſe is another nature, [illegible]k
"More than the breaſt i[illegible]ack."
"Then," ſays the gentle[illegible]be loth
"To come ſo far and diſo[illegible]
"Were the child ty'd to me[illegible]think it would do?"
"Mighty well, Sir! oh Lord! if ty'd to you."
With ſpeed incredible to work ſhe goes,
And from her ſhoulders ſoon the burthen throws;
Then mounts the infant with a gentle toſs
Upon her gen'rous friend, and like a croſs
The ſheet ſhe with a dext'rous motion winds,
Till a firm knot the wand'ring fabrick binds.
The gentleman had ſcarce got time to know
What ſhe was doing: ſhe about to go
cries, "Sir, good by'e! be n't angry that we part;
I truſt the child to you with all my heart:
But ere you get another it 'en't amiſs
To try a year or two how you 'll keep this."

THE VESTRY.

Within the shire of Nottingham there lies
A parish fam'd, because the men were wise:
Of their own strain they had a teacher sought
Who all his life was better fed than taught.
It was about a quarter of a year
Since he had snor'd, and ate, and fatten'd there,
When he the housekeepers their wives and all
Did to a sort of parish meeting call,
Promising something which well understood
In little time would turn to all their good.
When met he thus harangues: "Neighbours, I fin
"That in your principles you 're well inclin'd,
"But then you 're all solicitous for Sunday;
"None seem to have a due regard for Monday:
"Most people then their dinners have to seek,
"As if it were not the first day of the week;
"But when you have hash'd meat and nothing more
"You only curse the day that went before.
"On Tuesday all folks dine by one consent,
"And Wednesday is only fast by parliament;
"But fasting sure by Nature ne'er was meant.
"The market will for Thursday find a dish,
"And Friday is a proper day for fish:
"After fish Saturday requires some meat;
"*On Sun*day you 're oblig'd by law to treat.

" And the ſame law ordains a pudding then,
" To children grateful, nor unfit for men.
" Take hens, geeſe, turkeys, then, or ſomething light,
" Becauſe their legs if broil'd will ſerve at night;
" And ſince I find that roaſt beef makes you ſleep,
" Corn it a little more and ſo it will keep.
" Roaſt it on Monday; pity it ſhould be ſpoil'd:
" On Tueſday mutton either roaſt or boil'd:
" On Wedneſday ſhould be ſome variety,
" A loin or breaſt of veal and pigeon pie:
" On Thurſday each man of his diſh make choice;
" 'Tis fit on market-days we all rejoice:
" And then on Friday, as I ſaid before,
" We 'll have a diſh of fiſh and one diſh more:
" On Saturday ſtew'd beef with ſomething nice,
" Provided quick and toſs'd up in a trice,
" Becauſe that in the afternoon you know
" By cuſtom we muſt to the alehouſe go;
" For elſe how ſhould our houſes ere be clean
" Except we gave ſome time to do it then?
" From whence, unleſs we value not our lives,
" None part without rememb'ring firſt our wives.
" But theſe are ſtanding rules for ev'ry day,
" And very good ones, as I ſo may ſay.
" After each meal let us take a hearty cup;
" And where we dine it is fitting that we ſup.
" Now for the application and the uſe.
" I *found your care for* Sunday an abuſe:

" All would be aſking, Pray, Sir, where d' you dine?
" I have roaſt beef, choice ven'ſon, turkey, chine."
" Ev'ry one is hawling me. Then ſay poor I
" It is a bitter hus'neſs to deny.
" But who is it cares for fourteen meals a-day?
" As for my own part I had rather ſtay
" And take them now and then—and here and there,
" According to my preſent bill of fare.
" You know I 'm ſingle: if you all agree
" To treat by turns each will be ſure of me."
The Veſtry all applauded with a hum,
And the ſev'n wiſeſt of them had him come.

THE MONARCH.

When the young people ride the ſkimmington
There is a gen'ral trembling in a town:
Not only he for whom the perſon rides
Suffers, but they ſweep other doors beſides;
And by that hieroglyphick does appear
That the good woman is the maſter there.
At Jenny's door the barb'rous Heathens ſwept,
And his poor wife ſcolded until ſhe wept;
The mob ſwept on, whilſt ſhe ſent forth in vain
Her vocal thunder and her briny rain.
Some few days after two young ſpark's came there,
And whilſt ſhe does her coffee freſh prepare
One for diſcourſe of news the maſter calls,
Th' other on this ungrateful ſubject falls.

" Pray, Mrs. Jenny *, whence came this report,
" For I believe there is no great reason for 't,
" As if the folks th' other day swept your door,
" And half a dozen of your neighbours more?"
" There is nothing in it," says Jenny *; " that is done
" Where the wife rules, but here I rule alone;
" And Gentlemen, you 'd much mistaken be
" If any one should not think that of me.
" Within these walls my suppliant vassals know
" What due obedience to their prince they owe,
" And kiss the shadow of my papal toe.
" My word is a law: when I my pow'r advance
" There is not a greater Monarch ev'n in France.
" Not the Mogul or Czar of Muscovy,
" Not Prester John or Cham of Tartary,
" Are in their houses Monarch more than I.
" My house my castle is, and here I 'm king;
" I 'm pope, I 'm emp'ror, Monarch, ev'ry thing.
" What tho' my wife be partner of my bed?
" The Monarch's crown sits only on this head."
His wife had plaguy ears as well as tongue,
And hearing all thought his discourse too long:
Her conscience said he should not tell such lies,
And to her knowledge such; she therefore cries,
" D' ye hear—you—Sirrah—Monarch—there?—
" Come down
" And grind the coffee—or I 'll crack your crown."

* So in the copy from which we print, though it is evidently the Monarch himself who speaks.

THE GARDEN PLOT, 1709.

When Naboth's Vineyard look'd ſo fine
The king cry'd out "Would this were mine!"
And yet no reaſon could prevail
To bring the owners to a ſale.
Jezebel ſaw with haughty pride
How Ahab griev'd to be deny'd,
And thus accoſted him with ſcorn;
"Shall Naboth make a monarch mourn?
"A king and weep! The ground is your own;
"I'll veſt the Garden in the crown."
With that ſhe hatch'd a Plot, and made
Poor Naboth anſwer with his head;
And when his harmleſs blood was ſpilt
The ground became the forfeit of his guilt.
Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair,
Whoſe hands perhaps were not ſo fair,
Yet had a Jezebel as near.
Hall, of ſmall Scripture converſation,
Yet howe'er Hungerford's quotation,
By ſome ſtrange accident had got
The ſtory of this Garden Plot,
Wiſely foreſaw he might have reaſon
To dread a modern bill of treaſon,
If Jezebel ſhould pleaſe to want
His ſmall addition to her grant,

Therefore reſolv'd in humble ſort
To begin firſt and make his court;
And ſeeing nothing elſe would do
Gave a third part to ſave th' other two.

THE ART OF MAKING PUDDINGS.

1. HASTY PUDDING.

I SING of food by Britiſh nurſe deſign'd
To make the ſtripling brave and maiden kind;
Delay not, Muſe! in numbers to rehearſe
The pleaſures of our life and ſinews of our verſe;
Let Pudding's diſh moſt wholeſome be thy theme,
And dip thy ſwelling plumes in fragrant cream.
Sing then that Diſh ſo fitting to improve
A tender modeſty and trembling love,
Swimming in butter of a golden hue,
Garniſh'd with drops of roſe's ſpicy dew.
Sometimes the frugal matron ſeems in haſte,
Nor cares to beat her Pudding into paſte;
Yet milk in proper ſkillet ſhe will place,
And gently ſpice it with a blade of mace,
Then ſet ſome careful damſel to look to 't,
And ſtill to ſtir away the biſhop's foot;
For if burnt milk ſhould to the bottom ſtick,
Like over-heated zeal it would make folks ſick.
Into the milk her flour ſhe gently throws,
As valets now would powder tender beaux;

The liquid forms in Hafty Mafs unite,
Forms equally delicious as they 're white.
In fhining difh the Hafty Mafs is thrown,
And feems to [illegible]
Yet ſtill the houſewife brings in freſh ſupplies
To gratify the taſte and pleaſe the eyes;
She on the ſurface lumps of butter lays,
Which melting with the heat its beams diſplays,
From whence it cauſes, wondrous to behold,
A ſilver foil bedeck'd with ſtreaks of gold!

II. A HEDGE-HOG AFTER A QUAKING PUDDING.

As Neptune when the three-tongu'd fork he takes
With ſtrength divine the globe terreſtrial ſhakes,
The higheſt hills, Nature's ſtupendous piles,
Break with the force and quiver into iſles,
Yet on the ruins grow the lofty pines,
And ſnow unmelted in the vallies ſhines:

Thus when the dame her Hedge-hog Pudding
Her fork indents irreſiſtible ſtreaks,
The trembling lump with baſtes all around
Seems to perceive its fall and then be drowned;
And yet the tops appear, whilſt almonds thick
With bright loaf ſugar on the ſurface ſtick.

III. PUDDINGS OF VARIOUS COLOURS IN A DISH.

You, painter-like, now variegate the ſhade,
And thus from Puddings there a landſcape made.

And Wife and London *, when they would diſpoſe
Their evergreens into wellorder'd rows,
So mix their Colours that each diff'rent plant
Gives light and ſhadow as the others want.

IV. MAKING OF A GOOD PUDDING GETS A GOOD HUSBAND.

Ye Virgins! as theſe lines you kindly take
So may you ſtill ſuch glorious Pudding make,
That crowds of youth may ever be at ſtrife
To gain the ſweet compoſer for his wife.

V. SACK AND SUGAR TO QUAKING PUDDING.

"Oh, delicious!"
But where muſt our confeſſion firſt begin
If Sack and Sugar once be thought a ſin?

VI. BROILED PUDDING.

Hid in the dark we mortals ſeldom know
From whence the ſource of happineſs may flow:
Who to Broil'd Pudding would their thought have
From bright Pewteria's loveſick diſcontent? [bent
Yet ſo it was; Pewteria felt love's heat
In fiercer flames than thoſe which roaſt her meat.
No Pudding is loſt but may with freſh delight
Be either fry'd next day or broil'd at night.

* The two royal gardeners Mrs.

VII. MUTTON PUDDING.

But Mutton! thou moſt nouriſhing of meat!
Whoſe ſingle joint† may conſtitute a treat,
When made a Pudding you excel the reſt
As much as that of other food is beſt.

RECEIPT TO MAKE AN OATMEAL PUDDING.

Of Oats decorticated take two pound,
And of new milk enough the ſame to drown;
Of raiſins of the ſun, ſton'd, ounces eight,
Of currants cleanly pick'd an equal weight;
Of ſuet finely ſlic'd an ounce at leaſt,
And ſix eggs newly taken from the neſt:
Seaſon this mixture well with ſalt and ſpice
'Twill make a Pudding far exceeding rice;
And you may ſafely feed on it like farmers,
For the receipt is learned Dr. Harmer's.

RECEIPT TO MAKE A SACKPOSSET.

From far Barbadoes on the weſtern main
Fetch ſugar half a pound; fetch ſack from Spain
A pint; then fetch from India's fertile coaſt
Nutmeg, the glory of the Britiſh toaſt.

† A loin. King.

APPLEPIE †.

Of all the delicates which Britons try
To pleaſe the palate or delight the eye,
Of all the ſev'ral kinds of ſumptuous fare,
There is none that can with Applepie compare
For coſtly flavour or ſubſtantial paſte,
For outward beauty or for inward taſte.

When firſt this infant diſh in faſhion came
Th' ingredients were but coarſe and rude the frame;
As yet unpoliſh'd in the modern ares
Our fathers ate brown bread inſtead of tarts;
Pies were but indigeſted lumps of dough
Till time and juſt expenſe improv'd them ſo.

King Cole (as ancient Britiſh annals tell)
Renown'd for fiddling and for eating well,
Pippins in homely cakes with honey ſtew'd;
"Juſt as he bak'd," the proverb ſays, "he brew'd."
Their greater art ſucceeding princes ſhow'd,
And modell'd paſte into a neater mode;
Invention now grew lively, palate nice,
And ſugar pointed out the way to ſpice.

But here for ages unimprov'd we ſtood,
And Applepie was ſtill but homely food,

† This poem hath been claimed as Mr. Welſted's in The Weekly Oracle Auguſt 16th 1735, with a remark that "Dr. King "the Civilian, a gentleman of no mean reputation in the world "of letters, let it paſs ſome years without contradiction as his "own." It is in Dr. King's manner.

When godlike Edgar of the Saxon line,
Polite of taſte and ſtudious to refine,
In the deſſert perfuming Quinces caſt,
And perfected with cream the rich repaſt;
Hence we proceed the outward parts to trim,
With crinkumcranks adorn the poliſh'd brim,
And each freſh Pie the pleas'd ſpectator greets
With virgin fancies and with new conceits.
Dear Nelly! learn with care the paſtry art,
And mind the eaſy precepts I impart:
Draw out your dough elaborately thin,
And ceaſe not to fatigue your rollingpin:
Of eggs and butter ſee you mix enough,
For then the paſte will ſwell into a puff,
Which will in crumpling ſounds your praiſe report,
And eat, as houſewives ſpeak, exceeding ſhort.
Rang'd in thick order let your Quinces lie,
They give a charming reliſh to the Pie.
If you are wiſe you 'll not brown ſugar ſlight,
The browner (if I form my judgment right)
A deep vermilion tincture will diſpenſe,
And make your Pippin redder than the Quince.
When this is done there will be wanting ſtill
The juſt reſerve of cloves and candy'd peel;
Nor can I blame you if a drop you take
Of orangewater for perfuming ſake.
But here the nicety of art is ſuch
There muſt not be too little nor too much:

If with diſcretion you theſe coſts employ
They quicken appetite, if not they cloy.
Next in your mind this maxim firmly root,
" Never o'ercharge your Pie with coſtly fruit."
Oft' let your bodkin thro' the lid be ſent
To give the kind impriſon'd treaſure vent,
Leſt the fermenting liquor, cloſely preſt,
Inſenſibly by conſtant fretting waſte,
And o'erinform your tenement of paſte.
To chuſe your baker think and think again,
(You 'll ſcarce one honeſt baker find in ten:)
Aduſt and bruis'd I 've often ſeen a Pie
In rich diſguiſe and coſtly ruin lie,
While penſive cruſt beheld its ſorm o'erthrown,
Exhauſted Apples griev'd their moiſture flown,
And ſirup from the ſides ran trickling down.
O be not, be not tempted, lovely Nell!
While the hot-piping odours ſtrongly ſmell,
While the delicious fume creates a guſt,
To lick the o'erflowing juice or bite the cruſt.
You 'll rather ſtay (if my advice may rule)
Until the hot is corrected by the cool;
Till you 've infus'd the luſcious ſtore of cream,
And chang'd the purple for a ſilver ſtream;
Till that ſmooth viand its mild force produce,
And give a ſoftneſs to the tarter juice.
Then ſhalt thou pleas'd the noble fabrick view,
And have a ſlice into the bargain too;

Honour and fame alike we will partake,
So well I 'll eat what you ſo richly make.

UPON A GIANT'S ANGLING.

His Angle-rod made of a ſturdy oak,
His Line a cable which in ſtorms ne'er broke,
His Hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And ſat upon a rock and bobb'd for whale.

UPON THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S

HOUSE AT WOODSTOCK.

Atria longe patent; ſed nec cœnantibus uſquam,
Nec ſomno locus eſt; quam bene non habites? MART. *Epig.*

See, Sir, ſee here is the grand approach;
This way is for his Grace's coach:
There lies the bridge, and here is the clock;
Obſerve the lion and the cock,
The ſpacious court, the colonade,
And mark how wide the hall is made.
The chimnies are ſo well deſign'd
They never ſmoke in any wind.
This gall'ry is contriv'd for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council chamber for debate,
And all the reſt are rooms of ſtate.

Thanks, Sir, cry'd I; it is very fine;
But where d' ye ſleep, or where d' ye dine?
I find by all you have been telling
That it is a houſe but not a dwelling.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Old Paddy Scot, with none of the beſt faces,
Had a moſt knotty pate at ſolving caſes;
In any point could tell you to a hair
When was a grain of honeſty to ſpare.
It happen'd after pray'rs one certain night
At home he had occaſion for a light
To turn Socinus, Leſſius, Eſcobar,
Fam'd Covarruvias, and the great Navarre;
And therefore as he from the chapel came
Extinguiſhing a yellow taper's flame,
By which juſt now he had devoutly pray'd,
The uſeful remnant to his ſleeve convey'd,
There happen'd a phyſician to be by
Who thither came but only as a ſpy
To find out others' faults, but let alone
Repentance for the crimes that were his own.
This doctor follow'd Paddy; ſaid "He lack'd
"To know what made a ſacrilegious fact."
Paddy with ſtudious gravity replies,
"That is as the place or as the matter lies.
"If from a *place* unſacred you ſhould take
"*A ſacred thing*, this ſacrilege would make;

" Or an unsacred thing from sacred place,
" There would be nothing diff'rent in the case;
" But if both thing and place should sacred be
" 'Twere height of sacrilege, as doctors all agree."
" Then," says the Doctor, " for more light in this,
" To put a special case were not amiss.
" Suppose a man should take a Common Pray'r
" Out of a chapel where there is some to spare?"
" A Common Pray'r!" says Paddy; " that would be
" A sacrilege of an intense degree."
" Suppose that one should in these holydays
" Take thence a bunch of rosemary or bays!"
" I 'd not be too censorious in that case,
" But 't would be sacrilege still from the place."
" What if a man should from the chapel take
" A taper's end? should he a scruple make,
" If homeward to his chambers he should go,
" Whether it were theft or sacrilege or no?"
The sly insinuation was perceiv'd:
Says Paddy, " Doctor, you may be deceiv'd
" Unless in cases you distinguish right;
" But this may be resolv'd at the first sight.
" As to the taper it could be no theft,
" For it had done its duty and was left;
" And sacrilege in having it is none,
" Because that in my sleeve I now have one."

LITTLE MOUTHS.

From Lindsh Paul the carrier coming down
To Wantage meets a beauty of the Town:
They both accost with salutation pretty,
As, "How doft, Paul?"—"Thank you; and how
"doft, Betty?"
"Didst see our Jack nor sister? No; you 've seen
"I warrant none but those who saw the queen."
"Many words spoke in jest," says Paul, "are true.
"I came from Windsor*; and if some folks knew
"As much as I it might be well for you."
"Lord, Paul! what is it?"—"Why, give me some-
"thing for 't;
"This kiss, and this. The matter then is short:
"The Parliament have made a proclamation,
"Which will this week be sent all round the nation,
"That maids with Little Mouths do all prepare
"On Sunday next to come before the Mayor,
"And that all bachelors be likewise there;
"For maids with Little Mouths shall if they please
"From out of these young men chuse two apiece."
Betty with bridled chin extends her face,
And then contracts her lips with simp'ring grace;
Cries "Hem! pray what must all the huge ones do
"For husbands when we Little Mouths have two?"

* *Where Queen Anne and her court frequently resided.*

" Hold, not so fast," cries he: " pray pardon me
" Maids with huge gaping wide mouths must hav
three."
Betty distorts her face with hideous squall,
And mouth of a foot wide begins to bawl,
" Oh ho! is it so? The case is alter'd, Paul.
" Is that the point? I wish the three were ten;
" I warrant I find Mouth if they 'll find men."

HOLD FAST BELOW.

There was a lad, th' unluckiest of his crew,
Was still contriving something bad but new:
His comrades all obedience to him paid
In executing what designs he laid:
'Twas they should rob the orchard he 'd retire;
His foot was safe whilst theirs was in the fire.
He kept them in the dark to that degree
None should presume to be so wise as he;
But being at the top of all affairs
The profit was his own, the mischief theirs.
There fell some words made him begin to doubt
The rogues would grow so wise to find him out:
He was not pleas'd with this, and so next day
He cries to them, as going just to play,
" What a rare jackdaw's nest is there! look up,
" You see it is almost at the steeple's top."
" Ah!" says another, " we can have no hope
" *Of getting* thither to it without a rope."
Says then the fleering spark, with courteous grin,
By which he drew his infant cullies in,

" Nothing more eaſy! did you never ſee
" How in a ſwarm bees hanging bee by bee
" Make a long ſort of rope below the tree?
" Why may n't we do the ſame, good Mr. John?
" For that contrivance pray let me alone.
" Tom ſhall hold Will, you Will, and I 'll hold you,
" And then I warrant you the thing will do:
" But if there is any does not care to try,
" Let us have no jackdaws, and what care I!"
That touch'd the quick, and ſo they ſoon comply'd;
No argument like that was e'er deny'd,
And therefore inſtantly the thing was try'd.
They hanging down on ſtrength above depend,
Then to himſelf mutters their truſty friend;
" The dogs are almoſt uſeleſs grown to me;
" I ne'er ſhall have ſuch opportunity
" To part with them, and ſo e'en let them go."
Then cries aloud, " So ho! my Lads! ſo ho!
" You 're gone unleſs ye all Hold Faſt Below.
" They 've ſerv'd my turn, ſo it is fit time to drop 'em:
" The devil if he wants them let him ſtop 'em."

JUST AS YOU PLEASE,

OR, THE INCURIOUS.

A VIRTUOSO had a mind to ſee
One that would never diſcontented be,
But in a careleſs way to all agree.

He had a servant much of Æsop's kind,
Of personage uncouth but sprightly mind.
"Humpus," says he, "I order that you find
"Out such a man, with such a character
"As in this paper now I give you here,
"Or I will lug your ears or crack your pate,
"Or rather you shall meet with a worse fate,
"For I will break your back and set you straight.
"Bring him to dinner." Humpus soon withdrew,
Was glad as having such a one in view
At Covent Garden Dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtless air and look profound,
Who solitary gaping without care
Seem'd to say, "Who is it? will go any where?"
Says Humpus, "Sir, my master had me pray
"Your company to dine with him to-day."
He snuffs, then follows. Up the stairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat nor cleans his shoes,
But looking round him saw a handsome room,
And did not much repent that he was come.
Close to the fire he draws an elbowchair,
And lolling easy doth for sleep prepare.
In comes the family, but he sits still,
Thinks, "Let them take the other chairs that will."
The master thus accosts him: "Sir, you 're wet
"Pray have a cushion underneath your feet."
Thinks he, "If I do spoil it need I care?
"I see he has eleven more to spare."

Dinner is brought up; the wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end must be his seat.
"This is not very usual," thinks the clown;
"But is not all the family his own?
"And why should I for contradiction's sake
"Lose a good dinner which he bids me take?
"If from his table she discarded be
"What need I care? there is the more for me."
After a while the daughter is bid to stand,
And bring him whatsoever he 'll command.
Thinks he, "The better from the fairer hand!"
Young master next must rise to fill him wine,
And starve himself to see the booby dine.
He does. The father asks, "What have you there?
"How dare you give a stranger vinegar?"
"Sir, it was Champaigne I gave him."--"Sir, indeed!
"Take him and scourge him till the rascal bleed;
"Do n't spare him for his tears or age: I 'll try
"If cat o' nine tails can excuse a lie."
Thinks the clown, "That it was wine I do believe,
"But such young rogues are aptest to deceive:
"He is none of mine, but his own flesh and blood,
"And how know I but it may be for his good?"
When the dessert came on, and jellies brought,
Then was the dismal scene of finding fault:
They were such hideous, filthy, pois'nous, stuff,
Could not be rail'd at nor reveng'd enough.

Humpus was aſk'd who made them? Trembling he
Said, "Sir, it was my lady gave them me."—
"Never more ſuch poiſon ſhall ſhe ever give;
"I'll burn the witch, it 'en't fitting ſhe ſhould live.
"Set faggots in the court; I 'll make her fry;
"And pray, good Sir! may it pleaſe you to be by!"
Then, ſmiling, ſays the clown, "Upon my life
"A pretty fancy this to burn one's wife!
"And ſince I find it is really your deſign,
"Pray let me juſt ſtep home and fetch you mine."

ULYSSES AND TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

TELL me, old Prophet, tell me how
Eſtate when ſunk and pocket low,
What ſubtle arts, what ſecret ways,
May the deſponding fortune raiſe?
You laugh: thus miſery is ſcorn'd.

TIRES. Sure it is enough you are return'd
Home by your wit, and view again
Your farm of Ithac and wife Pen.

ULYSS. Sage Friend! whoſe word is a law to me,
My want and nakedneſs you ſee.
The ſparks who made my wife ſuch offers
Have left me nothing in my coffers;
They 've kill'd my oxen, ſheep, and geeſe,
Eat up my bacon and my cheeſe.

Lineage and virtue at this puſh
Without the gelt is not worth a ruſh.
TIRES. Why, not to mince the matter more,
You are averſe to being poor,
Therefore find out ſome rich old cuff
That never thinks he has enough.
Have you a ſwan, a turkey pie,
With woodcocks, thither let them fly;
The firſt fruits of your early ſpring
Not to the gods but to him bring.
Tho' he a foundling baſtard be,
Convict of frequent perjury,
His hands with brother's blood imbru'd,
By juſtice for that crime purſu'd,
Never the wall when aſk'd refuſe,
Nor loſe your friend to ſave your ſhoes.
ULYSS. 'Twixt Damas and the kennel go!
Which is the filthieſt of the two?
Before Troy town it was not ſo:
There with the beſt I us'd to ſtrive.
TIRES. Why, by that means you 'll never thrive.
ULYSS. It will be very hard, that is true;
Yet I 'll my gen'rous mind ſubdue.

THAME AND ISIS.

So the god Thame, as thro' ſome pond he glides,
Into the arms of wand'ring Iſis ſlides;

Where lſis or where [illegible]
But with a laſting [illegible]
Producing one imp[illegible]

NERO, A SATIRE.

We know how ruin once did reign
When Rome was fir'd and Senate ſlain:
The prince with brother's gore imbru'd
His tender mother's life purſu'd;
How he the carcaſs as it lay
Did without tear or bluſh ſurvey,
And cenſure each majeſtick grace
[illegible] ſtill adorn'd that breathleſs face;

d hopes! could height of pow'r assuage
nad excess of Nero's rage?
is the fate when subjects find
word unjust to poison join'd!

INDIAN ODE.

DARCO.

AR, possess'd of Egypt's queen,
conq'ror of her charms,
d envy had he Darco seen
locks'd in Zabra's arms.

BRA. Should Memnon that sam'd black revive,
ra's darling son,
Zabra's heart in vain he 'd strive,
e Darco reigns alone.

RCO. Fresh mulberries new press'd disclose
od of purple hue,
Zabra's lips like crimson rose
with a fragrant dew.

BRA. The am'rous Sun has kiss'd his face,
now those beams are set
ely night assumes the place

strength, her softness, in one bed combine,
d both with hands inextricable join;
w no cerulean nymph or sea god knows
here Isis or where Thame distinctly flows,
t with a lasting charm they blend their stream,
ducing one imperial River—Thame.

NERO, A SATIRE.

k know how ruin once did reign
hen Rome was fir'd and Senate slain:
e prince with brother's gore imbru'd
tender mother's life pursu'd;
w he the carcass as it lay
l without tear or blush survey,
d censure each majestick grace
at still adorn'd that breathless face;
t he with sword could domineer
here dawning light does first appear
m rays of Phœbus; and command
ro' his whole course, ev'n to that strand
here he abhorring such a sight
ks in the wat'ry gloom of night;
t he could death and terrour throw
here Thulé starves in northern snow,
ere southern heats do fiercely pass
burning sands that melt to glass.

Fond hopes! could height of pow'r assuage
The mad excess of Nero's rage?
Hard is the fate when subjects find
The sword unjust to poison joing'd!

INDIAN ODE.

DARCO.

CESAR, possess'd of Egypt's queen,
And conq'ror of her charms,
Would envy had he Darco seen
When lock'd in Zabra's arms.

ZABRA. Should Memnon that fam'd black revive,
Aurora's darling son,
For Zabra's heart in vain he 'd strive,
Where Darco reigns alone.

DARCO. Fresh mulberries new press'd disclose
A blood of purple hue,
And Zabra's lips like crimson rose
Swell with a fragrant dew.

ZABRA. The am'rous Sun has kiss'd his face,
And now those beams are set
A lovely night assumes the place
And tinges all with jet.

DARCO. Darkness is mystick priest to Love,
And does its rites conceal:
O'erspread with clouds such joys we 'll prove
As Day shall ne'er reveal.

ZABRA. In gloom of night when Darco's eyes
Are guides what heart can ſtray?
Whoever views his teeth deſcries
The bright and Milky Way.

DARCO. Tho' born to rule fierce Libya's ſands
That with gold's luſtre ſhine,
With eaſe I quit thoſe high commands
Whilſt Zabra thus is mine.

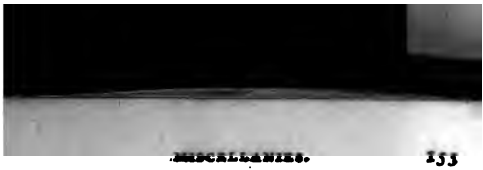
ZABRA. Should I to that beſt world repair
Where whites no portion have,
I 'd ſoon if Darco were not there
Fly back and be a ſlave.

ADVICE TO HORACE

TO TAKE HIS LEAVE OF TRINIT. COL. CAMBRIDGE

HORACE, you now have long enough
At Cambridge play'd the fool,
Take back your criticiſing ſtuff
To Epicurus' ſchool.

But in excuſe of this you 'll ſay
You 're ſo unwieldy grown
That if amongſt that herd you lay
You ſcarcely ſhould be known.



How many butter'd crufts you 've toft
Into your weem ſo big,
That you 're more like (at College coſt)
A porpoiſe than a pig.

But you from head to foot are brawn,
And ſo from ſide to ſide:
You meaſure (were a circle drawn)
No longer than you 're wide.

Then bleſs me! Sir, how many craggs
You 've drunk of potent ale!
No wonder if the belly ſwaggs
That is rival to a whale.

E'en let the Fellows take the reſt,
They 've had a jolly taſter;
But no great likelihood to feaſt
'Twixt Horace and the maſter!

utter'd crufts you 've toft
'm ſo big,
nore like (at College coſt)
n a pig.

ead to foot are brawn,
: to ſide:
ere a circle drawn)
ou 're wide.

r, how many craggs
otent ale!
belly ſwaggs
halc.

take the reſt,
taſter;
od to feaſt
he maſter!

OF DREAMS.

" For a Dream cometh thro' the multitude of

" Somnia, quæ ludunt mente volitantibus umbr
" Non delubra deum nec ab æthere numina mit
" Sed sibi quisque facit," &c.

The flitting Dreams that play before
Are not by Heav'n for prophecies defig
Nor by ethereal beings ſent us down,
But each man is creator of his own;
For when their weary limbs are ſunk i
The ſouls eſſay to wander where they p
The ſcatter'd images have ſpace to play
And night repeats the labours of the da

I waked ſpeaking theſe out of a Dream in

Nature a thouſand ways complains,
A thouſand words expreſs her pains,
But for her laughter has but three,
And very ſmall ones, Ha! ha! he!

TO THE

DUKE OF BEAUFO

A Paraphraſe on Naudæus's Addreſs to Car

The time will come (if Fate ſhall plea
This feeble thread of mine more ſpace

* Dr. King dedicated his Engliſh verſion
Duke of Marlborough.

When I shall you and all your acts rehearse
In a much loftier and more fluent verse:
To Ganges' banks and China farther east,
To Carolina and the distant west,
Your name shall fly, and ev'ry where be blest;
Thro' Spain and tracks of Libyan sands shall go
To Russian limits and to Zembla's snow:
Then shall my eager Muse expand her wing,
Your love of justice and your goodness sing,
Your greatness equal to the state you hold,
In counsel wise, in execution bold;
How there appears in all that you dispense
Beauty, good nature, and the strength of sense.
These let the world admire.—From you a smile
Is more than a reward of all my toil.

VERSES

FOUND IN THE AUTHOR'S POCKET.

I sing the various chances of the world,
Thro' which men are by Fate or Fortune hurl'd.
'Tis by no scheme or method that I go,
But paint in verse my notions as they flow;
With heat the wanton images pursue,
Fond of the old, yet still creating new;
Fancy myself in some secure retreat,
Resolve to be content, and so be great.

EPISTLES.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LATE EARL OF ——*,

Upon his disputing publickly at Christ Church, Oxford.

Muse! to thy master's lodgings quickly fly,
Entrance to thee his goodness won't deny;
With due submission tell him you are mine,
And that you trouble him with this design,
Exactly to inform his noble youth
Of what you heard just now from vanquish'd Truth:
"Conquer'd, undone, 't is strange that there should be
"In this confession pleasure ev'n to me.
"With well wrought terms my hold I strongly barr'd,
"And rough distinctions were my surly guard.
"Whilst I sure of my cause this strength possess
"A noble youth, advancing with address,
"Led glitt'ring Falsehood on with so much art
"That I soon felt sad omens in my heart.
"Words with that grace," said I, "must needs pe
"I find myself insensibly betray'd. [suad
"Whilst he pursues his conquest I retreat,
"And by that name would palliate my defeat.
"But here methinks I do the prospect see
"Of all those triumphs he prepares for me;

* Created by James the third Earl of Anglesea.

Ev'n I tho' conquer'd now ſhall ſure prevail;
Thouſands of wreaths to me he ſhall repay
For that one laurel Errour wears to-day."

TO MR. CARTER,

STEWARD TO THE LORD CARTERET.

ACCEPT of health from one who writing this
Viſhes you in the ſame that now he is:
Tho' to your perſon he may be unknown
His wiſhes are as hearty as your own;
For Carter's drink when in his maſter's hand
Has pleaſure and good nature at command.
What tho' his lordſhip's lands are in your truſt?
'Tis greater to his breeding to be juſt.

May your accounts so with your lord stand clear,
And have your reputation like your beer!
The main perfection of your life pursue;
In March, October, ev'ry month, still brew,
And get the character of Who but you?

EPISTLE TO MR. GODDARD,

WRITTEN BY DR. KING

In the Character of The Review.

To Windsor Canon, his wellchosen friend,
The just Review does kindest greeting send.
I 've found the man by Nature's gift design'd
To please my ear and captivate my mind,
By sympathy the eager passions move,
And strike my soul with wonder and with love!
Happy that place where much less care is had
To save the virtuous than protect the bad,
Where pastors must their stubborn flock obey,
Or that be thought a scandal which they say;
For should a sin by some grand soul belov'd
Chance with an awkward zeal to be reprov'd,
And tender conscience meet the fatal curse
Of hard'ning by reproof and growing worse,
When things to such extremities are brought
'Tis not the sinner's but the teacher's fault.
With great men's wickedness then rest content,
And give them their own leisure to repent,
Whilst their own headstrong will alone must curb them,
And nothing vex or venture to disturb them,

Left they ſhould loſe their favour in the Court,
And no one but themſelves be ſorry for 't.
Were I in panegyrick verſ'd like you
I 'd bring whole off'rings to your merit due.
You 've gain'd the conqueſt, and I freely own
Diſſenters may by churchmen be outdone.
Tho' once we ſeem'd to be at ſuch a diſtance,
Yet both concentring in divine reſiſtance;
Both teach what kings muſt do when ſubjects figh
And both diſclaim hereditary right.
By Jove's command two eagles took their flight,
One from the eaſt, the ſource of infant light,
The other from the weſt, that bed of night:
The birds of Thunder both at Delphi meet,
The centre of the world, and Wiſdom's ſeat:
So by a pow'r not decent here to name
To one fixt point our various notions came;
Your thoughts from Oxford and from Windſor flo
Whilſt Shop and Meeting-houſe brought forth Revie
Your brains fierce eloquence and logick try'd,
My humbler ſtrain choice ſocks and ſtockings cry
Yet in our common principles we meet,
You ſinking from the head, I riſing from the feet.
Pardon a haſty Muſe, ambitious grown
T' extol a merit far beyond his own;
For tho' a mod'rate painter cann't command
The ſtroke of Titian's or of Raphael's hand,
Yet their tranſcendent works his fancy raiſe,
And there is ſome ſkill in knowing what to praiſe.

Attulit; ast illi comites Parnassidis [illegible]
Adveniunt, autorque viæ consultus Ap[illegible]
Ille idem sparsos longè latéque colonos
Legibus in cœtus æquis, atque oppida c[illegible]
Hinc hominum molliri animos, hinc m[illegible]
Crescere divitias et surgere tecta deoru[illegible]
Talibus auspiciis doctæ conduntur Athe[illegible]
Sic byrsa ingentem Didonis crevit in urb[illegible]
Carthago regum domitrix; sic aurea Ro[illegible]
Orbe triumphato nitidum caput intulit

ATTEMPTED IN ENG[illegible]

Tyne was the man who first from Bri[illegible]
Palladian arts to Carolina bore;
His tuneful harp attending Muses strun[illegible]
And Phœbus' skill inspir'd the lays he su[illegible]
Strong tow'rs and palaces their rise bega[illegible]
And list'ning stones to sacred fabricks ra[illegible]
[illegible] laws were taught and curious arts o[illegible]
[illegible] trade's brisk current flow'd with
[illegible] foundations learned Athens rose
[illegible] did Carthage first enclo[illegible]
[illegible] taught old empires to subd[illegible]
[illegible] and governs now the r[illegible]
[illegible] Governor of Carolina

A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE.

WHEN your kind wiſhes firſt I ſought
'Twas in the dawn of youth;
I toaſted you, for you I fought,
But never thought of truth.
You ſaw how ſtill my fire increas'd,
I griev'd to be deny'd;
You ſaid, "Till I to wander ceas'd
"You 'd guard your heart with pride."
I that once feign'd too many lies
In height of paſſion ſwore
By you and other deities
That I would range no more.
I 've ſworn, and therefore now am fix'd,
No longer falſe and vain;
My paſſion is with honour mix'd,
And both ſhall ever reign.

A LETTER

SENT BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING FROM FRANCE,

Deploring his ſad Eſtate and Flight; with a Diſcovery of the Plot and Conſpiracy intended by him and his Adherents againſt England.

GO, doleful Sheet! to ev'ry ſtreet
Of London round about-a,
And tell 'em all thy maſter's fall
That lived bravely mought-a.

Sir John in fight as brave a wight
As the knight of the Sun-a,
Is forc'd to go away with wo,
And from his country run-a.

Unhappy ſtars to breed ſuch jars,
That England's chief Sucklin-a
Should prove of late the ſcorn of Fate
And Fortune's unlucklin-a.

But ye may ſee inconſtancy
In all things under heav'n-a.
When god withdraws his gracious laws
We run at ſix and ſev'n-a.

Alas, alas! how things do paſs!
What boots a handſome face-a,
A pretty wit, and legs to it,
Not ſeaſon'd well with grace-a?

I that in court have made ſuch ſport
As never yet was found-a,
And tickled all both great and ſmall
The maids of honour round-a:

I that did play both night and day
And revell'd here and there-a,
Had change of ſuits, made lays to lutes,
And bluſter'd ev'ry where-a:

I that could write and well endite
As 't is to ladies known-a,
And bore the praiſe for ſongs and plays
Far more than were mine own-a;

I that did lend and yearly ſpend
Thouſands out of my purſe-a,
And gave the king, a wondrous thing!
At once a hundred horſe-a.
Bleſt providence that kept my ſenſe
So well, that I fond elf-a
Should chance to hit to have the wit
To keep one for myſelf-a.
I that march'd forth into the North,
And went up hills amain-a
With ſword and lance like king of France,
And ſo came down again-a:
I that have done ſuch things the ſun
And moon did never ſee-a,
Yet now poor John, a pox upon
The Fates, is fain to flee-a.
And for the brave I us'd to have
In all I wore or ate-a,
Accurſed Chance to ſpoil the dance,
I ſcarce have clothes or meat-a.
Could not the plot by which I got
Such credit in the play-a,
Aglaura bright, that Perſian wight,
My roving fancy ſtay-a?
But I muſt fly at things ſo high
Above me not allow'd-a,
And I Sir John like Ixion
For Juno kiſs a cloud-a.

Would I had burn'd it when I turn'd it
Out of a comedy-a;
There was an omen in the nomen
I fear of Tragedy-a;
Which is at laſt upon me caſt,
And I proclaim'd a ſot-a,
For thinking to with Engliſh do
As with a Perſian plot-a.
But now I find with grief of mind
What will not me avail-a,
That plots in jeſt are ever beſt
When plots in earneſt fail-a:
Why could not I in time eſpy
My errour? but what is worſe-a,
Unhappy vermine muſt bring in Jermin
The Maſter of the Horſe-a.
The valiant Percy, god have mercy
Upon his noble ſoul-a!
Tho' he be wiſe by my advice
Was in the plot moſt foul-a.
The witty poet, (let all know it)
D'Avenant by name-a,
In this deſign that I call mine
I utterly diſclaim-a.
Tho' he can write he cannot fight
And bravely take a fort-a,
Nor can he ſmell a project well,
His noſe it is too ſhort-a.

'Tis true we met in council set,
And plotted here in profe-a,
And what he wanted it is granted
A bridge made of his nofe-a.
But to impart it to his art
We had made pretty ſtuff-a:
No, for the plot that we had got
One poet was enough-a;
Which had not Fate and prying State
Cruſh'd in the very womb-a,
We had e'er long by power ſtrong
Made England but one tomb-a.
Oh what a fright had bred that fight
When Ireland, Scotland, France-a,
Within the wall of London all
In ſev'ral troops ſhould prance-a!
When men quarter'd, women ſlaughter'd,
In heaps every where-a
So thick ſhould die the enemy
The very ſight ſhould ſcare-a;
That they afraid of what they made,
A ſtream of blood ſo high-a,
For ſafety fled, ſhould mount the dead,
And unto heav'n get nigh-a.
The ſcarlet gown and beſt i' th' Town
Each other would bewail a,
That their ſhut purſe had brought this curſe
That did ſo much prevail-a.

Each alderman in his own chain
Being hang'd up like a dog-a,
And all the City without pity
Made but one bloody bog-a.
The Irish kern in battle stern
For all their faults so foul-a,
Pride, ufe, ill-gain, and want of brain,
Teaching them how to howl-a.
No longer then the fine women
The Scots would praise and trust-a,
The wanton dames being burnt in flames
Far hotter than their lust-a!
But too too late lament their fate,
And misery deplore-a,
By the French knocks have got a pox
Worse than they had before-a.
Infants unborn should 'scape the horn
By being murder'd then-a,
Which they were sure if life endure
To have when they were men-a.
The precise fry that now mounts high
Full low we cast their lot-a,
And all that think it sin to drink
We doom'd unto the pot-a.
The Parliament is fully bent
To root up bishops clean-a;
To raise their fort and spoil their sport
We did intend and mean-a.

With many things confuſion brings
'o kingdoms in an hour-a,
'o burn up tillage, ſack and pillage,
nd handſome maids deflour-a. 148
But Argus' eye did ſoon eſpy
Vhat we ſo much did truſt-a,
nd to our ſhame and loſs of fame
ur plot laid in the duſt-a. 152
And had we ſtaid I am afraid
'hat their Briarean hand-a
lad ſtruck us dead, (who now are fled)
nd ſeized all our land-a. 156
But thanks to Heav'n three of the ſev'n
'hat were the plotters chief-a
Have led to France their wits a dance
'o find out a relief-a. 160
But D'Avenant * ſhakes and buttons makes
s ſtrongly with his breech a
s he ere long did with his tongue
Make many a bombaſt ſpeech-a. 164
But yet we hope he 'll 'ſcape the rope
'hat now him ſo doth fright-a,
'he Parliament being content
'hat he his fact ſhould write-a. 168

* Sir William D'Avenant the dramatick poet, and author f Gondibert, &c.

SONG.

You say you love: repeat again,
Repeat th' amazing sound;
Repeat the ease of all my pain,
The cure of ev'ry wound.

What you to thousands have deny'd
Do me you freely give;
Whilst I a humble silence dy'd
Your mercy bids me live.

So upon Latmos' top each night
Endymion sighing lay,
Dazz'd on the moon's transcendent light,
Despair'd and durst not pray.

But divine Cynthia saw his grief
The effect of conq'ring charms;
Thank'd the goddess brings relief,
And [illegible] his arms.

SONG. TO CÆLIA.

The cruel Cælia loves and burns
In flames she cannot hide;
Make her, dear Thyrsis! cold returns,
Treat her with scorn and pride.

You know the captives she has made
The torment of her chain;
Let her, let her, be once betray'd,
Or rack her with disdain.

See tears flow from her piercing eyes;
She bends her knee divine:
Her tears for Damon's sake despise;
Let her kneel still for mine.

Pursue thy conquest, charming Youth!
Her haughty beauty vex,
Till trembling virgins learn this truth——
Men can revenge their sex.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM.

Who could believe that a fine needle's ſmart
Should from a finger pierce a virgin's heart,
That from an orifice ſo very ſmall
The ſpirits and the vital blood ſhould fall?
Strephon and Phaon, I 'll be judg'd by you
If more than this has not been found too true.
From ſmaller darts much greater wounds ariſe
When ſhot by Cynthia's or by Laura's eyes.

EPIGRAM.

Sam Wills had view'd Kate Bets, a ſmiling laſs,
And for her pretty mouth admir'd her face:
Kate had lik'd Sam for noſe of Roman ſize,
Not minding his complexion or his eyes.
They met—Says Sam, "Alas! to ſay the truth
"I find myſelf deceiv'd by that ſmall mouth."
"Alas!" cries Kate, "could any one ſuppoſe
"I could be ſo deceiv'd by ſuch a noſe?
"But I henceforth ſhall hold this maxim juſt,
"To have experience firſt, and then to truſt."

RUFINUS,

OR, THE FAVOURITE *.

IMITATED FROM CLAUDIAN.

OFT' as I wond'ring ſtand a ſecret doubt
Puzzles my reaſon and diſturbs my thought,
Whether this lower world by chance does move,
Or guided by the guardian hand of Jove.
When I ſurvey the world's harmonious frame,
How Nature lives immutably the ſame,
How ſtated bounds and ambient ſhores reſtrain
The rolling ſurges of the briny main,
How conſtant Time revolves the circling year,
How day and night alternately appear,
Then am I well convinc'd ſome Secret Soul,
Some Firſt Informing Pow'r, directs the whole,
Some Great Intelligence, who turns the ſpheres,
Who rules the ſteady motion of the ſtars,
Who decks with borrow'd light the waning moon,
And fills with native light th' unchanging ſun,

* The eſſay to which this poem was originally annexed was written in 1711, as a harſh ſatire on the Duke of Marlborough, dictated perhaps rather by party rage than truth. It is printed in Dr. King's Works, vol. II. p. 280.

Who hangs the earth amidſt ſurrounding ſkies,
And bids her various fruits in various ſeaſons riſe.
But ſoon as I reflect on human ſtate,
How blind, how unproportion'd, is our fate,
How ill men crown'd with bleſſings ſmoothly paſs
A golden circle of delightful days,
How good men bear the rugged paths of life,
Condemn'd to endleſs cares, to endleſs ſtriſe,
Then am I loſt again; religion fails;
Then Epicurus' bolder ſcheme prevails,
Which thro' the void makes wand'ring atoms dance,
And calls the medley world the work of Chance,
Which God's eternal providence denies,
And feigns him nodding in the diſtant ſkies.
At length Rufinus' fate my doubt removes,
And God's exiſtence and his juſtice proves:
Nor do I longer undeceiv'd complain
The wicked flouriſh and triumphant reign,
Since they to fortune's heights are rais'd alone
To ruſh with greater ruin headlong down.
But here inſtruct thy bard, Pierian dame!
Whence and of whom the dire contagion came.
Alecto's breaſt with rage and envy glows
To ſee the world poſſeſs'd of ſweet repoſe;
Down to the dreary realms below ſhe bends,
There ſummons a cabal of fiſter fiends;
Thither unnumber'd plagues direct their flight,
The curſed progeny of Hell and Night.

Next Diſcord rears her head, the nurſe of War;
Next Famine fiercely ſtalks with haughty air; [breath,
Then Age ſcarce drags her limbs, ſcarce draws her
But tott'ring on approaches neighb'ring Death:
Here grows Diſeaſe, with inbred tortures worn;
There Envy ſnarls, and others' good does mourn;
There Sorrow ſighs, her robe to tatters torn;
Fear ſculks behind, and trembling hides her face,
But Raſhneſs headlong thruſts her front of braſs;
Then Luxury, wealth's bane, profuſely ſhines,
Whilſt Want attending in a cloud repines;
A train of ſleepleſs ſelf tormenting cares,
Daughters of meagre Avarice, appears *,
Who as around her wither'd neck they cling
Confeſs the parent hag from whence they ſpring:
Here ills of each malignant kind reſort;
A thouſand monſters guard the dreadful court.
  Amidſt th' infernal crowd Alecto ſtands,
And a deep ſilence awfully commands,
Then in tumultuous terms like theſe expreſt
A paſſion long had ſwell'd within her breaſt:
  " Shall we ſupine permit theſe peaceful days
  " So ſmooth, ſo gay, ſo undiſturb'd, to paſs?
  " Shall pity melt, ſhall clemency control,
  " A Fury's fierce and unrelenting ſoul?

* This is an inſtance in which Dr. King in common with ſome greater poets has ſacrificed grammar to (even a very indifferent) rhyme.

" What do our iron whips, our brands, avail,
" What all the horrid implements of hell,
" Since mighty Jove debars us of his skies,
" Since Theodosius too his earth denies?
" Such were the days, and so their tenour ran,
" When the first happy Golden Age began:
" Virtue and Concord with their heav'nly train,
" With Piety and Faith, securely reign;
" Nay Justice in imperial pomp array'd
" Boldly explores this everlasting shade;
" Me she insulting menaces and awes,
" Reforms the world, and vindicates her laws.
" And shall we then, neglected and forlorn,
" From ev'ry region banish'd, idly mourn?
" Assert yourselves, know what and whence you are,
" Attempt some glorious mischief worth your care,
" Involve the universe in endless war.
" Oh! that I could in Stygian vapours rise,
" Darken the sun, pollute the balmy skies,
" Let loose the rivers, deluge ev'ry plain,
" Break down the barriers of the roaring main,
" And shatter Nature into Chaos once again!"

So rag'd the fiend, and tos's'd her vipers round,
Which hissing pour'd their poison on the ground.
A murmur thro' the jarring audience rung,
Diff'rent resolves from diff'rent reasons sprung.
So when the fury of the storm is past,
When the rough winds in softer murmurs waste,

So founds, ſo fluctuates, the troubled ſea
As the expiring tempeſt ploughs its way.
Megæra riſing then addreſs'd the throng,
To whom ſedition, tumult, rage, belong,
Whoſe food is entrails of the guiltleſs dead,
Whoſe drink is children's blood by parents ſhed.
She ſcorch'd Alcides with a frantick flame,
She broke the bow the ſavage world did tame;
She nerv'd the arm, ſhe flung the deadly dart,
When Athamas tranſfix'd Learchus' heart;
She prompted Agamemnon's monſtrous wife
To take her injur'd lord's devoted life;
She breath'd revenge and rage into the ſon,
So did the mother's blood the ſire's atone;
She blinded Oedipus with kindred charms,
Forc'd him inceſt'ous to a mother's arms;
She ſtung Thyeſtes, and his fury fed,
She taught him to pollute a daughter's bed.
Such was her dreadful ſpeech:
" Your ſchemes not practical nor lawful are
" With Heav'n and Jove to wage unequal war;
" But if the peace of man you would invade,
" If o'er the ravag'd earth deſtruction ſpread,
" Then ſhall Rufinus, fram'd for ev'ry ill,
" With your own vengeance execute your will;
" A prodigy from ſavage parents ſprung,
" Impetuous as a tigreſs new with young,

" Fierce as the Hydra, fickle as the flood,
" And keen as meagre Harpies for their fo
" Soon as the infant drew the vital air
" I firſt receiv'd him to my nurſing care,
" And often he, when tender yet and your
" Cry'd for the teat, and on my boſom hur
" Whilſt my horn'd ſerpents round his vifag
" His features form'd, and there their ven
" Whilſt I infuſing breath'd into his heart
" Deceit, and craft, and ev'ry hurtful art,
" Taught him t' involve his ſoul in ſecret cl
" With falſe diſſembling ſmiles to veil his f
" Not dying patriots' tortures can aſſuag
" His inborn cruelty, his native rage;
" Not Tagus' yellow torrent can ſuffice
" His boundleſs and unfated avarice;
" Nor all the metal of Pactolus' ſtreams,
" Nor Hermus, glitt'ring as the ſolar beam
" If you the ſtratagem propos'd approve
" Let us to Court this bane of crowns remo
" There ſhall he ſoon with his intriguing ar
" Guide uncontroll'd the willing prince's h
" Not Numa's wiſdom ſhall that heart defe
" When the falſe Fav'rite acts the faithful
Soon as ſhe ended the ſurrounding crow
With peals of joy the black deſign applaud.
Now with an adamant her hair ſhe boun
With a blue ſerpent girt her veſt around,

[redacted] to Phlegeton's impetuous ſtream,
Whoſe pitchy waves are flakes of rolling flame,
[redacted] a torch, and ſtraight with wings diſ-
Shoots ſwiftly thro' the dun Tartarean glade. [play'd
A place on Gallia's utmoſt verge there lies
Extended to the ſea and ſouthern ſkies,
Where once Ulyſſes, as old fables tell,
Invok'd and rais'd th' inhabitants of hell,
Where oft, with ſtaring eyes the trembling hind
Sees airy phantoms ſkim before the wind,
Hence ſprings the Fury into upper ſkies,
Infecting all the region as ſhe flies;
She roars, and ſhakes the atmoſphere around,
And earth and ſea rebellow to the ſound;
Then ſtraight transform'd her ſnakes to ſilver hairs,
And like an old decrepit ſage appears;
Slowly ſhe creeps along with trembling gait,
Scarce can her languid limbs ſuſtain her weight:
At length arriving at Rufinus' cell,
Which from his monſtrous birth ſhe knew ſo well,
She mildly thus hell's darling hope addreſt,
Sooth'd his ambition and inflam'd his breaſt:
" Can ſloth diſſolve Rufinus? canſt thou paſs
" Thy ſprightly youth in ſoft inglorious eaſe?
" Know that thy better fate, thy kinder ſtar,
" Does more exalted paths for thee prepare.
" If thou an old man's counſel canſt obey
" The ſubject world ſhall own thy ſov'reign ſway;

" For my enlighten'd ſoul, my conſcious breaſt,
" Of magick's ſecret ſcience, is poſſeſt.
" Oft' have I forc'd with myſtick midnight ſpells
" Pale ſpectres from their ſubterranean cells:
" Old Hecate attends my pow'rful ſong,
" Pow'rful to haſten fate or to prolong;
" Pow'rful the rooted ſtubborn oak to move,
" To ſtop the thunder burſting from above,
" To make the rapid flood's deſcending ſtreams
" Flow backward to the fountain whence it came.
" Nor doubt my truth—behold with juſt ſurpriſe
" An effort of my art—a palace riſe."

She ſaid, and lo! a palace tow'ring ſeems
With Parian pillars and metallick beams:
Rufinus raviſh'd with the vaſt delight
Gorges his avarice and gluts his ſight.
Such was his tranſport, ſuch his ſudden pride,
When Midas firſt his golden wiſh enjoy'd,
But as his ſtiff'ning food to metal turn'd
He found his raſhneſs, and his ruin mourn'd.

" Be thou or man or god," Rufinus ſaid,
" I follow whereſoe'er thy dictates lead."

Then from his hut he flies, aſſumes the ſtate
Propounded by the fiend, prepar'd by Fate.
Ambition ſoon began to lift her head,
Soaring ſhe mounts with reſtleſs pinions ſpread;
But Juſtice conſcious ſhuns the poiſon'd air
Where only proſtituted tools repair,

Where Stilico and Tirque not avail,
Where royal favours stand expos'd to sale,
Where now Rufinus, scandalously great,
Loads lab'ring nations with oppressive weight,
Keeps the obsequious world depending still
On the proud dictates of his lawless will,
Advances those whose fierce and factious zeal
Prompts ever to resist and to rebel,
But those impeaches who their prince commend,
Who doubtless dare his sacred rights defend,
Expounds small riots into highest crimes,
Brands loyalty as treason to the times;
An haughty minion, mad with empire grown,
Enslaves the subjects and insults the throne.
A thousand disemboguing rivers pay
Their everlasting homage to the sea;
The Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Thames,
Pour constant down their tributary streams;
But yet the sea confesses no increase,
For all is swallow'd in the deep abyss.
In craving still Rufinus' soul remains,
Tho' fed with show'rs of gold and floods of gains;
For he despoils and ravages the land;
No state is free from his rapacious hand:
Treasures immense he hoards, erects a tow'r
To lodge the plunder'd world's collected store:
Unmeasur'd is his wealth, unbounded is his pow'r.
Oh! whither wouldst thou rove, mistaken Man?
Vain are thy hopes, thy acquisitions vain;

For now suppose thy avarice possest
Of all the splendour of the glitt'ring East,
Of Croesus' mass of wealth, of Cyrus' crown,
Suppose the ocean's treasure all thy own,
Still would thy soul repine, still ask for more,
Unblest with plenty, with abundance poor.
Fabricius in himself, in virtue, great,
Disdain'd a monarch's bribe, despis'd his state;
Serranus as he grac'd the Consul's chair
So could he guide the plough's laborious share:
The fam'd, the warlike, Curii deign'd to dwell
In a poor lonely cot and humble cell:
Such a retreat to me is more glorious far
Than all thy pomp than all thy triumphs are.
Give me my solitary native home,
Take thou thy rising tow'r, thy lofty dome:
Tho' there thy furniture of radiant die
Abstracts and ravishes the curious eye,
Tho' each apartment, ev'ry spacious room,
Shines with the glories of the Tyrian loom,
Yet here I view a more delightful scene:
Where Nature's freshest bloom and beauties reign,
Where the warm zephir's genial balmy wing
Playing diffuses an eternal spring:
Tho' there thy lewd lascivious limbs are laid
On a rich downy couch or golden bed,
Yet here extended on the flow'ry grass
More free from care my guiltless hours I pass;

Tho' there thy ſycophants, a ſervile race!
Cringe at thy levees and reſound thy praiſe,
Yet here a murm'ring ſtream or warbling bird
To me does ſweeter harmony afford.
Nature on all the pow'r of bliſs beſtows,
Which from her bounteous ſource perpetual flows;
But he alone with happineſs is bleſt
Who knows to uſe it rightly when poſſeſt;
A doctrine if well poiz'd in Reaſon's ſcale
Nor luxury nor want would thus prevail,
Nor would our fleets ſo frequent plough the main,
Nor our embattled armies ſtrew the plain.
But oh! Rufinus is to reaſon blind;
A ſtrange hydropick thirſt inflames his mind:
No bribes his growing appetite can ſate,
For new poſſeſſions new deſires create.
No ſenſe of ſhame, no modeſty, reſtrains
Where avarice or where ambition reigns.
When with ſtrict oaths his proſer'd faith he binds
Falſe are his vows and treach'rous his deſigns.
Now ſhould a patriot riſe, his pow'r oppoſe,
Should he aſſert a ſinking nation's cauſe,
He ſtirs a vengeance nothing can control,
Such is the rancour of his haughty ſoul;
Fell as a lioneſs in Libya's plain
When tortur'd with the jav'lin's pointed pain,
Or a ſpurn'd ſerpent as ſhe ſhoots along,
With lightning in her eyes and poiſon in her tongue.

Nor will thoſe families [illegible]
But provinces and cities he deſtroys
Urg'd on with blind revenge and ſettled hate
He labours the confuſion of the ſtate,
Subverts the nation's old eſtabliſh'd frame,
Explodes her laws and tramples on her fame.
If e'er in mercy he pretends to ſave
A man purſu'd by faction from the grave,
Then he invents new puniſhments, new pains,
Condemns to ſilence, and from truth reſtrains*;
Then racks and pillories, and bonds and bars,
Then ruin and impeachments, he prepares.
O dreadful mercy! more than death ſevere!
That doubly tortures whom it ſeems to ſpare!
All ſeem enſlav'd, all bow to him alone,
Nor dare their hate their juſt reſentments own,
But inward grieve, their ſighs and pangs confin'd,
Which with convulſive ſorrow tear the mind.
Envy is mute—it is treaſon to diſcloſe
The baneful ſource of their eternal woes.
But Stilico's ſuperiour ſoul appears
Unſhock'd, unmov'd, by baſe ignoble fears.
He is the polar ſtar directs the ſtate
When parties rage and publick tempeſts beat;
He is the ſafe retreat, the ſweet repoſe,
Can ſooth and calm afflicted Virtue's woes;

* Alluding to the ſentence then recently paſſed on Dr. Sacheverell, for whom our Author was a profeſſed advocate.

He is the ſolid, firm, unſhaken, force
That only knows to ſtem th' invader's courſe.
So when a river ſwell'd with winter's rains
The limits of its wonted ſhore diſdains,
Bridges, and ſtones, and trees, its vain oppoſe,
With unreſiſted rage the torrent flows,
But as it rolling meets a mighty rock
Whoſe fix'd foundations can repel the ſhock,
Elided ſurges roar in eddies round,
The rock unmov'd reverberates the ſound.

THE STUMBLINGBLOCK,

FROM CLAUDIAN'S RUFINUS *.

TWENTY conundrums have of late
Been buzzing in my addle pate,
If earthly things are rul'd by Heav'n,
Or matters go at ſix and ſev'n,
The coach without a coachman driv'n?
A pilot at the helm to guide,
Or the ſhip left to wind and tide?
A great Firſt Cauſe to be ador'd,
Or whether all is a lott'ry board?
For when in viewing Nature's face
I ſpy ſo regular a grace,
So juſt a ſymmetry of features
From ſtern to ſtern in all her creatures,

* See a ſerious tranſlation above.

When on the boiſt'rous ſea I think
How it is confin'd like any ſink,
How ſummer, winter, ſpring, and fall,
Dance round in ſo exact a hawl,
How like a chequer day and night
One is mark'd with black and one with white.
Quoth I, I ken it well from hence
There is a Preſiding Influence
Which won't permit the rambling ſtars
To fall together by the ears,
Which orders ſtill the proper ſeaſon
For hay and oats, and beans and peaſen,
Which trims the ſun with its own beams,
Whilſt the moon ticks for her's it ſeems,
And, as aſham'd of the diſgrace,
Unmaſks but ſeldom all her face,
Which bounds the ocean within banks
To hinder all its madcap pranks,
Which does the globe to an axle fit,
Like wheel to nave or joint to ſpit.
But then again, how can it be
Whilſt ſuch vaſt tracks of earth we ſee
O'errun by barb'rous tyranny?
Vile ſycophants in clover bleſt
Whilſt patriots with Duke Humphry feaſt,
Browbeaten, bully'd, and oppreſt?
Pimps rais'd to honour, riches, rule,
Whilſt he who ſeems to be a tool
Is the prieſt's knave, the placeman's fool!

—— phenomenon
Confounding all my *pro* and *con*
Bamboozles the account again,
And draws me *nolens volens* in,
Like a press'd soldier to espouse
The sceptick's hypothetick cause,
Who Kent will to a codling lay us
That Cross-or-pile refin'd the Chaos,
That jovial atoms [illegible] dance,
And form'd this merry orb by chance,
Art or skill were taken up,
All fell out as round as hoop!
Vacuum is another maxim
Here he brags experience backs him,
Saying that all space is full
Inside of a story's scull:
A deity, his [illegible]
[illegible] there is nothing in it,
[illegible] too busy or too idle
[illegible] poor bagatelles to meddle.
[illegible] is a curb to lawless Louis

When on the boiſt'rous ſea I think
How it is confin'd like any fink,
How ſummer, winter, ſpring, and fall,
Dance round in ſo exact a hawl,
How like a chequer day and night
One is mark'd with black and one with white.
Quoth I, I ken it well from hence
There is a Preſiding Influence
Which won't permit the rambling ſtars
To fall together by the ears,
Which orders ſtill the proper ſeaſon
For hay and oats, and beans and peaſen,
Which trims the ſun with its own beams,
Whilſt the moon ticks for her's it ſeems,
And, as aſham'd of the diſgrate,
Unmaſks but ſeldom all her face,
Which bounds the ocean within banks
To hinder all its madcap pranks,
Which does the globe to an axle fit,
Like wheel to nave or joint to ſpit.
But then again, how can it be
Whilſt ſuch vaſt tracks of earth we ſee
O'errun by barb'rous tyranny?
Vile ſycophants in clover bleſt
Whilſt patriots with Duke Humphry reſt,
Browbeaten, bully'd, and oppreſt?
Pimps rais'd to honour, riches, rule,
Whilſt he who ſeems to be a tool
Is the prieſt's knave, the placeman's fool!

This whimsical phenomenon
Confounding all my *pro* and *con*
Bamboozles the account again,
And draws me *nolens volens* in,
Like a preſs'd ſoldier to eſpouſe
The ſceptick's hypothetick cauſe,
Who Kent will to a cod'ling lay us
That Croſs-or-pile refin'd the Chaos,
That jovial atoms once did dance,
And form'd this merry orb by chance,
No art or ſkill were taken up,
But all fell out as round as hoop!
A vacuum is another maxim
Where he brags experience backs him,
Denying that all ſpace is full
From inſide of a Tory's ſcull:
As to a deity, his tenet
Swears by it there is nothing in it,
Elſe it is too buſy or too idle
With our poor bagatelles to meddle.
Anna is a curb to lawleſs Louis,
Which as illuſtrious as true is;
Her victories o'er deſpotick right,
That paſſive nonreſiſting bite,
Have brought this myſtery to light,
Have fairly made the riddle out,
And anſwer'd all the ſqueamiſh doubt,
Have clear'd the regency on high
From every preſumpt'ous why.

No more I boggle as before,
But with full confidence adore,
Plain as nose on face expounding
All this intricate dumb-sounding,
Which to the meaneſt conception is
As followeth hereunder, *viz.*
"Tyrants mount but like a meteor,
"To make their headlong fall the greater."

TO LAURA.

IN IMITATION OF PETRARCH.

At ſight of murder'd Pompey's head
Cæſar forgets his ſex and ſtate,
And whilſt his gen'rous tears are ſhed
Wiſhes he had at leaſt a milder fate.

At Abſalom's untimely fall
David with grief his conqueſt views,
Nay weeps for unrelenting Saul,
And in ſoft verſe the mournful theme purſues.

The mightier Laura, from Love's darts ſecure,
Beholds the thouſand deaths that I endure,
Each death made horrid with moſt cruel pain,
Yet no frail pity in her looks appears,
Her eyes betray no careleſs tears,
But perſecute me ſtill with anger and diſdain.

TRANSLATIONS.

AN INCOMPARABLE

ODE OF MALHERBE'S *,

Written by him when the Marriage was on foot between the King of France † and Anne of Austria.

Translated by a great Admirer of the easiness of French Poetry.

Cette Anne si belle,		This Anna so fair,	
Qu'on vante si fort,		So talk'd of by Fame,	
Pourquoy ne vient elle?		Why do n't she appear?	
Vrayment elle a tort.	4	Indeed she 's to blame.	4
Son Loüis soûpire		Lewis sighs for the sake	
Apres ses appas.		Of her charms, *as they say*	
Que veut elle dire		What excuse can she make	
Que elle ne vient pas?	8	For not coming away?	8
Si il ne la possède		If he does not possess	
Il s'en va mourir:		He dies with despair:	
Donnons y remède,		Let 's give him redress,	
Allons la querir.	12	And go find out the fair.	12

* The translator proposed to turn this ode with all imaginable exactness, and he hopes he has been pretty just to Malherbe; only in the sixth line he has made a small edition of these three words, *as they say*, which he thinks is excusable, if we consider the French poet there talks a little too familiarly of the king's passion, as if the king himself had owned it to him. The translator thinks it more mannerly and respectful in Malherbe to pretend to have the account of it only by hearsay. *King.*

† Lewis XIV.

TRANSLATION FROM TASSO.

CANTO III. ST. 3.

So when bold mariners, whom hopes of ore
Have urg'd to ſeek ſome unfrequented ſhore,
The ſea grown high and pole unknown, do find
How falſe is ev'ry wave and treach'rous ev'ry wind,
If wiſh'd for land ſome happier ſight deſcries,
Diſtant huzzas, ſaluting clamours, riſe,
Each ſtrives to ſhew his mate th' approaching bay,
Forgets paſt danger and the tedious way.

FROM HESIOD.

When Saturn reign'd in heav'n his ſubjects here
Array'd with godly virtues did appear;
Care, Pain, Old Age, and Grief, were baniſh'd far,
With all the dread of laws and doubtful war;
But cheerful friendſhip, mix'd with innocence,
Feaſted their underſtanding and their ſenſe;
Nature abounded with unenvy'd ſtore,
Till their diſcreeteſt wits could aſk no more;
And when by Fate they came to breathe their laſt
Diſſolv'd in ſleep their flitting vitals paſt,
Then to much happier manſions they remov'd,
There prais'd their God, and were by him belov'd.

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